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PORCUPINE'S
WORKS;

CONTAINING VARIOUS

WRITINGS AND SELECTIONS,

EXHIBITING A FAITHFUL PICTURE

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;

OF THEIR

GOVERNMENTS, LAWS, POLITICS, AND RESOURCES;

OF THE CHARACTERS OF THEIR

PRESIDENTS, GOVERNORS, LEGISLATORS, MAGIS-
TRATES, AND MILITARY MEN;

AND OF THE

CUSTOMS, MANNERS, MORALS, RELIGION, VIRTUES
AND VICES

OF THE PEOPLE:

COMPRISING ALSO

A COMPLETE SERIES OF HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS
AND REMARKS,

FROM THE END OF THE WAR, IN 1783,

TO THE

ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT, IN MARCH, 1801.

152166

BY WILLIAM COBBETT.

8-9-19

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

(A Volume to be added annually.)

VOL. V.

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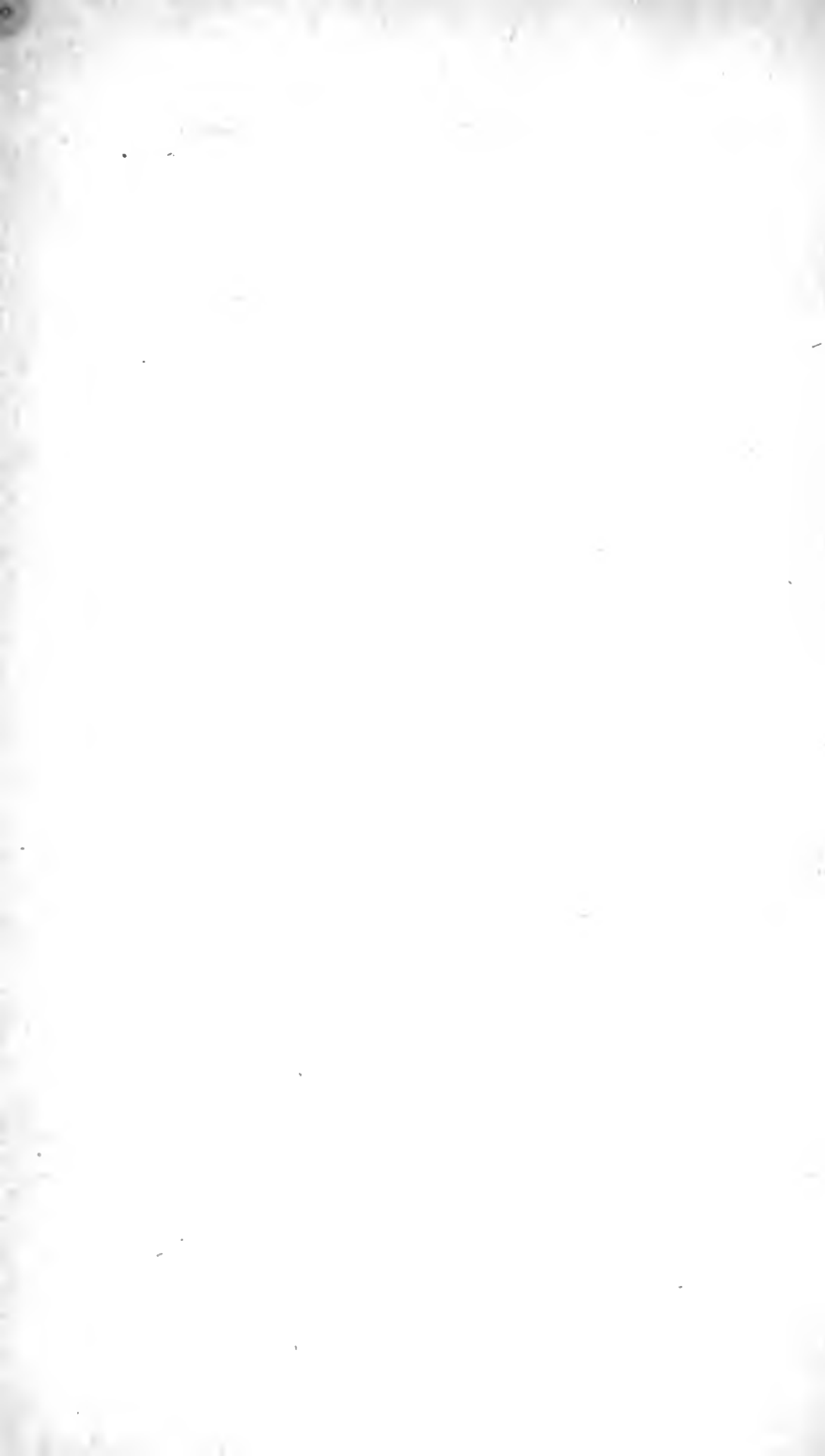
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C O N T E N T S

OF

V O L. V.

Selections from Porcupine's Gazette, from the Beginning of March, to the End of May, 1797.



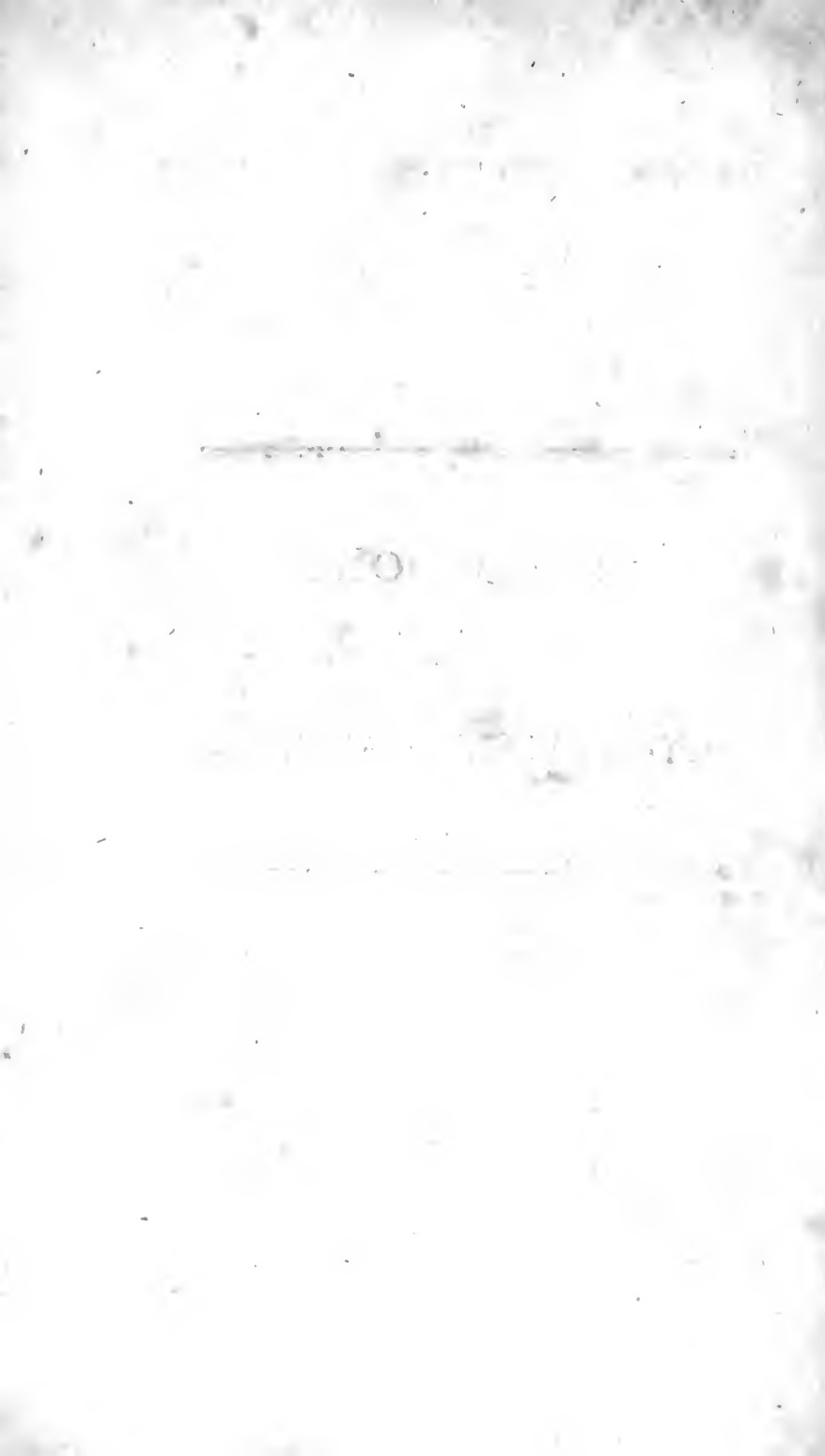
SELECTIONS

FROM

PORCUPINE'S GAZETTE.

VOL. V.

B



GAZETTE SELECTIONS.

SATURDAY, 4th MARCH, 1797.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THE objects which this paper has in view have already been set forth, and that they are generally approved of is demonstrated by the numbers of subscribers, that the proposals have brought from all parts of the United States. Nothing seems necessary here, then, but to give a sketch of the manner in which the publication will be conducted.

The editor of an advertising paper, which was ushered to the world not long since, expressed a good deal of concern for the anxious suspense of the public mind respecting his politics: and to say the truth, it is often a subject of curious speculation, and one that would puzzle the most accurate calculators, to determine beforehand what will be the politics of a news-monger. It is generally a thing so dependent upon circumstances, so entirely subjected to the control of adventitious causes, such, for instance, as the caprice of the multitude, the length of the purses of certain wholesale subscribers, &c. &c. that it is extremely difficult, if not altogether impossible, for the public, or even the editor himself, to know what will be his politics, before he begins to publish, or, for any length of time,

after he has begun. This state of uncertainty, however, my readers and I are happily exempted from. My politics, such as they are, are known to every one: and few, I believe, doubt of their continuing the same.

Professions of impartiality I shall make none. They are always useless, and are besides perfect nonsense, when used by a news-monger: for, he that does not relate news as he finds it, is something worse than partial; and as to other articles that help to compose a paper, he that does not exercise his own judgment, either in admitting or rejecting what is sent him, is a poor passive tool, and not an editor. For my part, I feel the strongest partiality for the cause of order and good government, such as we live under, and against every thing that is opposed to it. To profess impartiality here, would be as absurd as to profess it in a war between Virtue and Vice, Good and Evil, Happiness and Misery. There may be editors who look on such a conflict with perfect indifference, and whose only anxiety is to discover which is the strongest side. I am not one of these, nor shall a paper under my direction, ever be made an instrument of destruction to the cause I espouse.

Communications will be thankfully received. I wish my paper to be a rallying point for the friends of Government. Here they may speak their minds without reserve. They may employ their leisure hours, without fearing that their productions will be rejected, or gutted, or frittered away, for fear of offending this or that person, society, or nation. I have not descended from the Censorial chair merely to become a news-monger; I have not made this sacrifice for the sake of augmenting the number of retailers of small beer politics; in short, I have not taken up that cut-and-thrust weapon, a daily paper, without a resolution not only to make use of it myself,

self, but to lend it to whomsoever is disposed to assist me. But, as all the responsibility must alight on me, it is no more than reasonable, that I should have an absolute power to accept of, or to refuse, whatever aid is offered me; and that this may be exercised unfettered by the fear of giving offence, I think proper to notify, that I wish to receive no communications (except from distant correspondents), that are not deposited in the letter-box, which I have for this purpose placed in the window of my shop, and which will be kept open till ten o'clock in the evening. Gentlemen at a distance, who think my undertaking worthy of their aid, will please to direct their letters to me, post paid; and I take this opportunity of requesting all my correspondents in the United States, whether they write on their business or mine, to pay the postage and place it to my account. This is a regulation I have been obliged to adopt, to disappoint certain democratic blackguards, who, to gratify their impotent malice, and put me to expense, send me loving epistles, full of curses and bawdry.

It will naturally be expected, that a paper published in five weeks from the day of its being proposed, must, for a time, exhibit a want of early possession of intelligence to be derived from correspondents in foreign countries; but, I trust, this will not long be visible, as I have taken measures, which I doubt not will prove efficacious, for a regular supply of papers from every port of consequence in Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and in the West Indies. In the mean time, I shall be extremely obliged to any gentlemen for the use of papers of recent date, or for important news of any kind, in whatever way it may come to hand.

Besides the usual source of foreign intelligence, the public papers, it is my intention to give extracts

from all the good political pamphlets, published in London; from which a much better idea of the real situation of affairs is generally to be gathered, than from the promiscuous miscellany of a newspaper. I will not promise to publish translations from French pamphlets; because such is the "unrestrained liberty of the press" among that free and enlightened people, that I much fear no political pamphlets are published. One thing I will promise, however, and that is, to spare neither pains nor cost to come at the exact state of slavery, and its consequent misery, that the people of that once happy country are now groaning under. Not that I would by any means undertake, with the best possible information, to give a full account of the seven hundred and five harlequin tyrants and all the devil's tricks they have played and are playing; but I think it would be extremely useful, at this time, to place the situation of France in a true light: one such example is better than all the precepts in the world.

The price of Advertisements will, of course, be according to the proposed conditions, and, in this line, I think, "Porcupine's Gazette" need not fear a rival. The subscribers already amount to more than a thousand, not including some hundreds whose names have not yet reached me. This paper has more subscribers at Baltimore, New-York, and at almost every town of note along the great post road, than any two other papers published in Philadelphia.

The last paragraph may, by some, be construed into a boast; but when a man declares what it is his interest to declare, and does not depart from the truth, no one can justly accuse him either of vanity or deception. Such a declaration does not resemble those public thanksgivings (of which we have lately seen so many) for hundreds of subscribers never obtained, and a "liberal proportion of advertising favours,"

favours," never received. This is finging *Te Deum* after a defeat, or after a severe repulse at least.

After acknowledging the encouragement I have received, I should not conclude, perhaps, without thanking my subscribers; but I trust they will give my silence on this subject the proper interpretation. I never was master of the God-bless-your-honour style; and as I have at this time promised to lend my feeble support to a good cause, I imagine that a punctual adherence to that promise is the best and most unequivocal mode of expressing my gratitude to those who have favoured my undertaking.

To FRANKLIN BACHE, Editor of the Aurora.

SIR,

Your vehicle of lies and sedition, of Saturday last, contained the following paragraph:

"From a Correspondent.—Speech of Peter Porcupine.

"In conversation a few days ago the British corporal declared, 'that he never would forgive the Americans for their rebellion against their king, and that he never would rest until they were reduced to their former obedience.' If the fellow, whose back still exhibits the marks of his former virtue, should dare to deny this, it can be substantiated by undoubted evidence. After this speech it may be well to repeat, that Peter Porcupine is considered the champion of the federalists!!!"

Now, pray, is this of your manufacture, or is it really from a correspondent? If you own it for yours, I assert that you are a liar, and an infamous scoundrel: if you do not, your correspondent has my free leave to take those appellations to himself.

Having thus settled the point of courtesy, give me leave to ask you, my sweet sleepy-eyed sir, what end

you could propose to yourself in publishing not only what you knew to be a falsehood, but what you must, if you are not quite an idiot, perceive every one else would look upon as such? Do you dread the effects of my paper; and do you imagine that a poor miserably constructed falsehood of your publishing will tend to obstruct its success? If you do, you are egregiously mistaken. Not all that you and your correspondents can say, not all the reports of your spies, nor all the assignats of your Gallic friends, disposed of in bribes, will ever be able to rob me of a single subscriber.

But, I cannot for my life see, why you should wrangle with me. "Two of a trade can never agree." Very true; but I hope in God my trade is very different from yours. We are, to be sure, both of us news-mongers by profession; but then, the articles that you have for sale are very different from mine. Besides, you sell yours wholesale; a line which I shall be many years before I arrive at. Your exportation business, too, is a branch that I am sure I never shall interfere with; and as to the give-away trade*, which forms no contemptible portion of your commerce (and perhaps none of the least profitable), you may, for me, have the exclusive enjoyment of it for life. No one shall have my paper that does not pay for it.

* Bache was paid by the three successive French Ambassadors, Genet, Fauchet, and Adet, for 100 of each number of his gazette, which were sent to Europe, and for 300 more, which were distributed amongst the people *gratis*. The newspapers are not, in America, purchased in quantities, and distributed to the readers, by *newsmen*. There are no persons of this description in that country. The proprietor distributes all his papers by the assistance of carriers, who, in going through the streets, can easily scatter their papers amongst the people, unperceived. The French agents have availed themselves of this circumstance, and have never failed, on any important occasion, of propagating amongst the people those opinions which they wished to see adopted.

MARCH, 1797.

Why then, in the name of all that is rascally and corrupt, cannot you let me alone? I tell you what, Mr. Bache, you will get nothing by me in a war of words; and so you may as well abandon the contest while you can do it with a good grace. I do not wish (and I call on the public to remember what I say), I do not wish to fill my paper with personal satire and abuse; but I will not be insulted with impunity; and particularly by you. I have not forgotten your pointing out the propriety of describing my person, and hinting at the same time the dark purpose of so doing: I have not forgotten, that while a mob of vile infamous pamphleteers were barking round me, the grandson of old Franklin published a paragraph setting forth the justice of cutting my throat. You thought they had laid me sprawling, and, like a base cur, came to have your snap among the rest. I have not forgotten all this; but I see no necessity for teasing the public with a repetition of it; and for the same reason I wish to avoid all personality whatever. Our readers, and especially those of this city, know already every thing that is worth knowing about you and me. Nothing that we can say will alter their opinions of us; and as for altering our opinions of one another, that is a thing not to be thought of. I am getting up in the world, and you are going down; for this reason it is that you hate me, and that I despise you; and that you will preserve your hatred and I my contempt, till fortune gives her wheel another turn, or till death snatches one or the other of us from the scene.

It is therefore useless, my dear Bache, to say any more about the matter. Why should we keep bissetting and spurring at each other? Why should we rend and tear our poor reputations to pieces, merely for the diversion of the spectators? A great number of persons, rather lovers of fun than of decency, have

already pitted us, and are prepared to enjoy the combat. Let us disappoint them; let us walk about arm in arm: many a couple, even of different sex, do this, and at the same time like one another no better than we do.

Your pride may, indeed, reject the society of a British corporal, as you very justly style me; but, my dear Sir, whatever we have been, we are now both of the same honest calling. Nobody looks upon you as the grandson of a philosopher and an ambassador. People call you (they do indeed) Ben Bache the newsmen; nothing more I assure you. And, as they have no regard to your illustrious descent, so you may be sure they will not long remember the meanness of mine.

Once more, then, I say, let us be friends. You will profit from my conversation. I shall convince you, as well by precept as example, that it is a folly for a man to print papers and throw them about the streets.

As I began this letter without ceremony, so I shall end it.

P. PORCUPINE.

British Commerce and Finances—Among all the sources of public deception, none has been oftener resorted to, by the papers in the pay of France, than the ruined commerce and exhausted finances of Britain. I do not know how it has happened, but they certainly have succeeded in persuading a considerable portion of the people, that England must sink under the burden of the present contest, merely for want of the means of supporting it. They have, against reason, and ocular demonstration, contrived to propagate this opinion, till it begins to be looked upon as a sort of political heresy to disbelieve their reports. Yet notwithstanding all this, their reports on this subject are, and ever have been, fraught with
misrepre-

misrepresentation, and sometimes with absolute falsehood.

I shall not stop here to inquire, how it comes to pass, that the commerce and finances of Britain are looked upon as subjects of such importance here as to be worth misrepresentation ; it is sufficient to me that it is so ; and whatever is worth misrepresenting, is worthy of being placed in a true light.

The Marquis of Lansdown, whose fingers itch to be playing with the guineas in the English Exchequer, brought forward some time ago a string of resolutions (nearly as long as that of Citizen Madison, of irksome memory), by which the Lords were to make a public confession of the wretched state to which, by their own imbecility, they had suffered the king's ministers to reduce the nation, and concluded his penitential propositions with the following exhortation :

“ In a situation so alarming, and so manifestly
 “ tending to destroy the confidence of the people in
 “ parliament, which (as every reflecting man must
 “ have with deep concern observed) has for some years
 “ past been rapidly on the decline ; it behoves par-
 “ liament, by a timely revival of its ancient energy
 “ and integrity, to convince the people that their
 “ constitutional guardians are awake to the common
 “ danger, and are determined to come forward with
 “ such firm measures of public order and reform, as
 “ will effectually relieve the subject, and remedy
 “ evils which, if still suffered to accumulate, will
 “ be past all remedy, and must inevitably terminate
 “ in public confusion.”

On this a debate ensued, during the course of which Lord Auckland went into a full and complete examination of the subject, concluding a speech of great length with the following consolatory remarks :

“ I shall,

“ I shall, my Lords, close this comparative account
“ by a striking and important statement.

“Amount of revenue (including the

“land and malt) below the com-

“puted expenditure on a peace

“ establishment of fifteen millions,

" 1783, - - £.2,000,000

“ Ditto above the computed expendi-

“ture on a similar peace establish-

ment, with the addition of in-

“ created charges for the debt in-

“curred by the present war, 1795, £.3,400,000

“ If we compare the excess of 1795 (£.3,400,000) with the deficiency of 1783 (£.2,000,000), the difference of the revenue in favour of the latter period will be £.1,400,000.

“ Your Lordships cannot fail to have remarked that all these objects converge in a remarkable manner towards the same conclusion; and that coincidence is an irregular proof that they all spring from the same source, the real prosperity of the country. If there is any inaccuracy in my statements, I am persuaded it is inconsiderable, and certainly it is not intentional.

“ Facts, such as these, my Lords, greatly outweigh all the declamations that the genius and eloquence of mankind can produce. I shall leave them therefore without comment; they sufficiently enforce themselves. They are unequivocal proofs of the resources of the kingdom; no man can look with an unprejudiced eye at such statements, and not perceive that this country has increased in prosperity even under the pressure of the war.

“ To what, under the protection and favour of Divine Providence, shall such prosperity be ascribed? To our naval superiority and successes; to our conquests in the East and West Indies; to the acquisition of new markets; to the enterprising spirit of our merchants;

merchants;

merchants; to the improvements of our manufactures; to the energy of our countrymen in arts and in arms; to the union of liberty with law; to the national character cherished by, and cherishing, the principles of our inimitable constitution; that constitution, which it has been the object of our enemies to destroy, by means and efforts utterly destructive to themselves; that constitution which is the great purpose of our struggles, in that just and necessary war, to preserve and to maintain."

This day Mr. John Adams entered on his functions, as President, and Mr. Jefferson on his as Vice President, of the United States of America.

The ceremony of instalment took place at twelve o'clock, in the House of Representatives, in presence of the members of that House and of the Senators.

Citizen Adet.—It is said that this suspended minister is actually preparing to leave us. Whether he is to be succeeded by some other graduate from the school of insurrection, is not yet ascertained; but there is every reason to suppose that his post will not long remain vacant.

Mr. Vans Murray, a member of the Federal House of Representatives, from the State of Maryland, is appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Republic of Holland.

Stock—Six per cent	-	-	-	17½
Three per cent.	-	-	-	10½
4 1-2 per cent.	-	-	-	—
5 1-2 per cent.	-	-	-	—
Deferred six per cent.	-	-	-	12½
Bank of the United States,	-	16	1-2 per cent.	
— Pennsylvania,	-	20	do.	
— North America,		45	do.	
			Insurance	

Insurance Comp. N. A. shares, 35 per cent.
 ————— Pennsylvania, 4 per cent. adv.

Course of Exchange—On London, at 30 days, par
 ————— at 60 days, - - - 65
 ————— at 90 days, - - - 62 1-2
 Amsterdam, 60 days, per guilder, - 40
 ————— 90 days, - - - 42

MONDAY, 6th MARCH.

Philadelphia.—Saturday morning, the Senate of the United States, being convened in their chamber, on the call of the late President, Thomas Jefferson was sworn in as Vice President of the United States, and President of the Senate. He addressed them in the following extempore speech:

“ *Gentlemen of the Senate,*

“ Entering on the duties of the office to which I am called, I feel it incumbent on me to apologize to this honourable House, for the insufficient manner in which I fear they may be discharged. At an earlier period of my life, and through some considerable portion of it, I have been a member of legislative bodies; and not altogether inattentive to the forms of their proceedings. But much time has elapsed; since that, other duties have occupied my mind; in a great degree it has lost its familiarity with this subject. I fear that the House will have but too frequent occasion to perceive the truth of this acknowledgment.—If a diligent attention, however, will enable me to fulfil the functions now assigned me, I may promise that diligence and attention shall be sedulously employed. For one portion of my duty I will engage with more confidence, because it will depend on my will, not on my capacity.

“ The rules which are to govern the proceedings
 2 of

of this House, so far as they shall depend on me for their application, shall be applied with the most rigorous and inflexible impartiality, regarding neither persons, their views nor principles, and seeing only the abstract proposition subject to my decision. If, in forming that opinion, I concur with some and differ from others, as must of necessity happen, I shall rely on the liberality and candour of those from whom I differ, to believe that I do it on pure motives. I might here proceed, and with the greatest truth to declare, my zealous attachment to the Constitution of the United States, that I consider the union of these states as the first of blessings, and as the first of duties, the preservation of that Constitution which secures it; but I suppose these declarations not pertinent to the occasion of entering into an office whose primary business is merely to preside over the forms of this House: and no one more sincerely prays, that no accident may call me to the higher and more important functions which the Constitution eventually devolves on this office. These have been justly confided to the eminent character which has preceded me here, whose talents and integrity have been known and revered by me through a long course of years, and have been the foundation of a cordial and uninterrupted friendship between us; and I devoutly pray he may be long preserved for the government, the happiness, and prosperity of our common country *."

" Soon

* A declaration more false and hypocritical than this, never disgraced a public assembly. Not only had Jefferson been the rival candidate of Adams, not only had he seen every base and wicked art made use of to degrade and disappoint his opponent, but it was notorious, that he himself had written several most artful and infamous libels against the man whom he here pretends to love and respect, and for whose life, health, and continuance in office he affects to pray! The fable of the Fox and the Grapes is but too frequently

“ Soon after, the Senate removed to the Chamber of the House of Representatives.

“ At an early hour, a great number of citizens had assembled round Congress Hall, to witness the retirement of our late worthy President Washington from public life: the concourse increased to such a degree as to fill the street, and when the gallery doors were thrown open, the House was suddenly filled up to overflowing. The ladies added to the dignity of the scene, numbers of them were seated in the chairs of the Representatives, and others were accommodated with seats on the floor of the House.

“ A few minutes after, the Senate arrived, preceded by their President; George Washington entered, but before he had advanced half way across the floor, a burst of applause broke forth from every quarter of the House—on the entrance of John Adams like marks of approbation were expressed.”

The Chief Justice of the United States, Oliver Ellsworth, together with Judges Cushing, Wilson, and Iredell, were seated at a table in front of the elevated seat; John Adams then took his oath of office, as President of the United States, and delivered the following speech:

“ When it was first perceived, in early times, that no middle course for America remained, between unlimited submission to a foreign legislature, and a total independence of its claims; men of reflection were less apprehensive of danger, from the formidable power of fleets and armies, they must determine to resist, than from those contests and dissensions, which would certainly arise, concerning the forms of

frequently found applicable to the conduct of public men; but, for a man to put up a petition to Heaven that he may long be kept from the post for which he has been a candidate, is a sketch of hypocrisy unexampled even amongst republican patriots.

government

government to be instituted, over the whole and over the parts of this extensive country. Relying, however, on the purity of their intentions, the justice of their cause, and the integrity and intelligence of the people under an over-ruling Providence, which had so signally protected this country from the first, the Representatives of this nation, then consisting of little more than half its present numbers, not only broke to pieces the chains which were forging, and the rod of iron that was lifted up, but frankly cut asunder the ties which had bound them, and launched into an ocean of uncertainty.

“ The zeal and ardour of the people, during the revolutionary war, supplying the place of government, commanded a degree of order, sufficient at least for the temporary preservation of society.—The confederation, which was early felt to be necessary, was prepared from the models of the Batavian and Helvetic confederacies, the only examples which remain with any detail and precision, in history, and certainly the only ones, which the people at large had ever considered. But reflecting on the striking difference, in so many particulars, between this country and those where a courier may go from the seat of government to the frontier in a single day, it was then certainly foreseen by some who assisted in Congress at the formation of it, that it could not be durable.

“ Negligence of its regulations, inattention to its recommendations, if not disobedience to its authority, not only in individuals but in States, soon appeared with their melancholy consequences—universal languor, jealousies and rivalries of States; decline of navigation and commerce; discouragement of necessary manufactures; universal fall in the value of lands and their produce; contempt of public and private faith; loss of consideration and credit with foreign nations; and at length in dis-

contents, animosities, combinations, partial conventions, and insurrections, threatening some great national calamity.

“ In this dangerous crisis, the people of America were not abandoned by their usual good sense, presence of mind, resolution, or integrity. Measures were pursued to concert a plan, to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty. The public disquisitions, discussions, and deliberations, issued in the present happy Constitution of Government.

“ Employed in the service of my country abroad during the whole course of these transactions, I first saw the Constitution of the United States in a foreign country. Irritated by no literary altercations, animated by no public debate, heated by no party animosity, I read it with great satisfaction, as a result of good heads, prompted by good hearts; as an experiment better adapted to the genius, character, situation and relations of this nation and country, than any which had ever been proposed or suggested. In its general principles and great outlines, it was conformable to such a system of government as I had ever most esteemed, and in some States, my own native State in particular, had contributed to establish. Claiming a right of suffrage, in common with my fellow-citizens, in the adoption or rejection of a Constitution which was to rule me and my posterity, as well as them and theirs, I did not hesitate to express my approbation of it on all occasions in public and in private. It was not then, nor has been since, any objection to it, in my mind, that the Executive and Senate were not more permanent.— Nor have I ever entertained a thought of promoting any alteration in it, but such as the people themselves, in the course of their experience, should see and

and feel to be necessary or expedient, and by their Representatives in Congress and the State Legislatures, according to the Constitution itself, to adopt and ordain.

“ Returning to the bosom of my country, after a painful separation from it for ten years, I had the honour to be elected to a station under the new order of things, and I have repeatedly laid myself under the most serious obligations to support the Constitution. The operation of it has equalled the most sanguine expectation of its friends: and from an habitual attention to it, satisfaction in its administration and delight in its effects, upon the peace, order, prosperity and happiness of the nation, I have acquired an habitual attachment to it and veneration for it.

“ What other form of government indeed can so well deserve our esteem and love?

“ There may be little solidity in an ancient idea, that congregations of men into cities and nations, are the most pleasing objects in the sight of superior intelligences; but this is very certain, that to a benevolent humane mind, there can be no spectacle presented by any nation, more pleasing, more noble, majestic, or august, than an assembly, like that which has so often been seen in this and the other chamber of Congress, of a government, in which the executive authority, as well as that of all the branches of the Legislature, are exercised by citizens selected, at regular periods, by their neighbours, to make and execute laws for the general good. Can any thing essential, any thing more than mere ornament and decoration, be added to this by robes or diamonds? Can authority be more amiable or respectable, when it descends from accidents, or institutions established in remote antiquity, than when it springs fresh from the hearts and judgments of an honest and enlightened people? For it is the people only

that are represented: it is their power and majesty that is reflected, and only for their good, in every legitimate government, under whatever form it may appear. The existence of such a government as ours for any length of time, is a full proof of a general dissemination of knowledge and virtue throughout the whole body of the people. And what object or consideration more pleasing than this can be presented to the human mind? If national pride is ever justifiable or excusable, it is when it springs, not from power or riches, grandeur or glory, but from conviction of national innocence, information, and benevolence.

“In the midst of these pleasing ideas, we should be unfaithful to ourselves, if we should ever lose sight of the danger to our liberties, if any thing partial or extraneous should infect the purity of our free, fair, virtuous and independent elections.— If an election is to be determined by a majority of a single vote, and that can be procured by a party, through artifice or corruption, the government may be the choice of a party for its own ends, not of the nation, for the national good. If that solitary suffrage can be obtained by foreign nations by flattery or menaces, by fraud or violence, by terror, intrigue, or venality, the government may not be the choice of the American people, but of foreign nations. It may be foreign nations who govern us, and not we the people who govern ourselves. And candid men will acknowledge, that, in such cases, choice should have little advantage to boast of, over lot or chance.

“Such is the amiable and interesting system of government (and such are some of the abuses to which it may be exposed) which the people of America have exhibited to the admiration and anxiety of the wise and virtuous of all nations, for eight years, under the administration of a citizen, who, by a long course of great actions, regulated by prudence, justice,

justice, temperance, and fortitude; conducting a people inspired with the same virtues, and animated with the same ardent patriotism and love of liberty, to independence and peace, to increasing wealth and unexampled prosperity; has merited the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, commanded the highest praises of foreign nations, and secured immortal glory with posterity.

“ In that retirement which is his voluntary choice, may he long live to enjoy that delicious recollection of his services, the gratitude of mankind, the happy fruits of them to himself and the world, which are daily increasing, and that splendid prospect of the further fortunes of his country, which is opening from year to year. His name may be still a rampart; and the knowledge that he lives, a bulwark against all open or secret enemies of his country’s peace.

“ This example has been recommended to the imitation of his successors, by both Houses of Congress, and by the voice of the legislatures and the people throughout the nation.

“ On this subject it might become me better to be silent, or to speak with diffidence: but as something may be expected, the occasion, I hope, will be admitted as an apology, if I venture to say, that

“ If a preference, upon principle, of a free republican government, formed upon long and serious reflection, after a diligent and impartial inquiry after truth; if an attachment to the Constitution of the United States, and a conscientious determination to support it, until it shall be altered by the judgments and wishes of the people, expressed in the mode prescribed in it; if a respectful attention to the constitutions of the individual States, and a constant caution and delicacy towards the State governments; if an equal and impartial regard to the rights, interests, honour, and happiness of all the States of

the Union, without preference or regard to a northern or southern, an eastern or western position, their various political opinions on unessential points, or their personal attachments; if a love of virtuous men of all parties and denominations; if a love of science and letters, and a wish to patronize every rational effort to encourage schools, colleges, universities, academies, and every institution for propagating knowledge, virtue, and religion among all classes of the people, not only for their benign influence on the happiness of life, in all its stages and classes, and of society in all its forms; but as the only means of preserving our Constitution from its natural enemies, the spirit of sophistry, the spirit of party, the spirit of intrigue, the profligacy of corruption, and the pestilence of foreign influence, which is the angel of destruction to elective governments; if a love of equal laws, of justice and humanity, in the interior administration; if an inclination to improve agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, for necessity, convenience, and defence; if a spirit of equity and humanity towards the aboriginal nations of America, and a disposition to meliorate their condition, by inclining them to be more friendly to us, and our citizens to be more friendly to them; if an inflexible determination to maintain peace and inviolable faith with all nations, and that system of neutrality and impartiality toward the belligerent powers of Europe, which has been adopted by this government, and so solemnly sanctioned by both Houses of Congress, and applauded by the legislatures of the States and the public opinion, until it shall be otherwise ordained by Congress; if a personal esteem for the French nation, formed in a residence of seven years, chiefly among them, and a sincere desire to preserve the friendship which has been so much for the honour and interest of both nations; if, while the
conscious

conscious honour and integrity of the people of America, and the internal sentiment of their own powers and energies, must be preserved, an earnest endeavour to investigate every just cause and remove every colourable pretence of complaint; if an intention to pursue by amicable negotiation, a reparation for the injuries that have been committed on the commerce of our fellow-citizens by whatever nation; and if success cannot be obtained, to lay the facts before the legislature, that they may consider what further measures the honour and interest of the government and its constituents demand; if a resolution to do justice, as far as may depend upon me, at all times and to all nations, and maintain peace, friendship, and benevolence with all the world; if an unshaken confidence in the honour, spirit, and resources of the American people, on which I have so often hazarded my all, and never been deceived; if elevated ideas of the high destinies of this country, and of my own duties towards it, founded on a knowledge of the moral principles and intellectual improvements of the people, deeply engraven on my mind in early life, and not obscured but exalted by experience and age: and, with humble reverence, I feel it to be my duty to add, if a veneration for the religion of a people, who profess and call themselves Christians, and fixed resolution to consider a decent respect for Christianity among the best recommendations for the public service; can enable me, in any degree, to comply with your wishes, it shall be my strenuous endeavour that this sagacious injunction of the two Houses shall not be without effect.

“ With the great example before me; with the sense and spirit, the faith and honour, the duty and interest of the same American people, pledged to support the Constitution of the United States, I entertain no doubt of its continuance in all its
C 4 energy,

energy, and my mind is prepared, without hesitation, to lay myself under the most solemn obligations to support it to the utmost of my power.

“ And may that Being, who is supreme over all, the patron of order, the fountain of justice, and the protector, in all ages of the world, of virtuous liberty, continue his blessing upon the nation and its government, and give it all possible success and duration, consistent with the ends of his providence.”

TUESDAY, 7th MARCH.

To the Public.—Most of my readers will recollect, that, about the time I entered into the book-selling business, a publication appeared, entitled, “ Christianity contrasted with Deism; by Peter Porcupine.” This attack on the Christian Religion was first published at New-York, and the fictitious name, which I had long before assumed, was placed to it, either to discredit my performances, or for the most innocent purpose of promoting the sale of the work. I immediately denied it, and Mr. Fenno was so obliging as to publish that denial. It died away: its demerit in point of style, as well as matter, was its passport to oblivion. Yet, to answer some end or other, it is now revived, and very industriously circulated.

Merely as a bookseller's puff I can have no objection to the use of my assumed name: it is, on the contrary, rather flattering to my vanity as an author, to observe that the assumption is looked upon as a recommendation to purchasers; more especially as the title is completely equivocal; for no one can tell by it whether the contrast be favourable to Christianity or not. But, in the other point of view, looking on the use of my name as intending to fix the odium of the detestable performance on me, I have very great objections to it. I would lie under any
other

other imputation, that can possibly spring from the fertile brain of disappointed malice, rather than that of endeavouring to sap the foundation of the Christian faith; the rock to which we all cling in the hour of distress, and without which the idea of death, or even the remotest symptom of mortal disease, appals the stoutest heart.

In the rigid sense of the term, I am certainly very far from being a Christian. I feel the dominion of the turbulent passions: when my coat is taken from me, I cannot give my cloak; nor does a buffet on one cheek incline me patiently to turn the other. But as far as professions can go, whether verbally or in writing, I trust I have some pretensions to that character. Let any one examine my publications, from the first to the last, and say, if he can, that they contain even a hint that leads towards infidelity. Whatever ill qualities I may possess, that of hypocrisy is not one of them, every body will allow. Had I been a deist, I should have declared it long ago. It is impossible for me to suppress the utterance of what I think. Those who have read the *Strictures on Tom Paine's Age of Reason*, on the doctrines of Priestley, and on the impious proceedings of the French assemblies, will do well to compare them with the other parts of my writings, and then judge whether it be possible for the same man to be at once capable of such profound dissimulation and such indiscreet openness.

But the work in question carries on the face of it the marks of imposture. Had I actually written it, can it be supposed that I would have put that very name to it, under which I had used all my feeble efforts to discountenance and reprobate the opinions it inculcates? Had I been hypocrite enough to write in defence of a religion that I did not believe in, would not the same hypocrisy have taught me to assume another name, when I began to attack it? To
suppose

suppose the contrary is an absurdity too gross to merit exposition.

The fact is, this impious effusion of some illiterate, democratic demon is now trumped up in hopes of opposing the progress of this paper. The discomfited crew are rallying their broken and dispersed columns. Lies, slanders, and menaces have failed; the use of a name that they hate and dread more than they do hell, has at last been resorted to. The desperateness of the step proves to what despair they are reduced.

Either the name of Peter Porcupine was taken up by this democratic writer to promote the sale of his pamphlet, or it was done to injure me in the opinion of my friends: if for the former purpose, it proves that the name is of more value than that of the real author; and if for the latter, it proves that the democrats, after all their railing, look upon my friends as being the most pious and conscientious part of the community. What their friends are, then, need not be added.

P. P.

From the Aurora of Yesterday Morning.—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," was the pious ejaculation of a man who beheld a flood of happiness rushing in upon mankind.—If ever there was a time that would license the reiteration of the exclamation, that time is now arrived; for the man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country, is this day reduced to a level with his fellow-citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment. Every heart, in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people, ought to beat high with exultation, that the name of Washington from this day ceases to give a currency to political iniquity, and to legalize corrup-

corruption—a new æra is now opening upon us, an æra which promises much to the people; for public measures must now stand upon their own merits, and nefarious projects can no longer be supported by a name. When a retrospect is taken of the Washingtonian administration for eight years, it is a subject of the greatest astonishment, that a single individual should have cankered the principles of republicanism in an enlightened people, just emerged from the gulf of despotism, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far, as to have put in jeopardy its very existence: such, however, are the facts, and with these staring us in the face, this day ought to be a *jubilee* in the United States.

March 4.

Remarks on the foregoing.—"And when David came to Bahurim, behold, there came out a man of the house of Saul, whose name was Shimei, the son of Gera, of the tribe of Benjamin; he came forth, and cursed still as he came.

"And he cast stones at David, and at all the servants of David, and at all the people, and all the mighty men that were on his right hand and on his left.

"Then said Abishai the son of Zeruiah, Why should this dead dog curse my lord? Let me, I pray thee, go over and take off his head.

"And David forbade it, and said, Let him alone, let him curse!"

Good old David saw, I suppose, that the malignity of this blasted sprig of the stock of Benjamin not only carried its own punishment with it, but that it could not fail in a short time to work his ruin, without the aid of any other cause.

WEDNESDAY, 8th MARCH.

Taking of the Bastile.—In my endeavours to pull off the veil of deception, I shall now and then go back a little, because, to remove errors built on misrepresentation of facts, the facts themselves must be first stated in a true light.

The French revolution, that source from which the jacobin gazettes of America have drunk of the never-dying streams of falsehood, furnishes few instances of imposition, more artfully and effectually propagated, than that heroic act, the taking of the Bastile.

Playfair, in his History of Jacobinism, sets the whole of this brilliant achievement in a fair point of view. He was on the spot, and he turned that circumstance to the advantage of the cause of truth. The following note on the Bastile adventure will make some of the quondam admirers of French valour blush at their credulity :

Note.—A circumstance little known will prove that there was no bravery displayed in the taking of the Bastile. A number of the subscribers to the Lyceum at Paris determined to collect and publish the facts relative to so extraordinary an exploit ; accordingly, a great number of witnesses were examined, and it was discovered at last, that the governor had opened the door, and let the conquerors walk in. A debate then arose among the compilers of the history—Shall we publish a thing that will be disgraceful to the Parisians after so much boasting and so many falsities ? or shall we desist ? were the questions. Let us go on, said one subscriber ; we are searching for truth, let us find it : but as all truths are not good to be told, let us not publish it. The advice was taken, and the latter part of it was the best ; for certainly the conquerors of the Bastile would

would soon have pulled down the Lyceum, if the truth had been published.

This anecdote, for the truth of which I appeal to M. de la Harpe and M. la Croix, or any of the literary gentlemen who attended the Lyceum at that time, is a proof of the spirit of democratic deception which pervaded the people of Paris from the beginning of the revolution, and the unanimity with which the French nation joins in exalting its own bravery and deceiving the world. Whilst all orders of nobility were destroying, an order was instituted (composed of revolted soldiers, and some of the sansculottes of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, and M. M. Bailly and La Fayette), decorated with a medal, bearing the inscription, "Conquerors of the Bastile." The origin of this was insurrection, and the manner of obtaining it, was the testimony of seven conquerors, which dubbed the eighth conqueror too. As French books of heraldry are all burned, I know not by what regulation M. Bailly and La Fayette were admitted conquerors, as they were at Versailles on that glorious day. It was by such tricks as this that all Europe was juggled by the first revolutionists, who were neither conquerors, philosophers, nor well-meaning men; but who, by false facts and false appearances, contrived to pass for all the three.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Who loves a lie—lame slander helps about—POPE.

I CONSIDER as a bad man: and though averse to controversy, and wishing to live in peace with all men, it will not accord with my sentiments to suffer slanderous imputations to be passed over in silence. When the detestable tongue of malice endeavours to blast my reputation, who will blame me for publicly refuting the villanous charge?

On the 29th day of October last, at the house of Joseph Pearson, in Ridley, Israel Elliott asserted, "that I sold corn to the British," meaning, I suppose, when the British army were in Philadelphia during the late war: I declared it was an infamous falsehood—he said Nicholas Diehl was his author.

Subsequent to the above, I happened to be at the house of Henry Paschall in Kingessing, the said Elliott, Nicholas Diehl, Hugh Lloyd, and Matthew Huston being present.—I mentioned the charge to the neighbours, and declared it was an infamous lie; Nicholas Diehl utterly denied that he ever mentioned it to Elliott, which Lloyd and Huston will prove.

I declare the above assertion of Israel Elliott's to be an *infamous lie*, and defy all created beings to make it appear, that I ever, during the continuance of that just, necessary and glorious war, directly or indirectly aided, assisted, or abetted the British, or their adherents (the Tories), in their attempt to subjugate the United States, or either of them, in any manner or way whatever.

March 2.

JOHN PEARSON.

Darby, Delaware County, March 4th, 1797.

To the Public.—Some time since, as I was going towards Chester, I happened to stop at the house of Mr. Aaron Morton, where, to my great astonishment, I read, publicly posted up, the foregoing denial, signed John Pearson.

Seeing my character thus publicly attacked, I felt the necessity of as public a justification of it. I am charged with the propagation of a falsehood. Barely to assert that the charge is without foundation, would, perhaps, be sufficient, considering the character of the accuser; but I do not wish to oppose assertion by assertion: I should be ashamed to suffer, for a moment, a competition between my veracity and that

that of John Pearson. For this reason it is, that I lay before the public the following deposition.

Delaware County, ff.—Personally appeared William Smith before me, the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for the county aforesaid; and on his solemn affirmation doth declare, that he was at Nicholas Deihl's, senior, house, and heard him say that John Pearson need not pretend to be so great a Whig as he was: he, the said Smith, asked for what reason? He said he traded with the British, and sold them Indian corn. Further saith not. Affirmed and subscribed this 26th of January, 1797; before me,

Ben. W. Oakford.

WILLIAM SMITH.

Thus is Mr. Smith's oath opposed to Pearson's bare word, the oath of a man whose word nobody will doubt, opposed to the naked assertions of one who finds most belief where he is least known; and thus has the meddling, factious, and turbulent tanner of Darby, who, were he permitted, would dress the skins of his peaceable neighbours with as little remorse as he does the hides of quadrupeds; thus has this would-be village tyrant, by his arrogance and insolence, established the truth of my assertion, which he wished to be looked upon as a lie, and rendered that public which was before confined to a few. By a violent effort to efface what the hand of time would have soon worn away, he has revived the stain, and has rendered it indelible.

March 6.

ISRAEL ELLIOTT.

To the Public.—When I wrote the piece which Israel Elliott, without my knowledge, published in Porcupine's Gazette of the 13th inst. I only meant absolutely to deny the malicious charge of Elliott, which he in the reply, composed for him, has not pretended to support, but wanders from the subject into personal abuse. The falsehood, I suppose, originated

ginated in his indefatigable malice. I say his malice, for it commenced at the time when I, as a justice of the peace, chosen twice by the unsolicited suffrages of the good Whigs of the neighbourhood (previous to Thomas Mifflin's having the power to commission such a man as him, a power shamefully prostituted), was obliged to take cognizance of his conduct on a charge of fornication. The epithets of his writer, of "factious, turbulent tyrant," cannot apply to me—I therefore take no further notice of him. Having the good fortune to be taught the tanner's trade, I am acquainted with skins, and Elliott may rest assured I will not dress his. I should expect from the abandoned profligacy of his youth, and consequent filthiness, the skin would prove rotten, and as skins dried in a hot climate (and mercury may have a similar effect in ours) the old sores would break out afresh, and cause holes—in that case it would not do for a drum, as the celebrated Liska's* was used for—unless, as it would be noiseless, it might suit a captain of the militia horse like him, who has the dastardly cowardice publicly to declare, that we (meaning the Americans) were not able to contend with the British.

I am extremely sorry to be concerned in a dispute of any kind, and wish anxiously for peace. I was not the aggressor, and have not been in any case of that nature; if there is any individual upon the earth who conceives himself injured by me, let him come forward; the neighbours (the best tribunal) shall determine, and such compensation shall be made by me as they think proper.

Darby, March 24.

JOHN PEARSON†.

* Meaning, I suppose, Zisca's.—EDITOR.

† The reader will observe, that both these honest men were *justices of the peace*; and will, doubtless, conclude, that the appointment of such men to such an office must be wholly ascribed to the superior wisdom and virtue of *republican government*.

From

From the Merchants' Advertiser †.—A London Courier of December states, that a change in the administration was considered as indispensable to the obtainment of a peace, and asserts, that the following arrangement had been laid before the friends of a great personage :

First Lord of the Treasury—Duke of Bedford.

Secretaries of State—Marquis of Lansdown, Right Honourable C. J. Fox.

Lord Chancellor, with a Peerage—Hon. T. Erskine.

Lord President of the Council—Lord Thurlow.

First Lord of the Admiralty—Earl Howe.

Master General of the Ordnance—Duke of Northumberland.

Lord Privy Seal—Duke of Grafton.

Ambassador to the French Republic—Earl of Lauderdale.

Treasurer of the Navy—Mr. Sheridan.

President of the Indian Board of Control—Earl of Guildford.

Paymaster of the Army—Mr. Grey.

Secretary at War—General Fitzpatrick.

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—Mr. Mansfield.

Secretaries of the Treasury—Mr. W. Adam, Mr. Courtenay.

Attorney General—Mr. Pigot.

Solicitor General—Mr. Mingay.

Thus far the London Courier; and thus our Merchants' Advertiser, in strict observance of that impartiality which it professes, dismisses the abominable lie, without gloss or comment. The editors or conductors of this advertising paper did set out with the pious resolution, not to meddle with party matters; this, especially when we recollect that they all bear an implacable hatred to one of the powers now at war, will undoubtedly be looked upon as an instance of the most heroic self-denial.

However, I must not be understood as allowing; that their natural inclination has never got the better of their prudence and piety. A few days ago, after repeating an article from the Whitehall Evening

† A paper published by my old bookseller, Bradford, in partnership with one *Lloyd*, a scoundrel, who, in 1793, graced the pillory at the Royal Exchange, London.

Post, they add, in italics; “ It is but fair to observe, that the *Whitehall Evening Post* is under the direction of the British Minister.” Now, then, if a strict impartiality would admit of such a commentary as this, why would it not admit of something in the same way after the extract before us? When an article was extracted which seemed rather favourable to the cause of Great Britain, it was “ but fair” to undermine its force by ascribing it to undue influence; but when, on the other hand, a well-known falsehood is to be found in a London paper, and that falsehood holds out a belief of the instability of the ministry, and of the consequent abandonment of the interests of the kingdom; then, it is very fair to let the intelligence stand upon its own foundation. This, in the new-fangled jargon of mendicants for public favour, is called impartiality.

Yes, Messrs. Conductors, there is very little doubt but you would rejoice at such a change in the administration of Great Britain. You would then promise yourselves the pleasure of seeing the ruin of those whom you hate, merely because they are not already ruined.

Randolph.—The following resolution was laid on the table of the House of Representatives of the United States by Mr. Williams, and agreed to by the House :

“ Whereas, it is stated to this House in the report
 “ of the Secretary of the Treasury, of the 15th of
 “ February, that the accounts of Edmund Ran-
 “ dolph, Esquire, late Secretary of State, for monies
 “ advanced to him for foreign expenditures, still re-
 “ main unsettled; and that neither the accounts of
 “ the foreign ministers, bankers, and agents of the
 “ United States, nor the records of the Department
 “ of State, contain any explanation in respect to a
 “ considerable sum of the said monies :” Resolved,
 that

that the Secretary of the Treasury lay before this House, at their next session, information of the amount of monies so received by the said Edmund Randolph, for which there is no explanation as aforesaid, and what measures have been taken to obtain a settlement of his accounts*."

THURSDAY, 9th MARCH.

B. Franklin Bache.—A gentlemen who styles himself, and I believe justly, a Friend to Good-nature (in yesterday's paper), asks me what "disorder that animal is seized with, which snarls and growls so in the Aurora."—I will tell the gentleman in one word: his disorder is poverty. While that able financier, Citizen Guillotine, possessed influence enough to keep assignats at par; while the French agents had a demand on the treasury of the United States; the democrats, and the four mortal in question among the rest, were in perfect good humour: there was then nothing but feasting and jollity; the coppers were heard to clink in the pockets of the very scum of them, and their faces wore a continual grin. But now, when the source of corruption is dried up; when the spoons, the watches, the rings, the lockets, and the thimbles, that the murderers of Paris stripped from the corpses of their prey; now, when all these are spent in bribing foreign traitors, and in decking the new-born despots, the poor democrats grow hungry, and it is well known that hunger and anger are seldom long separate.

So much for the malady. As to the cure, I am

* It is astonishing that even to this time (July 1799), not another word has ever been heard about this deficit. *Randolph* lives undisturbed in Virginia, though he owes thousands to his country! So careful are republican governments of the treasure of the people! Such a defaulter, under the British Government, would find no rest for the sole of his foot: he would be prosecuted, and lampooned, and caricatured out of existence.

not certain that I could wish to see it effected, either by a healing or mortal remedy. A long life of misery, of the cravings of an empty stomach, and the stings of a guilty conscience, is not a punishment adequate to the atrocities committed by this yelper of the democratic kennel. However, if I must prescribe a remedy, I must. I would then recommend confinement in the first place; 2dly, his drink should be water, and his food bullock's liver, served out with a sparing hand; 3dly, he should be constantly employed in that polite and healthy exercise, beating of hemp, until such time as he is capable of making a rope; and, 4thly, to complete the cure, he should be decently tucked up in his own manufacture.

General Washington.—In a morning paper of yesterday appeared the following extract from a London sans-culotte Gazette.—“ Even the advocates of
“ Ministers are obliged to bear their tribute of ap-
“ probation to the merits of Washington. Would
“ to God that their patrons had imitated his pacific
“ disposition! Washington is one of those few cha-
“ racters who, during his lifetime, has commanded
“ the praise of all parties, by unequivocally deserv-
“ ing well, by a conduct above all the assaults of
“ envy, and beyond the reach of suspicion—*Id quod*
“ *difficillimum est, laudem sine invidia peperit.*—The
“ conduct of Augustus in his last moments is not
“ unknown to our classical readers. But how much
“ more justly than any proud tyrant that ever ex-
“ isted, may George Washington make his last ap-
“ peal to his fellow-citizens, ‘ whether he has done
“ well;’ and claim to his departing scene the meed
“ of their grateful applause!”

When we compare this language with that of Bache, and some other journalists in this country, we are naturally led to inquire, how it comes to pass that men of the same principles, politics, and views,

views, differ so very widely on a subject which neither can misunderstand. The patriots of Great Britain tell the people there, that General Washington may "claim to his departing scene, the meed "of grateful applause;" but the patriots of America deny this: so far from allowing the claim, they say "he is the source of all the misfortunes of our "country," and rejoice, that he is "reduced to a "level with his fellow-citizens, and is no longer "possessed of power to multiply evils on the United "States. Their hearts beat high with exultation, "that the name of Washington now ceases to give "currency to political iniquity, and to legalize corruption."

The first moment of leisure that offers itself I shall endeavour to explain this seeming inconsistency, and have not the least doubt but it will appear, that the patriots of England and those of America understand one another perfectly well, and that, though their means be different, their end is exactly the same*.

French Fraternity.—From a list of "Evidences of "French Fraternity," in the Baltimore Federal Gazette, it appears that the French privateers and gunboats have captured and carried into St. Domingo, fifty-four American vessels, in the course of about

* There is one subject of the praise bestowed on the General that requires immediate remark; that is, his *pacific disposition*. "Would to God," say the English Republicans, "that Ministers "had imitated his *pacific disposition*!" This, you will please to observe, is decidedly approving of the President's having pertinaciously refused to join in the war. For this he certainly was deserving of praise; but do these mercenary eulogists perceive, that in this their approbation, they do, in reality, justify the conduct of their ministry in entering into the war? Do they know, that America was *bound by treaty to assist France* in a *defensive* war? If they do know this, they must acknowledge, that France was the *aggressor* in this war, or they must condemn the *pacific* conduct of General Washington.

one month; of which twenty-nine were condemned, value not estimated, thirteen condemned, vessels and cargoes, valued at upwards of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, seven remained for trial, three abandoned, and two cleared.

Lyceum *.—The query in Tuesday's paper, proposed for discussion by this ultramarine association, appears calculated to lead the members into hampering and unprofitable disputes, rather than to second their generous endeavours to enlighten and inform the public. Instead of fruitless inquiries about what none of us understand, nor wish to understand, I imagine my correspondent would have done well to propose a question or two of the following kind:

1. When eloquent swine are growling and squeezing and fighting for the wash, which is "head hog" at trough," he that gets the lowermost place, or he that gets the uppermost?

2. Is it either probable or possible, that those who have been traitors to their own country, will ever be faithful to another?

3. Which is the most abundant source of emigration, the love of plunder or the fear of the gallows?

FRIDAY, 10th MARCH.

Misslin's Sincerity.—On Wednesday last a message was sent to the Legislature by the Governor of Pennsylvania, in which he informed the two Houses,

* A company of vagabond political spouters, chiefly from the London Corresponding Society, Coachmakers' Hall, &c. &c. who having been put out by the extinguisher of Mr. Pitt, are come here to get lighted up again. The persons who have the direction of affairs in the University of Pennsylvania, are certainly entitled to the thanks of the public for furnishing apartments for these seditious wretches.

that

that he had offered the new house (formerly built for the President) to Mr. Adams, the President elect. This message was accompanied with the copy of the Governor's letter to the President, and the President's answer. The Governor concludes thus: "I
 " take this opportunity, Sir, to present my con-
 " gratulations upon your election to the office of
 " Chief Magistrate of the United States; and to
 " assure you that as far as my constitutional powers
 " and duties extend, you may rely upon a zealous
 " and faithful co operation to advance the honour,
 " and ensure the success of your administration."

Governor Mifflin congratulating Mr. Adams on his election to the office of President!! Gracious heavens! and Mr. Dallas wrote the letter, I suppose. I should like to have seen the President's face while he was reading this sincerely affectionate congratulation. If his muscles are not as inflexible as the rock of Gibraltar, he must have burst into a laugh that convulsed his whole frame.

This was, however, a sort of an after-day congratulation, and was conveyed in such a way as to leave a doubt, whether it was meant as a compliment or an insult. If our worthy and chaste and honest Governor had been very anxious to express his joy at the election of Mr. Adams, one would imagine that he would have made it the sole subject of a note, and not have mentioned it at the bottom of a letter on business, as a thing that had accidentally shot across his memory.—"I take this opportunity," &c. Yes, but if this opportunity had not offered itself, what would he have done? If Pennsylvania had not wanted a tenant for a house, the letter would not have been written, and consequently the congratulation would have died in the tender breast of the congratulator.

The good Governor's letter puts me in mind of
 D 4 one,

one, mentioned by a sprightly French female, which ran nearly thus :

“ To Madam, the Countess of C——.

“ My dear Creature,

“ For the love of God send me the rouge which you promised me yesterday, for I look as pale as death. *Apropos*, my poor dear husband is just dead.”

This *apropos* is very much like Governor Miffin’s “ I take this opportunity ;” and as such I dare say it was received ; for, notwithstanding the wheedling of His *Excellency*, the President refused to have any thing to do with the house*.

Mr. Pinckney.—Reports are in circulation, that this gentleman has been refused an audience at the court of the Cut-throat Republic.

SATURDAY, 11th MARCH.

Wilmingtonians.—By a gentleman just arrived from Wilmington (Del.) it is reported, that General Washington passed through that borough yesterday, amidst the acclamations of the *grateful citizens*.

If ever public acclamations were pleasing to the ears of heaven, those of the people of Wilmington, on this occasion, were surely so ; for it is said by Him who cannot err, that, in the celestial mansions, “ there is more rejoicing over one repentant sinner, than over ninety and nine that need no repentance.”

* It was ridiculous enough to see a legislature employed in examining the correspondence between a Governor and a President on the subject of letting a dwelling-house ; but it was, if possible, still more ridiculous to hear the President reject the bargain upon constitutional principles. “ I entertain,” says he, “ great doubts whether, by a candid construction of the Constitution, I am at liberty”——to do what ?——To rent the house certainly ; for nothing else was proposed to him.

This Wilmington (and it is a pity too, for it is a delightful little place), this Wilmington, in Delaware, was the most abominable fans-culotte of any town in the whole continent. They burnt their Senators and Mr. Jay in effigy; they caballed, and harangued, and remonstrated with more industry and virulence than even the virtuous town meetings of Boston and Philadelphia. I leave any one to guess at their indefatigableness in the cause of faction, when they made shift to drag the old Pennsylvania Farmer to the field of opposition, and to prevail on him to take a part in the combat, though a Quaker.

People wonder at this factious disposition in the Wilmingtonians, seeing that they are mostly Quakers, which usually signifies men mild, peaceable, and obedient to the laws. But the Quakers of Wilmington differ from all other Quakers in America: they frown and look fierce, and, if contradicted in conversation, not honey, but wormwood, drops from their lips: they are a sort of Puritans in a Quaker's dress.

Some exceptions, however, must be understood here. Many of the people, as well Quakers as others, of this pleasant little town, did not stand in need of French spoliations to render them friendly to the federal government, or to awaken their gratitude towards General Washington.

From the Gazette of the United States.

Department of State, Philadelphia, March 9, 1797.

SIR,

I enclose the copy of a letter which I received the third instant, from the late President of the United States. The letter itself will satisfy you of the propriety of its being published. The original, as desired, is deposited in this office.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

DEAR

DEAR SIR,

Philadelphia, 3d March, 1797.

At the conclusion of my public employments, I have thought it expedient to notice the publication of certain forged letters, which first appeared in the year 1777, and were obtruded upon the public as mine. They are said by the editor to have been found in a small portmanteau, that I had left in the care of my mulatto servant, named Billy, who, it is pretended, was taken prisoner at Fort Lee in 1776.

The period when these letters were first printed will be recollected, and what were the impressions they were intended to produce on the public mind. It was then supposed to be of some consequence to strike at the integrity of the motives of the American commander in chief, and to paint his inclinations as at variance with his professions and his duty. Another crisis in the affairs of America having occurred, the same weapon has been resorted to, to wound my character and deceive the people.

The letters in question have the dates, addressees, and signatures here following :

“ New-York, June 12th, 1776. To Mr. Lund Washington, at Mount Vernon, Fairfax county, Virginia.” “ G. W.”

“ To John Parke Custis, Esq. at the Hon. Benedict Calvert’s, Esq. Mount Airy, Maryland.” June 18th, 1776.” “ George Washington.”

“ New-York, July 8th, 1776. To Mr. Lund Washington, at Mount Vernon, Fairfax county, Virginia.” “ G. W.”

“ New-York, July 15th, 1776. To Mr. Lund Washington, Etq. &c.” “ G. W.”

“ New-York, July 16th, 1776. To Mr. Lund Washington, &c.” “ G. W.”

“ New-York, July 22d, 1776. To Mr. Lund Washington, &c.” “ G. W.”

“ June

“ June 24th, 1776. To Mrs. Washington.”
“ G. W.”

At the time when these letters first appeared, it was notorious to the army immediately under my command, and particularly to the gentlemen attached to my person, that my mulatto man Billy had never been one moment in the power of the enemy. It is also a fact, that no part of my baggage, or any of my attendants, were captured during the whole course of the war. These well-known facts made it unnecessary, during the war, to call the public attention to the forgery, by an express declaration of mine: and a firm reliance on my fellow-citizens, and the abundant proofs they gave of their confidence in me, rendered it alike unnecessary to take any formal notice of the revival of the imposition during my civil administration. But as I cannot know how soon a more serious event may succeed to that which will this day take place, I have thought it a duty that I owe to myself, to my country, and to truth, now to detail the circumstances above recited, and to add my solemn declaration, that the letters herein described are a base forgery, and that I never saw or heard of them until they appeared in print.

The present letter I commit to your care, and desire it may be deposited in the office of the Department of State, as a testimony of the truth to the present generation and to posterity.

Accept, I pray you, the sincere esteem and affectionate regard of,

Dear Sir,

Your obedient,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

TIMOTHY PICKERING, *Secretary of State.*

MONDAY, 13th MARCH.

General Washington accused of Murder.—The following most wicked attempt to blast the character of the General, is taken from the Aurora of this morning:

MR. BACHE,

I saw in your last number a letter signed Geo. Washington, solemnly denying the authenticity of certain private letters dated in 1776, and ascribed to him. For the honour of my country I sincerely rejoice, that those letters were not genuine; but I must say, that I think Mr. Washington blameable for not having earlier noticed the forgery. I own for one, that his long silence produced on my mind disagreeable doubts. Others have felt them, and I cannot but think, that, as a servant of the public, it was his duty immediately to have removed such doubts, since it was in his power to do it so readily. His personal pride should have been overcome for the sake of his public duty. The necessity of public confidence being attached to officers in important stations, especially in a government like ours, should have pointed out early to him the necessity, however disagreeable the task to his personal feelings, of stepping forward with a public denial of the unworthy sentiments attributed to him in those spurious letters.

Since he has prevailed upon himself to break the ice, there is another subject on which the public mind, I think, should receive some light. I have not known it lately to be a matter of public discussion, but it has been frequently brought forward in private conversations, and I never could find any one capable of giving a satisfactory explanation; and probably, from the old date of this transaction (1754), Mr. Washington may be the only person capable of giving an eclairecissement.

The accusation in question is no less, than having,
while

while commanding a party of American troops, fired on a flag of truce; killed the officer in the act of reading a summons under the sanction of such a flag; of having attempted to vindicate the act, and yet, of having signed a capitulation, in which the killing of that officer and his men was acknowledged as an act of assassination.

The charge is of so serious a nature; firing on a flag of truce so unprecedented an act, even in savage warfare; and signing an acknowledgment of having been guilty of assassination so degrading to a man, and more especially to a military man, that I feel confident, there must have been some egregious misstatement in the account given of the business. I have imagined this also must be some forgery, or that Major George Washington who was taken at Fort Mifflin in 1754, could not be the same person as George Washington, late President of the United States.

The transaction alluded to is recorded in a pamphlet published here in the year 1757, purporting to be the translation of a "Memorial containing a summary View of Facts, with their Authorities, in answer to the Observations sent by the English Ministry to the Courts of Europe."

Mr. Washington can settle every doubt upon this subject, by declaring whether this Memorial was a forgery: whether the Journal it contains, purporting to be his Journal, and especially the capitulation, acknowledging the killing of Mr. Jumonville and his men, to have been an act of assassination, were papers forged to answer the purposes of the French court; or whether he is the Major Washington there alluded to.

T. T. L.

Remarks on the above.—The Aurora, which begins now to be pretty generally, and not improperly, termed

termed the Infernal Gazette, had before accused General Washington of every crime, save that of murder; and, as love always treasures up its tenderest caresses, so it seems hatred reserves its most malicious aspersions, for the moment of a farewell.

The General, in his very first speech to Congress, hinted that he was aware of the slanders to which his situation would expose him; but, I believe, prepared as he was for the bite of ingratitude, he little imagined that he should at last retire to his fields with the character of a murderer! I shall not stop to admire the indefatigable malice that could lead a man forty-three years back to search for this subject of calumny; nor shall I inquire, at present, whether Frenchmen or Frenchmen's ghosts are to haunt us for everlasting. Murder is ever murder; and, whether of recent or ancient date, whether committed on the body of a Christian, a Jew, or a Frenchman, it ought to come to light.

Happily we have written evidence to appeal to. If it appear that the charge is well founded, we must give the criminal up to the just censure of the world; but, on the other hand, if it should appear to be (as I am conscious it will) a base cut-throat accusation, intended merely to embitter the remainder of the life of General Washington, what execration, what disgrace, what misery and torment, is due to the wretch who has dared to bring it forward!

Previous to the year 1754, there had been continual disputes between England and France relative to the boundaries of their possessions, lying in what is now called the western countries of the United States. It would be foreign to our present purpose to dwell on the merits of these disputes, which the improvidence of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle left an opening to; it is sufficient to remark, that they produced a war in America, in which the English were generally unsuccessful. Seeing that nothing was to be

be done with the enemy by confining the war to the continent of America, the King of England resolved on hostilities by sea also, where success was certain. Several French vessels were seized, without the formality of a declaration of war, the king insisting that the French had already begun making war on him in America. The French made a demand of their vessels, as property seized in time of profound peace; to this the English gave a refusal, accompanied with certain observations, which were addressed to the different courts of Europe. These observations were answered by the French in a memorial, likewise addressed to the courts of Europe; and it is this memorial to which the industrious correspondent of the patriotic Mr. Bache is indebted for his charge of assassination.

Such is the source of information to which we are now going to apply. It represents Monsieur de Cantecœur commandant of a detachment of French troops employed in the construction of Fort du Quesne. Here he "was informed," says the Memorial, "that a considerable body of forces was marching towards him. Hereupon he charged M. de Jumonville with a written summons, in form of a letter, directed to the first English officer he should meet: it was dated 23d of May, 1754. He assured the English that no violence would be offered them, and desired the English commander to return his answer by M. de Jumonville, &c. This latter set out with an escort of thirty men, and the next morning found himself surrounded by a number of English and Indians. The English quickly fired two volleys, which killed some soldiers. M. de Jumonville made a sign that he had a letter from his commander; hereupon the fire ceased, and they surrounded the French officer to hear it. He immediately ordered the summons to be read, and as it was reading the second time, the English (for so the

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the Americans were then called) assassinated him, and made his men prisoners of war."

There is something so absurd, so completely self-contradictory, so impossible, in this account, that it is hardly necessary to oppose it by the journal of Major Washington, whom, as commander of the English, the Memorial treats as an assassin. I quote this journal, however, with pleasure, because it recalls us back to times when Frenchmen were looked upon in their true light :

"About eight at night I received an express from the Half King, which informed me, that, as he was coming to join us, he had seen along the road the tracks of two men, which he had followed, till he was brought thereby to a low obscure place ; that he was of opinion the whole party of the French was hidden there. That very moment I sent out forty men, and ordered my ammunition to be put in a place of safety, under a strong guard to defend it, fearing it to be a stratagem of the French to attack our camp ; and with the rest of my men set out in a heavy rain, and in a night as dark as pitch, along a path scarce broad enough for one man ; we were sometimes fifteen or twenty minutes out of the path before we could come to it again, and so dark, that we would often strike one against another : all night long we continued our route, and the 28th about sunrise we arrived at the Indian camp, where, after having held a council with the Half King, it was concluded we should fall on them together ; so we sent out two men to discover where they were, as also their posture, and what sort of ground was thereabout ; after which, we formed ourselves for an engagement, marching one after the other, in the Indian manner : we were advanced pretty near to them, as we thought, when they discovered us ; whereupon I ordered my company to fire ; mine was supported by that of Mr. Wager's, and my company
and

and his received the whole fire of the French, during the greatest part of the action, which only lasted a quarter of an hour, before the enemy was routed.

“ We killed M. de Jumonville, the commander of that party, as also nine others; we wounded one, and made twenty one prisoners, among whom were M. la Force, M. Drouillon, and two cadets. After this I marched on with the prisoners; they informed me that they had been sent with a summons to order me to depart. A plausible pretence to discover our camp, and to obtain the knowledge of our forces and our situation! It was so clear that they were come to reconnoitre what we were, that I admired at their assurance, when they told me they were come as an embassy; for their instructions mentioned that they should get what knowledge they could of the roads, rivers, and of all the country as far as Potowmack; and instead of coming as ambassadors publicly, and in an open manner, they came secretly, and sought after the most hidden retreats, more like deserters than ambassadors: in such retreats they encamped, and remained hid for whole days together, and that no more than five miles from us: from thence they sent spies to reconnoitre our camp: after this was done, they went back two miles, from whence they sent the two messengers spoken of in the instructions, to acquaint M. de Cantieœur of the place we were at, and of our disposition, that he might send his detachments to enforce the summons as soon as it should be given.

“ Besides, an ambassador has princely attendants: whereas this was only a simple petty French officer. An ambassador has no need of spies, his character being always sacred: and seeing their intention was so good, why did they tarry two days, at five miles distance from us, without acquainting me with the summons, or, at least, with something that related to the embassy? That alone would be sufficient to

raise the greatest suspicions, and we ought to do them the justice to say, that as they wanted to hide themselves, they could not pick out better places than they had done.

“The summons was so insolent, and favoured of the gasconade so much, that if it had been brought openly by two men, it would have been an immediate indulgence to have suffered them to return.

“It was the opinion of the Half King in this case, that their intentions were evil, and that it was a pure pretence; that they never intended to come to us but as enemies; and if we had been such fools as to let them go, they would never help us any more to take other Frenchmen.

“They say, they called to us as soon as they had discovered us; which is an absolute falsehood, for I was then marching at the head of the company going towards them, and can positively affirm, that when they first saw us, they ran to their arms without calling; as I must have heard them, had they so done.”

And thus the assassination story is completely done away. Pretty ambassadors truly, armed with fusils and scalping-knives! Almost as bad as the French ambassadors of the present day.

But we are told by Bache's correspondent, who is certainly some Frenchman, that Mr. Washington himself afterwards acknowledged the assassination, in an instrument that he signed at Fort Necessity. We shall see that this is as impudent a falsehood as ever found its way to the public (even through the foul channel of the *Aurora*), when we come to examine the paper referred to.

Bache's correspondent was well aware, that the journal, just quoted, would do away any evil impression that might be made by an extract from the lying Memorial of the court of France. For this reason it was thought necessary to construe Mr. Washington's

Washington's signing of a capitulation, in which the death of Jumonville is called an assassination, into an acknowledgment of the truth of the charge.

The following is the capitulation alluded to—

CAPITULATION

Granted by Mr. de Villiers, Captain and Commander of his Majesty's Troops, to those English Troops actually in Fort Neceffity.

July the 3d, 1754, at eight o'clock at night.

As our intentions have ever been not to trouble the peace and good harmony subsisting between the two princes in amity, but only to revenge the *assassination* committed on one of our officers, bearer of a summons. as also on his escort, and to hinder any establishment on the lands of the dominions of the king my master : upon these considerations, we are willing to show favour to all the English who are in the said fort, on the following conditions, viz.

Article I. We grant leave to the English commander to retire with all his garrison, and to return peaceably into his own country ; and promise to hinder his receiving any insult from us French ; and to restrain, as much as shall be in our power, the Indians that are with us.

II. It shall be permitted him to go out, and carry with him all that belongs to the English, except the artillery, which we reserve.

III. That we will allow them the honours of war ; that they march out with drums beating, and one swivel gun, being willing thereby to convince them, that we treat them as friends.

IV. That as soon as the articles are signed by both parties, the English colours shall be struck.

V. That to-morrow, at break of day, a detachment of French shall go and make the garrison file off, and take possession of the fort.

VI. As the English have but few oxen or horses left, they are at liberty to hide their effects, and to

come again, and search for them, when they have a number of horses sufficient to carry them off; and that for this end, they may have what guards they please; on condition that they give their word of honour, to work no more upon any buildings in this place, or any part on this side of the mountains.

VII. And as the English have in their power one officer, two cadets, and most of the prisoners made at the *assassination* of M. de Jumonville, and promise to send them back with a safe guard to Fort du Quefne, situate on the Ohio: for surety of their performing this article as well as this treaty, M. Jacob Vambrane and Robert Stobo, both captains, shall be delivered to us as hostages, till the arrival of our French and Canadians above mentioned. We oblige ourselves on our side, to give an escort to return these two officers in safety; and expect to have our French in two months and a half at farthest. A duplicate of this being fixed upon one of the posts of our blockade, the day and year above mentioned.

Signed { JAMES MACKAY,
G. WASHINGTON,
COULON VILLIERS.

Now I shall not plead the danger in which the English were, the impossibility of further resistance, the hurry and confusion in which this scroll must have been signed, added to the circumstance of its being in a language, that perhaps neither Major Washington nor any of his people perfectly understood: I shall wave all these considerations, and shall still insist, that here is no acknowledgment of having committed the crime of assassination.

The articles signed by Major Washington do indeed affect to call the death of Jumonville so, but who is it that gives it this name? The persons who impose the terms of capitulation, and not those who
accept.

accept them. The French commandant drew them up; and though he speaks all along in the first person plural, which seems to imply that all those who signed participated in the draught, yet it is clear that no one but himself had any thing to do with it, and that the use of the plural pronoun we, and its correspondent ones, was in conformity to a vain custom only.

A writing in the first person plural makes all those who sign it responsible for the whole, or for none of its contents; makes them the speakers of every word in it, or of no word at all. If then, Major Washington and Mr. Mackay are to be looked upon as the speakers in this capitulation, what are we to make of their saying: "As our intentions are only to *revenge the assassination*, &c."—Again; "*We grant to the English*."—"We allow the honours of war, &c." Do Major Washington and his brother officers say this? And if Major Washington does not say this, why is he to be looked upon as the speaker of a particular word of it?

The fact is, the signing of a paper like this can never be construed to extend any further than to *an acceptance of the terms imposed*, and by no means renders those who accept them answerable for the phraseology in which those terms are expressed. If the Frenchmen chose to call the killing of Jumonville murder, or assassination, that was nothing to the persons with whom he was treating, so long as it made no difference in the terms of capitulation, which would have been the case had they formally acknowledged the justice of the charge. Had there been an article, indeed, by which the murder of Jumonville was acknowledged, then the persons who signed might have been justly said to have confessed their crime; but in the present case the pretended crime is introduced only by way of apology for the proceedings of him who draws up the instrument;

no compensation, no retaliation, no satisfaction whatever, is stipulated for, or even hinted at; in short, the crime, which the victor asserts that he is expressly come to revenge, forms no part of the capitulation, and therefore is not acknowledged by the parties who signed that capitulation.

The motives of the court of France in bringing forward this charge, shall next be noticed.

The French, for a year or two preceding the time when Jumonville was killed, had been encroaching on the western part of the English territory, and all under the most solemn professions of a pacific disposition. We have seen a French commandant constructing Fort du Quéne (now Fort Pitt). Their Indians made incursions into the very heart of the English provinces: in Pennsylvania they scalped people at Lancaster, no more than sixty miles from Philadelphia.

Still, however, war was far from their wishes. They had too lately felt the power of Great Britain by sea; and, in case of a war, it was of the greatest importance to them to throw the *first aggression*, the *first act of hostilities*, on the enemy. When, therefore, the commandant on the Ohio learned that the Governors of Pennsylvania and Virginia had raised a force and sent it to the frontiers, in order to put a stop to their savage inroads; when he found that he had to contend with soldiers in place of scattered inhabitants, he detached Jumonville with a small party to discover their position, strength, &c. If he succeeded, it was well; if not, if he was taken, he was *an ambassador*, the *bearer of a summons*. Curious invention! When men are sent with a summons, they bear a flag of truce; but this would have been acknowledging a state of warfare, and that was not a state the French sighed after. Their blood-hounds in America in those days were just what their blood-hounds now are in Europe. They hold it just they

should have the privilege of making war on their neighbours, of sending their spies (or ambassadors), into every country in the world; raise inturrections, hire incendiaries and assassins by thousands; but if the injured nation takes up arms to avenge itself, or adopts any efficacious measure to drive the miscreant and bloody race from its bosom, they begin to cry *Murder!* and call on the universe to assist them against their oppressors.

As it happened, the *ambassador*, Jumonville, did not succeed. He was found with arms in his hands, was attacked and killed in the field of battle, and with the weapons of honourable war. This brought things to a point: the French commandant was obliged either to acknowledge the hostile intentions of Jumonville's errand, or to represent his death as an *assassination*.

Still actuated by the same policy, Villiers, who took Fort Necessity, as we have seen above, artfully says in the capitulation, that he is not come to make war, but merely "to *revenge the assassination*, &c." The fort was taken, the horses, and cattle, and cannon seized, and yet this Frenchman was not making war! He was only come "to *revenge an assassination!*" The sincerity of this declaration will be seen in a moment.

When men are expressly sent to *revenge* a murder, they generally do revenge it, and that too by taking the life of the murderer, if he falls into their hands. How did it happen, then, that the avengers of Jumonville never thought of demanding Mr. Washington? This, one would naturally suppose, would have been the first condition they would have offered to the besieged, and one that they would never have departed from; yet was this so far from being the case, that Mr. Washington was suffered to march out with the honours of war, when they had it in their power to impose whatever conditions they pleased, and they humanely confined their

vengeance to the horses, oxen, and cannon, found in the fort.

Such mercy and forbearance in any Frenchman, when triumphant, must naturally seem incredible; what, then, will the reader think of it, when he is told, that the Frenchman who took Fort Necessity, Coulon Villiers, was the brother of Jumonville? Will he, can he believe, that a man, who was sent expressly, by his superior officer, to inflict vengeance on the assassin of his brother; who attacked a fort, lost many lives, and hazarded his own, to come at him; can any one believe, that this enraged brother (a Frenchman too) would, when he saw the assassin within his grasp, have suffered him quietly to depart, without so much as asking pardon for the heinous deed? No; he would have retaliated on him, the moment he was possessed of him; the first tree would have been his gallows, if the impatience of the victor would have suffered him to delay his death, in order to render it the more ignoble.

This circumstance alone is a clear and undeniable proof, that Villiers knew that his brother had not been assassinated, and that the word *assassination* was introduced into the capitulation merely as an excuse for attacking those, with whom the besieger wished the world to believe he was not at war.

WEDNESDAY, 1th MARCH.

Wilcocks to Adet.—Sir you sent a certain French general to explore the western part of the United States; the counties of Pennsylvania beyond the Alleghany; Kentucky; the country along the Ohio to the Mississippi. You instructed him, in writing, to tell the people that Louisiana would probably be surrendered to the French. You instructed this general (I could tell his name) to sound the disposition of the people *about a separation from the*
United

United States, and an union with Louisiana. You instructed him to persuade them, that the Atlantic States were, in their interests, prejudices, and inclinations, *English*: that the interest of the western people made them *French*. Sir, you instructed this general to sound the disposition of the people with regard to a President for the United States, and to *promote the election of Mr. Jefferson!* You also desired him to observe the country, as to military purposes, state of fortifications, &c. And lastly, Sir, this same general was furnished with money, to be employed in accomplishing the objects of his mission.

You may not have known that this general was detected in promoting the very business you sent him on; but I have satisfactory reason to know, and believe, he was detected.

You may wonder how I came by my knowledge, and I am sorry that I may not at this time disclose it. But I fancy, if you recur to your files, you will be convinced you do not hear without authority, from

March 9.

WM. WILCOCKS.

I think Mr. Wilcocks has given us here a pretty fair sample of French fraternity. The facts he has brought forward are certainly of great importance now, but they ought to have been laid before the people of the United States long ago, for they must have been very long in the possession of those whose duty as well as interest demand the communication.

The expedition of the French general to whom Mr. Wilcocks alludes, is not such a secret as he seems to imagine. When he was on his journey westward, he got into dispute, with some persons in the stage, about the British treaty, which had just then been ratified. The dispute grew warm; the prudence, which the nature of the Frenchman's mission imposed on him, gave way to his uncontrollable vanity and insolence; and he swore, that

he hoped, in a few years, to return with an army, and lay the city of Philadelphia in ashes!

This is, I believe, the only country on earth, where such a declaration would have gone unpunished. Let not a cold insensibility to outrages of this nature be called magnanimity; it is no such thing, it is rather a proof of a total want of public spirit, without which no nation ever did, or ever will, long preserve its liberty and independence. Those who can hear their country slandered and menaced, insulted and degraded, without resenting the injury as done to themselves, will patiently suffer an hostile army to invade it, without drawing a sword in its defence.

War with France, and an Alliance with Great Britain proposed by a Correspondent.—After Mr. Bache and his correspondents have laboured for more than three years past, by degrading the government of this country, as far as they have been able, to draw on us the arms of a rapacious enemy, it is extremely provoking they should affect surprise at the idea of our seeking redress by the only means left in our power. Shall we continue to submit patiently to the insults and robberies of the French, until we have not a sailor left to navigate our vessels, nor a dollar to freight them, rather than recur to a lawful defence, and a *natural alliance*? Honour, interest, safety, all point to means of defence; and shall we be deterred from using them, by the clamours of a faction in the pay of our enemies? If this faction has interest enough with the Executive Directory, to persuade them to make compensation for what they have already taken by force and by fraud, and to recall their execrable decrees against the United States, it will be wisely done to exert it. We are averse from war; peace is most agreeable to our interest as well

as inclination : but let them cease to flatter themselves or their French masters with a hope that we will much longer bear or forbear. Is there a single American who has the least respect for the honour or welfare of his country, that will hesitate a moment to “ declare war against France, and form a treaty “ of alliance offensive and defensive with Great Britain,” rather than continue any longer to be a butt for the insolence, and a prey to the rapacity of the French Republic ? What is there in the name of a republic, or of allies (and nothing but the names of either exist), that can warrant robbery, perfidy, and insults on her part, or such servile submission on ours ? Or what is there in the name of monarchy or Great Britain, that shall deter us from *uniting with her in arms*, to obtain justice, when all other means have failed ? Names have amused and deceived the honest unsuspecting Americans long enough : the charm is dissolved ; the French themselves have broken it ; and we are now compelled, by provocations without measure, to vindicate our own dignity, and to endeavour to obtain compensation for our plundered property.

To Tredwell Jackson, Hangman to the Democratic Society of New-York.—CITIZEN, Your having been appointed to burn my Gazette, a paper that your society had formally condemned ; I can look upon you in no other light than that of their Jack Ketch extraordinary. You will, undoubtedly, look upon this as a compliment, since, as you well know, your fellow-labourers, the guillotiners of France, have been honoured with an honourable title, and that their employment is one of the most important in that free and happy republic.

They tell me you have something to do in the insurance offices ; I hope, therefore, that the drubbing which the burning of my Gazette brought on you,

you, will induce you to ensure your hide and bones. Should you take a jaunt to Philadelphia, such a precaution will be particularly necessary. P. P.

Lord Malmesbury.—This day news is received of his having been ordered to quit Paris.

Mr. Pinckney.—It is reported that this gentleman has been refused an audience at Paris.

Spain.—The war, in conjunction with the French infidels, is said to be very unpopular.

NOTICE

To enterprising Traders, Gentlemen of Genius,
&c. &c.

*Just arrived from the Manufactory at Washington City,
 and fit for immediate Use, a large and general Assortment of*

NOTES AND ENGAGEMENTS

Of a very superior Quality, bearing the following dates, viz.

Sundry notes and engagements due 3 à 18 months past;

Ditto, ditto, due next term;

Ditto, ditto, payable in the millennium, with a collateral security of the chance of a fifth mortgage on some valuable

NEW DISCOVERIES ;

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 1 à 3 o'clock, P. M. }

M.

Mr. Porcupine

Will please insert the above in his Gazette—We are aware of his terms—(cash on the nail)—But we *pledge our sacred word of honour*, we will pay the cost on Monday noon, when we shall unavoidably receive 300,000 cents for our Pine-Knob tract.

March 7th, 1797.

T. H. T. R. & CO.

TUESDAY, 14th MARCH.

Metallic Points.—Mr. Porcupine, We are often disposed to find fault with those absurdities which occur at a distance from us, without reflecting that we ourselves may be guilty of an equal, or even a higher, degree of the same eccentric conduct.

“ The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,

“ But tax not ourselves though we practise the same.”

I am led to this remark, by having lately perused a pamphlet, entitled, “ Evidences of the Efficacy of “ Doctor Perkins’s Patent Metallic Instruments.”—These points, as they are significantly called, having within a short period been highly celebrated (how justly I say not), in the cure of an immense variety of diseases ; and as they have in some degree received the approbation of the public, influenced most probably by the respectable names which are brought forward in the above pamphlet, they become with propriety the object of inquiry ; because, if useful, they should be more known and employed ; if otherwise, the sooner they are consigned to oblivion the better.

In looking over the European papers, and especially those from England, the supposed emporium of consummate quackery, we are astonished that death in any shape should appear there, when we read of their restorative balsams, and tinctures, &c. for every complaint incident to man. Some allowance

ance is, however, to be made for the disposition to have our pockets thus picked, when we consider that the remedies are chiefly internally applied, and may therefore be supposed to have some effect upon the system.

The famous balsam of Fierabras, so celebrated by the ingenious author of *Don Quixote*, would not want advocates at the present period. The wonderful expectations which were formed from the application of that powerful agent, the electric fluid, in various diseases, gradually subsided; animal magnetism followed, but very soon lost its credit, though much might be expected from its operation upon the imagination, whose influence on the system I need not insist on.

But, Mr. Porcupine, when I see our wise rulers, and others throughout the Union, by a hop, step, and jump, at once pass the intermediate grades, and arrive in a moment at the summit of quackery, as if determined to outdo their trans-atlantic brethren in folly, I confess I cannot remain an idle spectator of this sacrifice to error. I can assure you, I am not actuated by a desire of depreciating any man's merit; but by the same motive you so strongly advocate—a love of truth.

To imagine the metallic points can cure an epilepsy (or even suspend it), cynanche tonsillaris, burns, or even a rheumatic pain, requires a greater stock of faith than falls to my share. I much wonder if the good people who allowed themselves to be so completely deceived, pay as great a deference to the miracles of old. I confess, I doubt many of them; for we generally find extremes meet in the same person—I will not say they had any other view than the good of mankind, in allowing their names to appear in the above pamphlet; but I think their judgments should have been exercised in their observations. I shall not even say that the Doctor himself is now
laughing

laughing in his sleeve at the cullability of his fellow-citizens. Yet I cannot help thinking this must be the case, when he sees them running eagerly to buy for twenty dollars, two pieces of metal, intrinsically not worth sixpence. If they possess any virtues, it must be either magnetic, which never was supposed to have any influence on the body; or we must conclude the Doctor is acquainted with the black art, the punishment for which, in old times, I need not mention. Let me, however, seriously ask the Doctor, on what principle does this amazing property of his points depend? He may safely inform me, as he has obtained a patent for them; of course I cannot legally take advantage of the information; and he will, if he goes on as he has begun, soon make a noble fortune*; and with more propriety he may, should he be induced to build, like Joe L'Oblong, of hair-dressing memory, call his feat "The Citizens' Folly." But the Doctor may be perfectly sure, I will take no undue advantage of his communication, whilst I can obtain either a fork, a skewer, or what I believe to be the only truly efficacious metallic point in diseases, a lancet, even if applied by the "inexorable Doctor Rush."—I am, yours, &c.

Genoese Baseness.—A new convention between the French republic and Genoa excludes the English from the Genoese ports, during the war, and the vessels of the latter are prohibited from carrying provisions to the British. Genoa is to protect her own forts and harbours, but in case of necessity she is to be aided by French troops. If Genoa shall be involved in a war with England, France will undertake to protect her trade and navigation, and will

* It is said he has sold upwards of a thousand sets, which makes the enormous sum of twenty thousand dollars.

assist her with ships of war, and intercede for her in negotiations for peace.—Genoa pays to France two millions of livres in advance, and two millions *to be refunded after peace* !!!

French Piracies.—This day's Gazette concludes a detail of certain acts of French piracy on the American commerce. My valuable correspondent, who has furnished this detail, concludes with the following general estimate :

“ A reasonable estimate of the loss sustained by			
“ the above-mentioned piracies, vessels cap-			
“ tured and seized in the different ports :			
“ 250 at 10,000 dolls.	-	-	2,500,000
“ 1 Indiaman	-	-	500,000

To which add for

“ American property sold to the			
“ French government from '92			
“ to '96 not paid for by an offi-			
“ cial return Sept. '96			
-	-	-	7,000,000
“ Vessels seized, and cargoes de-			
“ tained or sold in the West In-			
“ dies, before the promulgation			
“ of Adet's decree	-	100	1,000,000

Dolls. 11,000,000

This is a pretty round sum, nearly equal to a sixth part of all the national debt, and its loss must be felt severely by the community at large, but more immediately by those concerned in the shipping trade : but it does not seem to excite that indignation and alarm, that might be expected among a people who, about three years ago, discovered so much resentment against the British spoliations.—Many at that time, and some very respectable persons too, raged and stormed as furiously as Achilles did, when he was robbed of his mistress, who are now

now as patient as Job, when "the Chaldeans with three bands had carried off all his camels, and slain his servant with the edge of the sword." I have not philosophy enough to account for this—or to discover how a similar cause should produce such contrary effects; unless it be that we were then "kicked" into courage," and are now, by a more potent application of the foot, *kicked entirely out of it*.

Various are the instances of French rapacity, insolence, and cruelty, and of American humiliation and baseness, displayed in the above mentioned detail. To insert them *all* would require the room of a volume; the following one, however, must not be omitted.—The brig William, Captain Benjamin Henderson, belonging to Mr. William Gray, jun. of Salem; Massachusetts. She was met with on the 19th October 1793, by the French privateer Citizen Genet, which had left Philadelphia ten days before. The privateer obliged Captain Henderson to hoist out his boat and bring his papers on board, which being done, he asked to whom the French sugar on board belonged? He replied, To William Gray, of Salem—upon which the person who asked the question, and who he understood was the French captain, called him a damned liar, and walking forward spoke to the men: five sailors immediately advanced, took Captain Henderson by the collar, dragged him to one of the guns, where they held him, cut his trousers behind, and beat him with twenty lashes on the bare flesh, until he was black and blue. On expostulating on this extraordinary treatment of a neutral vessel, he was told, that the Americans were a parcel of damned rascals, and did not deserve better treatment. On Captain Henderson's being dismissed, six French sailors were sent with him on board the William: these immediately fell to ransacking the vessel, and plundered from her in cash and goods to the amount of 350*l*.

The foregoing is presented to the public as an accurate statement: the occurrence is known to many: and Mr. Gray is now in possession of authentic proofs to support it.

Bache's Eulogium on Mr. Adams.—It cannot be forgotten, that this miscreant grandson of the seditious old Franklin employed his infamous paper for several months in defaming Mr. Adams. It cannot be forgotten, that he made use of every art to persuade the people, that that gentleman was an *aristocrat*, and even a *monarchist* both in principle, and, as far as possible, in practice; and that, should he be elected *President*, he most certainly would destroy every vestige of republicanism in the United States. In fact, there is no species of turpitude that this base hireling of France has not imputed to Mr. Adams. With the recollection of all this I beg the reader to peruse with attention the following paragraphs.

“Who can peruse the President’s inauguration address without giving it his most unreserved approbation? It is so long since the citizens of America heard an acknowledgment on the part of their Executive, that all power was derived from the people, that they had almost forgot their government was a representative one—how grateful then to every republican must it be to hear their new President so highly estimating “institutions which spring from the hearts and judgments of an honest and enlightened people?” to hear him speak of the “power and majesty of the people,” and to pledge himself to consult only “their good” in all his actions? Not less pleasing must it be to hear him place in a light bordering on ridicule, the “diamonds, robes, and other ornaments and decorations” of royalty.

“It has hitherto been too common to degrade the sovereignty of the several States, and to treat them as
mere

mere subordinate corporations. Mr. Adams, on the contrary, expresses his fixed determination to “pay a respectful attention to their constitutions, and a constant caution and delicacy towards their governments.” How will the anti republicans foam at finding him also determined not to attempt to support any amendment to the Constitution of the United States, but in the mode prescribed therein! Their hopes on this subject must vanish in an instant.

“The determination to maintain our “faith inviolate,” although perhaps too late to be attended with proper effect—his profession of “personal esteem for the French nation,” who have been so grossly abused by the ministers of his predecessor; his desire to preserve our friendship with that republic, which, contrary to the assertion of the federal junto, he declares has been “much for the honour and credit of both countries”—his “endeavour to remove every colourable pretence of complaint,” although the task will be an arduous one, cannot fail of giving the highest satisfaction to his constituents. It is a course of conduct which they have long been earnestly looking for in the Executive of the Union. The period is arrived when there is a fair probability that their hopes will be realized, and the views of a designing and wicked faction be utterly frustrated*.

“It is impossible in the few moments which I have allowed myself, to do justice to the feelings which this address has occasioned—we discover in it no little attempts to wound the feelings of one party by exaggerated applause of the other—no mean insinuations, indicative always of a low and grovelling

* By language like this the French faction thought to have gained him over; and, indeed, his speech was *well calculated to give them hopes.*

mind, against the party which was known to be opposed to his election. Let any one contrast it with the speech made by our governor upon his exaltation to his present office, and he will find abundant room for comparison. The one is the effusion of a noble and generous mind, which, in the gratitude it feels for those who have honoured him with their suffrages, betrays no ill will or dissatisfaction at those who have voted for his competitor: the reader is left to form his own opinion of the other *."

[*Aurora of the 10th.*]

Again—"After having brought our country to the verge of ruin, Washington has retreated from the gathering storm. Having run the vessel of state between rocks and shoals, he has abandoned the helm, and left her to her fate. Our country was prosperous when he began his political career, and by his means it has become miserable. Never were prospects more flattering overcast by the conduct of any man. Let our situation be a warning to future generations. It will be an instructive lesson never to give too much adulation or too much confidence to one man; never to suppose an individual every thing, and his country nothing.

"A kind Providence, it is to be hoped, still has feeling for us, and will extricate us from our difficulties. It is *universally admitted that Mr. Adams is a man of incorruptible integrity* †, and that the resources

* This praise is a cruel satire on the President.

† Remember that Mr. Adams was one of the twenty Senators whom this very wretch Bache accused of having *sold their country to Great Britain* in ratifying the treaty. Mr. Adams was one of those who were burnt in effigy at Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, 1795. Mr. Jay was burnt in effigy, having about his neck, tied with a hempen string, *Adams's Work on Government*, on the cover of which was written this motto: "GOLD bade me write." This is the man who, now the base faction wish to gain him over to their purposes, "is **UNIVERSALLY ADMITTED** to be of INCOR-

sources of his own mind are equal to the duties of his station; we may then flatter ourselves that his measures will be taken with prudence, that he will not become the head of a party, and that he will not be the tool of any man or set of men. His speech on his inauguration augurs well to our country. Let it be compared with any of his predecessors, and they must hide their diminished heads in the comparison. He declares himself the friend of France and of peace, the admirer of republicanism, the enemy of party, and he avows his determination to let no political creed interfere in his appointments. How honourable are these sentiments! how characteristic of a patriot! When Washington, as President, was fulminating his anathemas against particular descriptions of citizens, Adams, in his place, is endeavouring to sooth the irritated public mind, and to harmonize the different parties. May Heaven grant success to his labours, and his reward be in the fruition of his endeavours and the plaudits of his country!"—*Aurora of the 14th.*

French Arret.—Sir, Please to give the following infamous arret, and the remarks thereon, a place in your Gazette :

INCORRUPTIBLE *integrity!*" But, in fact, there is nothing too inconsistent, too barefaced, too brutishly base, for the Democratic faction of America.

Bache (and when I say Bache, I mean Jefferson, Madison, Gallatin, Dallas, M'Kean, and all the faction, of whom he is the mouth-piece), Bache conceived that the President's inauguration speech indicated an intention of admitting the Democrats into place, and of patching up a peace with France, or rather bowing the neck to her. This supposed intention, which must have damned the President in the opinion of every good man, entitled him to the praises and flattery of Bache, who was in hopes of bringing him over to the Democrats, or, at least, to coax him into a line of conduct that should make him be despised by the Federalists.

Arret.—The special agents of the Executive Directory in the West Indies,

“Considering, that the ports of the islands at the windward and leeward, as well as those of Demara, Effequibo, and Berbice, delivered up to the English, occupied and defended by the emigrants, are in a state of permanent siege, and ought not to enjoy the same advantages as the ports of the different English colonies, possessed by that power before the war, and by other titles.”

Remarks.—These special agents of the terrible republic seem to be as mad as a straw-bed king in Bedlam: while the wretch is confined within the four walls of a cell, he conceits himself the ruler of nations. How can these islands be in a state of permanent siege, or any siege at all, when the agents have not force enough to invest a single one of them, nor even to protect the trade of their own insular Bastille? Let them first send out an armament to disperse their enemies, who constantly invest this island, before they publish any more of their bombastic arrets, to regulate the trade of others.

“Considering it to be contrary to every principle to treat a horde of rebels, without country, without government or flag, with the same regard which civilized nations observe among themselves during war.”

Remarks.—“A horde of rebels”—true Victor Hugues! A horde of rebels, whether they have a country, a government, and a flag, or no, are still rebels, and have no just right to expect the same treatment as loyal subjects and citizens: but Lebas and Hugues are the last men in the world, who should preach this doctrine. It points immediate destruction at their own authority. But waving this point; are the merchants of America bound to surrender a profitable trade to the islands in question, which are now in the possession of the English,

lish, upon the authority of your arret? Shall they declare the faithful adherents of the ancient government rebels, and withhold from them the necessaries of life, or, in other words, aid you to destroy them, because you have thought proper, contrary to all law and right, to forbid the trade? No! So long as we have spirit enough to assert our own independence as a sovereign state, or humanity to feel for the miseries of others, we shall spurn at the insolence and cruelty of such a decree.

“Considering that by authentic acts in our possession, it is proved that divers places of the colonies delivered to the English by the French and Dutch rebels, belong not to the British Government, more than La Vendée, in which the English Ministry had also their mercenary troops, regiments in their pay, wearing the same uniform as the troops of the King of England.”

Remarks.—It is immaterial to us how, or on what conditions, the English obtained the possession of these islands; it is sufficient that they now hold them, and that the French and Dutch Republics united have not force enough to recover them. Of course these special agents have no more right to interdict our trade thither than to any other places in the possession of their enemies.

“Considering that by virtue of the second article of the treaty of alliance concluded at Paris, Feb. 6th, 1778, between the United States and France, the former power engages to defend the possessions in America, in case of war, and the government and commerce of the United States have strongly abused the forbearance of the French Republic, in turning to her detriment the favours which had been accorded to them, of entering and trading in all the ports of the French colonies :

“By permitting for a longer time neutral vessels to carry provisions of war and of subsistence to men

evidently in a state of rebellion, we should be the means of prolonging civil war, the calamities and the crimes which proceed therefrom, order as follows."

Remarks.—"Considering that by virtue of the treaty of alliance concluded at Paris in 1778"—Ah! Citizen Agents, you had better not have touched on this subject; it calls up the ghosts of murdered men against you. This treaty was concluded with the King of France, the unfortunate Louis XVI. with the nobility, the gentry, the landed and commercial interest; or, in other words, with those who not only possessed the rightful government, but who were also the proprietors of the soil and all that was on it; and the alliance carried honour and safety with it. But if this ancient and respectable government, this proprietariship, by one of those stupendous events which occur once in four or five centuries to scourge and astonish mankind, should be transferred to a band of atheistical philosophers, clerks, stage-players, country attornies, and valets, united for the purpose of universal plunder, tell me, Civilians, would the contract still be binding on the United States? But be this matter as it may, I am sure the treaty has no relation to our trade in the English ports, or, if you like the words better, to ports in their possession; nor could the contracting parties ever have thought of the construction that these upstart agents have given it; unless we may suppose that Louis intended to lay us under an obligation to starve his friends, and feed his foes, and that we were wicked enough to sign such an abominable compact.

After this explanatory preamble the agents go on to promulgate their resolves as follows:

"Art. I. The ships of the republic and French privateers are authorized to take and conduct into the ports of the republic, neutral vessels destined for

for the Windward and Leeward islands of America, delivered up to the English, occupied and defended by the emigrants."

These ports are, Martinique, St Lucia, Tobago, Demarara, Berbice, Essequibo; and, at the leeward, Port-au-Prince, St. Mark's, l'Archayes, and Jeremie.

" Art. II. Every armed vessel having a commission from either of those ports, shall be reputed a pirate, and the crews adjudged and punished as such.

" Art. III. The vessels and cargoes described in the first and second articles, are declared good prizes, and shall be sold for the benefit of the captors.

" Art. IV. Every vessel taken which shall be cleared out to the West Indies, generally, is comprehended in the first and second article."

All these resolves grow naturally from the premises, and are as stupid as they are daring, especially the second; which declares all the captains and crews of English vessels, armed in either of the said islands, to be pirates. These ruffians seem to have forgotten not only all treaties, but all laws, even the law of retaliation; the *lex talionis* has no weight with them. Can they imagine that their enemies, with a superior force in their hands, will not retaliate? or are they totally indifferent about the fate of the miserable slaves whom they arm and send out to plunder? But the fourth resolve outdoes all their other extravagancies. " Every vessel taken which shall be cleared out to the West Indies, generally (ours are often cleared in this manner), is comprehended in the first and second article;" that is, every American vessel, even though she should touch first at Cape François or Guadaloupe, shall be condemned on account of her doubtful clearance, and the crews be punished as pirates. I do not know how others may feel on this occasion, but I frankly declare that for every American

seaman that suffered in this or any other manner, in the pursuit of his lawful business, I would instantly retaliate tenfold on the French sans-culottes, until there was not one of the savage race left alive in the United States.

Genius of American Captains.—The London Morning Chronicle, of 16th November last, observes:—
 “ The Americans are remarked as not having distinguished themselves by any works of *imagination*.
 “ If we may judge, however, from the specimen of
 “ the reports ascribed to American captains, the
 “ natives of that continent are by no means deficient
 “ in invention: but it is probable, indeed, that
 “ this faculty may be improved by travelling.”

If the sans-culotte, who publishes the Morning Chronicle (and a most furious one he is), finds in the reports of our captains so ample a subject for commendation, what ought to be the extent of our praise! Three times have they landed the French in England; and as often has the tri-coloured flag been hoisted on St. James's palace, and the head of Pitt rolled from the guillotine. We have received positive information of seventeen rebellions in Ireland, Scotland, and England, one of which was headed by the Duke of Clarence. To enumerate the efforts of imagination, with which the sea-travellers have entertained us, since the beginning of the present war, would far exceed the limits of a newspaper. The Arabian Nights' Entertainments are outstripped both in number and in marvellousness by the maritime tales we are speaking of, the authors of which seem to study nothing, during their absence, but how to render themselves agreeable at their return. I have always observed, that the longer the passage is, the tougher and more complex is their story. When their imagination has only a week or two to work in, the production is very simple and lame:
 you

you perceive their drift at once. But after being months at sea, with the sails flapping or the helm tied up, then detection is amazingly difficult—the piece comes out perfect in all its parts; the language, the characters, the time, and the plot; which last is often so perplexingly intricate, that after having busied the politicians for several days, the unravelling of it is abandoned in despair. This is nearly our situation at the present moment.

Swinish Multitude of Philadelphia.—GOOD MR. PORCUPINE. I am out of all patience with the *Swinish Multitude* of this place. Indulge my complaint with a place in your Gazette. Permit me to lecture the world a little. Those fine-sounding words *Liberty* and *Equality* have hurt this place more than the British army and the yellow fever.

I cannot get along the streets for crowds of ragga-muffins, tatterdemalions, and shabby *freemen*, strolling about idle, who, if they had masters, might be employed in something useful both to society and themselves. Go to the State-house or Congress Hall, the galleries are filled with a respectable group of idle oyster-men and lounging apprentices, superintending the proceedings of government. Go to the Court-house, it is crowded with vagrants who have nothing to do, but study law. You cannot squeeze into an auction-room for idle vagabonds, who are glad of something to stare at: the occupation of these gentlemen is commerce. Every rascal in the city who can steal half a dollar, you will see in the chief seat at the Theatre. A funeral, a house on fire, a ship-launch, a speech, a birth-day, or a quarrel in the streets, collects them in thousands; perhaps the poor devils are starving with hunger and cold. Would it not be a kindness to themselves to take their liberty from them? and a material advantage to the public to whip them to their work?

That

That government which promotes the general good both of the public and of individuals is certainly the best—O for monarchy, despotism, slavery, or any species of government, that will conduce to the happiness of mankind ! It is our interest to be beaten and compelled to our good, when we are too ignorant and too stupid to study and pursue it ourselves. Few are fit to be their own masters ; one spends his money, another his time, some their clothes, others their victuals ; thus many suffer for want of better masters than themselves ; such, nature intended to serve. I have a sum of money sufficient to support me all my life, but know not how to husband it ; I may waste it in a short space, and be reduced to beggary the rest of my life : were it not better to put it into the hands of some wise banker, who would parcel it out to me according to my necessities ? So, if liberty be put into my hand, and I know not how to use it, let a wise master take me under his protection, and make me comfortable. If time be given to me, and I know not how to employ it, let a prudent master dispose of it according to his better judgment : “ To-day you shall do this, boy ; to-morrow, that, &c.” Such a stupid creature will probably be lazy, for, though we know our duty and interest, we are often backward to the performance ; then beating, correction, and compulsion become necessary. I wish every loungee in Philadelphia had a master, were it but to keep him out of the streets, that we might pass in safety. In one place a wheelbarrow drives me into the gutters, whilst the master of the ceremony deafens me with the vociferation of “ Beautiful Oysters !” In another, a wench with a basket fills the way ; then three jolly fellows, linked together, would be as fatal to me as a chain-shot, if I did not give place. Another meeting me, hesitates which side to give me, until he throws his dirty corporation full in my face ; and just now a brawny boor,

with

with a *foot a yard long*, trod on my toes till I almost fainted, and provoked my passion so high, that I could not pass your box without entering my complaint against our *swinish multitude*. It brings to my mind Horace's *sus lutulenta*, when our dirtier *swine* run against me in the street. If I can rid the streets of them, I shall be the best scavenger in the city. John Farmer tells his hogs, that the devil took possession of the *swine* long ago, and has not left them yet; the devil of lounging possesses the *swine* of Philadelphia. I wish the Gadarean devil would enter them, and conduct them into the Delaware.

HARRY HEDGEHOG.

THURSDAY, 16th MARCH.

General Sketch of foreign News, down to Dec. 20, 1799.

RUSSIA.

It is said to have lost its old intriguing ambitious express; if this be true, it is naturally to be expected that it will have some influence on the negotiations for peace. Should the war continue, it is to be hoped that the new Emperor will divest himself of the selfish and jealous policy of his predecessor, and send armies, instead of promises, to the aid of the

EMPEROR,

Who, with such assistance as Russia is able to give, would in a little time reconquer every inch of territory that the barbarians of Gaul have overrun. On the Rhine, and in its vicinity, his armies are every day gaining ground on those of the regicides. By Paris papers of the 8th December, it appears that one of their generals had been sent to Vienna to propose an armistice, which the Emperor was not at all anxious to accept. There is every reason to hope that the Austrians are now masters of the important
fortress

fortress of Kehl, and that they will be enabled to take up winter-quarters on the left of the Rhine.

The Emperor persists in his determination not to treat with the Directory but in conjunction with Great Britain and Russia. He has directed the Germanic diet to come to a definitive and categorical resolution as soon as possible, concerning those states of the Empire which have concluded a separate peace with the French republicans. His Majesty exacts that those states shall furnish provisionally their contingents of troops, and orders them to join the Imperial armies.

London accounts of the 19th December say, that at Vienna it was generally understood that peace entirely depended on the British cabinet, the French negotiator having been sent back. The whole resources of the Empire were to be employed in prosecuting the war with unprecedented vigour, especially in

ITALY,

Where, it seems by the following paragraphs from London papers of the 19th and 20th December, *French republicanism* is growing very much out of fashion; and that, in place of taking Mantua, the sans-culottes are like to meet with a *Sicilian vespers*.

Bonaparte, it is said, has been so straitened for reinforcements, that it was proposed by the Directory to claim the Spanish troops stipulated for in the treaty for immediate service in Italy.

Accounts immediately from Rome confirm all the reports, that his Holiness again attempted to re-open negotiations with the French, and represent the army of Bonaparte as so much weakened by the late actions with the Austrians, that he is in no condition of putting his threats of destroying Rome into execution, even to strengthen the garrison of Ferrara and Bologna. These places, it is said, will

will soon be attacked by the Pope's troops, in conjunction with some English emigrants, every day expected at Civita Vecchia from Corfica. The formation of the new Italian republic, it is observed, does not go on as if the formers of it were in earnest.

It appears that the loss of the French in the action of the 6th ult. between Bassano and Vicenza, amounted to 4000 men in killed, wounded, prisoners, or drowned in the Brenta; that in the affair of the 13th, near Caldero, the Austrians met with the most complete success, took several pieces of cannon, and made a great number of prisoners, among whom is a general; that the battle of the 16th, near Arcole, remained undecided, both parties claiming the palm of victory, and that General Alvinzy maintains himself in a position in front of Vicenza. The same letters add, that General Davidovich, in the engagement of the 17th ult. near Rivoli, took twelve pieces of cannon, and two ammunition-waggons; and that the loss of the French on that day consisted of 2000 killed, wounded, and prisoners; but these letters do not reach down to the 21st ult. when, according to Bonaparte's and Berthier's letters, General Davidovich retreated.

A letter from Florence mentions, that the disasters experienced by the French on the Rhine, have revived the animosity of the inhabitants of Tuscany against the French, and that the republican minister Miot, as well as several other republicans, have been publicly insulted.

In tracing the Vandal army backwards, we traverse the enslaved country of the enslaved king of

SARDINIA,

Who is in a situation to be envied only by his unfortunate subjects and their neighbours of

GENEVA,

GENEVA,

Whose treachery to their ancient magistrates and defenders renders them objects of scorn rather than of pity. By the last letters from this little state, it appears that French regeneration has produced its full effect, the combined evils of poverty, vice, and slavery. All the most ingenious artists have found means to fly to other countries, where opulence finds exercise for their talents, and where security is an incentive to industry. Nothing remains but the fittings of Geneva, the chaff. It is, from being one of the happiest, most orderly, and most moral states of Europe, become a little nation of pure unadulterated mob, such as never was equalled, except in the republic of

FRANCE.

Softly, reader ! Take care how you tread here ! We have rambled about over monarchical and despotic states ; but now that we have set our foot on the land of liberty, we must advance with caution. —The first thing is a bayonet at your breast. “ Your passport ! ” —There it is, an’t please your fans-culottehip. Next they examine you all over, like a horse at a fair. Your height, hair, eyes, forehead, nose, cheeks, chin, lips, teeth, and complexion. When the commissary, the filthy agent of liberty and equality, has, jockey or butcher like, finished his survey of your carcase, you are conducted by a file of raggamuffins to what is called the town-house, which generally gives pretty evident tokens of having lately been a barn or stable. Here you have to stand hat in hand (if it is not already stolen from you) before half a dozen baleful-looking scoundrels, who were the other day on the highway or at the galleys ; and, having supported their scoffs and scornful looks and gestures for an hour or two, you are suffered,

first paying Liberty her fees, to proceed till you come to the next red-capped villain that pleases to stop and examine you.

It is rather ticklish work to talk about news in a republic like this; yet we do find that there are newspapers suffered. As far as we can possibly judge from these, of the real state of the public mind, the people seem as anxious for peace as their tyrants for a continuance of the war. These latter profess a desire to put a stop to the effusion of blood, but it is easy to see that they have no such intention. Paris papers of the 12th December seem to say, that there is a prospect of a happy issue to the negotiation with Lord Malmesbury, while letters arrived at Boston, from Rotterdam, assure us, that he has been ordered by the tyrants to quit their starving land. These letters are said to be dated so late as the 5th of January. Accounts from England say that there was a fleet at Brest ready for sea, consisting of fifteen sail of the line and about the same number of frigates; but the report of a fleet, with troops on board, having failed for

IRELAND,

is not totally unfounded; and it is with the greatest pleasure we affirm, from London accounts, that the reports respecting the disturbances in Ireland were generally mere efforts of the imagination, and always exaggerated. The people of that island seem ready to co-operate heartily with their fellow-subjects of

GREAT BRITAIN,

Where the strong measures of the Parliament, to suppress seditious meetings, and the unexampled success of Mr. Pitt's financiering operations, seem to have struck faction dumb. The British fleet, under the command of Admiral Colpoys, is playing just the same game with the sans-culotte fleet at Brest, as

Captain Murray is now playing with Commodore Barney, at Norfolk; that is to say, one is acting the part of the cat, and the other that of the mouse. The cruisers of Great Britain let nothing escape them in the European seas, especially along the coast of France. I wish as much could be said of those in the

WEST INDIES;

But, in that unfortunate quarter, I know not how it happens, they do nothing at all. They seem to go there for no other purpose but to get drunk and die. Whether better is to be expected from Sir R. Abercromby, must be left to those who know him. A report has been in circulation, that Guadaloupe was taken, and that consummate cut-throat, Victor Hugues, made prisoner; but this is not confirmed. To mention, in this sketch, particular instances of French depredations on the commerce of

AMERICA,

would be swelling it out unnecessarily, as every paper teems with them. The West Indies is the grand scene. Every thing that can carry guns is fitted out from all the ports they possess. Whites, blacks, and mulattoes, are employed in the service; the profits arising from which, except a certain proportion, is seized on by the regicides. They are a nation of pirates. It is foolish to imagine that they will quit the lucrative trade. They never will till they are dragged from their holds.

Much has been said about Mr. Pinckney's not being received in France; and so many contradictory reports are in circulation, that it is quite impossible to speak positively on the subject.

St. Domingo—Proclamation.—Port-au-Prince, January 15, 1797. GORDON FORBES, Major-general and Commander in Chief of St. Domingo, &c. &c. to all the Inhabitants of the Spanish Part of St. Domingo.

The French Republic, abusing the ascendancy which the chances of war have given it in Europe, over his Catholic Majesty, and the condescension which this monarch thinks himself obliged to show to its will, has forced him to declare war against his faithful friend and ally, the King of Great Britain. Thus the evils which for four years past have afflicted humanity, are about to increase. His Majesty feels them with sorrow, and the first impulse of his solicitude is directed towards you.—He has, in consequence, ordered me to declare and guarantee to you the following resolutions:

All the rights, privileges, prerogatives, and advantages, without any exception whatever, which were offered and promised to you by my Proclamation of the 12th of July last, shall, notwithstanding the war, be faithfully granted to all the inhabitants of the towns, boroughs, forts, and other places of your territory, who, upon the first summons thereof, made according to the customs of war, shall unite themselves to the government, and subscribe the oath of allegiance and fidelity to his Majesty.

But the more indulgence and generosity which his Majesty intends for those among you who will loyally and voluntarily place themselves under his protection, the more severity he will think he ought to use towards those who shall oppose to him either an offensive or defensive resistance. The treaty of Basle not having been revoked, it will not be as faithful subjects of your King, but only as the soldiers of the French Republic, that you shall be

considered in your opposition to the success of his Majesty's arms.

Inhabitants of the Spanish part of this island, I am pleased in the consideration, that you will hasten to enable me to put you all into the enjoyment of the numberless advantages of the British government, and to give full scope, with respect to each of you in particular, only to those natural sentiments of affection and good will I bear towards you.

You, as well as the whole universe, know, that, insulated by nature from the continent of Europe, England might have remained insulated without danger from the commotions of the French revolution.—But it could not see without horror, a monstrous system, which, under the name of Liberty and Equality, tended only to smother the sacred and eternal principles of religion and social institutions; it could not see without the most tender care and compassion, the unfortunate of all sexes and ages coming in crowds into its bosom, seeking an asylum from the chains and daggers of persecution. Such were the motives, the only motives, which compelled his Majesty to take arms, to call around him the martyrs of the French revolution, and to lavish on them his protection and kindness.

Inhabitants of the Spanish part, come into the ports of this island, where the protecting flag of his Majesty floats triumphant. In spite of the horrors of war, notwithstanding the national distress of their inhabitants, you will only perceive the consoling images of ease, plenty, joy, and happiness, animated and vivified by the richest commerce in the world, and the favours of the most generous of governments; transport yourselves afterwards to the places subjected to the empire and dominion of the Republic—then choose the fate of a man simply protected by England, or of a subject of the French Republic.

And

And you, prelates, prebendaries, priests, and ecclesiastics of all the orders that compose the august clergy of St. Domingo, contemplate the respect and the liberty with which the holy exercise of the religion of which you are ministers, is officiated in the countries lately subjected to his Majesty—ask, on the other hand, of the French domains, of all France, what is become of their prelates, their priests, and altars; read, in short, the recent histories of Belgia, Savoy, Rome, Italy, and of all the Catholic countries, where the republican armies have carried their steps, and judge yourselves where the safety of your persons and the calls of your religion ought to attract you.

Spanish inhabitants of all ranks, of all stations and all classes, in enlightening you I only obey the dictates of my lively sentiments for you.—Never were so many snares, humiliations, and dangers hovering around your heads. To convince you, read the treaty of St. Ildephonso—it clearly discovers the motives that determined the Republic to induce Spain to declare war.

Deprived of its navy—of which some vestiges remain only in the ports of England—incapable of effecting herself the overthrow of the American colonies; fearing, and doubtless with reason, to lose the right she had acquired at Basle, of subjecting you to her destructive government; the Republic has now no other view than to force the King of Spain to charge himself with the promulgation of her principles, the execution of her plans, and to make himself, in his own states, the provoker of a revolution which may be fatal to his crown, and to the ancient constitution of the Spanish monarchy. Besides, she dares believe and hope to induce you, if not as new subjects, at least as Spaniards born, to take arms and lavish your blood to defend the daggers and torches, which are to mow down your families,

milies, and fire your property, your churches, your altars, and reduce the rich and immense territory you have cultivated for three centuries, into the frightful state of desolation in which the colonial domains of the Republic are plunged.

Successors of the first missionaries, and descendants of the first conquerors of the New World—such is the part which the Directory of France imperiously requires the King, which Heaven has given you, to act—and such is the part which it flatters itself to perform.

Spaniards, I leave you to your own reflections! Happy shall I be if I can avert the misfortunes and woes which are about to crush you—and which you cannot escape, unless you place yourselves under his Majesty's protection.

Convoy of American Ships.—Boston, March 7th, 1799. Owing to the depredations made by the French privateers on our commerce, and the indignities to which the Americans are subjected, *the inhabitants of Antigua* petitioned the President and Council to address Admiral Harvey, requesting a convoy to the American vessels; and a passage-boat was immediately dispatched to Martinico, with dispatches to that purpose; and when the informant of the above was at St. Kitts, on the first of February, it was reported a convoy was granted, and that Antigua was to be the place of resort for all American vessels homeward-bound*.

French

* This petition of "*the inhabitants of Antigua*" was, I fancy, signed by none but American owners, their captains, their factors, and the persons immediately concerned in the American trade; yet, so unwilling are the Bostonians to allow that we stand in need of *British protection*, that they have the assurance to call this a petition from "*the inhabitants of Antigua*."—When the States were rewarding Tom Paine for writing his *Common Sense*,

French and English Flags at the Tontine Coffee-house, New-York.—The following paragraph is extracted from Mr. Webster's paper (the Minerva) of the 14th inst. "A few days since the English flag, printed on a card with the American, was affixed in the Exchange Room in the Coffee-house. We cannot believe any American has *condescended* to this thing. At any rate, it is a low pitiful business, equalled only by the meanness of putting up a French flag. Americans, do you not blush for your servility, to be thus banded about between the ensigns of foreign nations—plundered as your merchants are by both flags, whenever it suits their interest? When will the honour of the American name be vindicated by discarding such badges of faction? When will the Americans unite under their *own flag*, and learn to be a nation?"

Contrary to the spirit that generally prevails in this paper, I am sorry to say, there is more of vulgar prejudice and mistake in the above-quoted paragraph, than there is either of justice or good policy. The union of the flag of the United States with that of Great Britain or of France, would reflect no disgrace on either party, if the purpose or intention was honourable: if done with a view to repel aggressions from a common foe, it would be wise and just: the *quo animo*, the intention of the act, is what stamps its character. Should either of these flags be unfurled as a standard of discord and anarchy, to rally malcontents against the government, and animate them to rebellion, to join it would really be an act of treason: and when it streams from the vessels of sea-robbers, who are daily insult-

Sense, they little thought, that, in less than twenty years, they should stand in need of British convoys to protect them against France!!!

ing and plundering the commerce of America, without any reasonable provocation, to tolerate it even on our land or waters, deserves a worse name than that of *a low and pitiful business*: it really betrays a mind prepared to receive the yoke. But to unite the American Eagle with the British Lion against an ambitious and determined enemy, the disturber of the peace of both hemispheres, is a purpose that no American need to be ashamed of: the alliance would be productive of equal honour and advantage to both. I know there is a pride on both sides, inherited from a common stock, reluctant to make the first advance; but the first advance, I am equally sure, will reflect no dishonour on the party that makes it.

Americans exchanged with the British for French Prisoners of War.—We have had information of the capture of Captain Sanford in the brig Hope of this port, on his homeward-bound passage from Barbadoes: his vessel and cargo were condemned at Guadaloupe. One of the crew of his vessel has lately arrived at Norfolk, and states, that Captain Sanford and his men were *put in irons*, and confined *with the British prisoners*; that their daily allowance was half a pound of bread, a quarter of a pound of salt-fish, with the requisite quantity of water to wash it down; and that after being fully republicanized by this fraternal regimen, he, with four other American masters, was sent to Martinique, to be *exchanged for as many French officers* *.
Bloody

* This is not *war*, I suppose. This is only a gentle way of expressing their displeasure. This calls for no sequestrations, prohibitions, or embargoes. This is no insult to the American flag, nor does it call forth the curses of even the tarpawlings. Well, be it so. Let them pillage and bastinado. Infamous as is
their

Bloody French in Suabia.—Extract of a letter of Hauffman, commissary with the army, to the Directory, submitted to the Council of Five Hundred, translated from the Leyden Gazette of Nov. 11th, Supplement. “Melancholy details were received of the ill treatment of the peasants in Suabia by the French troops, which occasioned an insurrection. Twelve French soldiers entered a farm, where they found a girl of eighteen years old, and *they forced her father to be a witness of the brutal violence committed on her by them successively.* Pillagers wandered about the country, seized and carried off children, and compelled their parents to redeem them with money *!!!”

Salvage on American Vessels recaptured by the British, is to be one eighth of the value of ship and cargo.

The American Ship Olive-branch, which was lately captured by the Audacious, with a cargo of small arms, ordnance, and a camp equipage, and brought into Portsmouth, was some time ago freighted from the north of Ireland, at a time that a large quantity of specie was sent from the metropolis, by certain

their conduct, the punishment it inflicts is *just.* American masters of vessels taken, and *exchanged for French prisoners of war!* Yes; and yet the humble nation fawns on them; aye, and such is our debasement, that the tri-coloured ensign of robbery and murder, that now waves over the American flag in every part of the West Indies, still graces the Tontine Coffee-house, the rendezvous of the merchants of New-York! Nor is it necessary to send the reader so far for a sight of this detestable ensign of rebellion and murder. Philadelphia presents it in every street.—N. B. A public-house sign, in the Northern Liberties, is the *French Flag* and *Liberty Cap.*

* It will be remembered, that this fact is related by a *French commissary*, who certainly would not exaggerate on such a subject. Let the impudent Democrats still try if they can lie away the horrid facts that are related in the *Bloody Buoy.*

known

known agents of the worthies in that quarter*.—
English article.

Blasphemous Adulation.—The following paragraph is too notoriously blasphemous not to excite a public abhorrence. It is taken from a federal paper, on the subject of a festive day in honour of the birth of General Washington.

“Two public companies, and many private parties, observed this POLITICAL CHRISTMAS, and hallowed it!” What will our professed religious class of citizens say to the paragraph? what will the clergy say to this species of blasphemy? “Political Christmas!” What is the idea of this expression, but ranking Washington with Jesus Christ? *Hallowing* the birth-day of Washington, is compared with hallowing the birth day of our Saviour, or at least it is using the same word as it applies to Jesus Christ, and Washington †.

Mr. Relf and his Novel, the Victims of Sentiment.—This gentleman being an apprentice to the printing business, and observing, probably, that his master, Mr. Young, was generally engaged in printing worthless trash, thought that he might as well try

* This ship and cargo belongs to *Ira Allen*, of Vermont, a furious Democrat, who was himself in France at the time of the shipment of the arms; but it will by and by appear, that the arms were not destined for Ireland, though it will be less evident that they were not intended for an expedition against Canada.

† This article is taken from the *Boston Chronicle*, a paper which I seldom quote, but which I quote with pleasure on this occasion, subscribing most implicitly to the propriety of its remarks on so indecent, not to say impious, a paragraph. I am certain that no man's character ever was exalted by *hyperbolic* eulogium, and cannot help remarking, that, if such an eulogium had been bestowed on a king, the puritanical Republicans of Boston would have been the first to condemn the blasphemous syco-phant to the flames of hell.

his hand in providing materials for the press. With this very commendable object in view he set to work, and, early in 1797, produced a novel, entitled, the *Victims of Sentiment*, dedicated to Miss Ann Louisa Bingham, a *child* of a wealthy and fashionable family. The appearance of this novel produced the following communications to P. Porcupine :

MR. PORCUPINE—Through the medium of your paper be kind enough to caution the author of the *Victims of Sentiment* to suppress his vanity from appearing again as a novel-writer, unless his genius can assist him to send forth something that will do more credit to America, both as to authorship and the virtue of its fair. A LADY.

MR. PORCUPINE—Seeing in your paper a caution to the author of the *Victims of Sentiment*, under the signature of A Lady, I was not a little surprised at her presumption. You will, through the medium of your useful paper, be pleased to communicate my opinion of that lady.

Her judgment must certainly be biased by jealousy, pride, rancour, or vanity, in thus censuring a book and its author, who has displayed his genius in the fulness of perfection ; and although his first essay into the regions of effort ought not to be viewed with the scrutinizing eye of criticism, yet this lady has attempted a bold stroke, in order (as she may suppose) to ruin the character of the author and the sale of the book. Perhaps, Sir, she is a little chagrined, because the "*Victims of Sentiment*" was not (as she expected) dedicated to her Ladyship. Poor creature ! how sorry I am for her accumulated disappointments !

This old maid of a lady, wallowing in the mire of stupidity, has controverted the design, and misconstrued the author's meaning (which is to show the evil tendency and bad effects arising from parents obliging

obliging their children to marry against their inclinations) into a violation of the virtue of her sex. I hope the lady will give the book an impartial perusal, and decide upon its merit with candour, accuracy, and precision; and when she perceives her error, and acknowledges it, then, Sir, I shall crave pardon for this intrusion.

A GENTLEMAN.

Mr. PORCUPINE—"A Gentleman," who seems rather new and awkward in that character, in your paper of Monday, replied to "A Lady," on the advice she thought proper to give to a young author of this city. This gentleman is, assuredly, of the regenerated race; for he understands as little of the rules of gallantry as of grammar.. His defence of the *Victims of Sentiment* is as replete with ill manners as the work he commends is with nonsense, his admiration of which is easily accounted for, on the maxim, that "a fool always finds a greater fool to admire him."

A LADY.

Mr. PORCUPINE—I should be very much gratified to see your correspondent ("A Gentleman") show wherein the publication entitled *The Victims of Sentiment* evinces so much merit as he pretends to find in it. For my part, as far as my understanding goes, I can perceive no other design in the writer than an absolute defence of *conjugal infidelity*. If his intentions were different, he has certainly gone aside from his purpose; for, instead of labouring to prevent an evil, he only goes to point out how its anguish may be mitigated by seeking for indulgences *elsewhere*.

I do not indeed apprehend much mischief from the prevalence of his doctrine, because the production is too frivolous to recommend his principles with sufficient force to overturn the chastity or morality of our fair; but the author ought certainly to be

be cautioned not to expose himself by appearing in public in so bad a cause.

In the advertisement prefixed to this book, we are told that the design of it is to appease the sufferings of an unhappy wife, or to prevent the harsh control of a parent over the affections of his child. But, granting this to be the innocent motive, what occasion is there for his precept? Where have we an instance, in a free country like this, of a parent compelling his daughter to marry against her will? And if there be no example of the error, whence the necessity of censures or admonitions? To what purpose is it that we wield the weapons of satire where there is nothing to receive its force? Let the author reserve his talents to do away prevalent vices, and endeavour to reform where reformation is required. In Spain, or perhaps in Russia, the author's sentiments might be relished better, even though they should not be so fortunate as to receive the approbation of a *wealthy patron*: but the writer may be assured, that in a country where his lessons are so useless, riches can be of no avail to rescue it from contempt.

I say nothing as to the merits of the performance in point of composition, because, whatever desire I may have that the taste of our young ladies may not be vitiated, it would perhaps be thought to proceed more from ill nature than a desire to rectify their judgment; but the fact is, that it presents nothing valuable, either of style or sentiment; and it is to be wished that a production, intended for the perusal of the world, might be submitted, before publication, to an understanding more matured than that of the youthful female to which this is addressed. I have not the honour to know her personally, but I should not suppose from her age that she was qualified to "sanction" a primer, much less a work intended

tended to reclaim fathers from *the practice of cruelty*,
and redress the *grievances of daughters*.

MARITUS*.

More Americans exchanged for French Prisoners of War.—Captain More, of Alexandria, and his crew, captured by the French, were put in irons and confined with the British prisoners. Their daily subsistence was half a pound of bread, a quarter of a pound of salt-fish, and as much water as they required.—Captain More was sent with Captain Calvert to be exchanged at Martinique.

Britons and Americans ! the French seem resolved to unite you in spite of yourselves—in spite of the treachery and folly that are too obvious in the conduct of individuals in both countries to oppose it. If sound policy, good sense, and mutual interest were not powerful enough to bring about an alliance in the days of prosperity and ease, the hour of adversity, French jails and kicks, starvation and handcuffs, will teach you at least to sympathize together.

Lines written at Newport, on seeing the Sign of the Liberty Cap.

SAY, fellow-citizens, did you ever see
Th' unmeaning emblem of French liberty,

* Here I thought proper to interfere, and prevent the further waste of ink and time on such a contemptible performance ; nor should I have given the controversy a place here, had not a *recent event* [1799] in the family of Mr. Bingham rendered the justness of the observations of MARITUS singularly striking. There have been several attempts made in the novel way in these States : they have all fallen far beneath mediocrity in point of literary merit ; and, which is still worse, all those that I have seen, have, like the miserable stuff of poor Relf, been of an immoral tendency. The fate of this imp of a printer's devil may be justly described in the very words in which the author concludes it, in describing the fate of its hero :—" he dropped down, and at once *disappeared from the world*."

Plac'd

Plac'd at a tavern-keeper's door as sign,
 To indicate the licens'd man of wine?
 I own to me it is a novel sight,
 To see this useful covering for the night,
 With gold so finely ornamented all,
 And stuck without a head upon a pole:
 Pray, is it by this tinsel outside shew
 That we the Cap of Liberty may know?
 I own I should have ta'en this splendid bright cap,
 Simply to signify a golden night-cap,
 Unless by inspiration I should see
 The form appertinent to liberty;
 And 'tis a cap, it truly may be said,
 In which th' aerial dame ne'er plac'd her head:
 It might a fool or T——d fit as well,
 A slave, a tyrant, or some imp of hell!
 Oft have I seen that form of bloody hue
 Bedeck the head of many a scoundrel crew
 Of robbers, and of base assassins too;
 Whilst they, exulting o'er their slaughter'd prey,
 With bestial yell, cry *Vive la Liberté!*

Oh impious signal, terror of the good,
 Borne by a savage herd through fields of blood!
 Shall this fell sign disgrace Columbia's coast,
 Whose happy sons a peaceful freedom boast?
 I like not here thy mad-cap form to find,
 As sign of freedom in thy owner's mind!
 Much truer emblems of French Liberty,
 Are bears or wolves just from their chains set free.

To Correspondents.—Several favours are omitted to-day that shall be inserted to-morrow.

“*Rusticus*” is thankfully received, and shall appear in the next number.

“*A Friend to Peter Porcupine*” will please, another time, to convey his advice in terms less authoritative, or he may depend on being disregarded.

“*A True Democrat*,” who complains of my abusing Messrs. Bache and Swanwick, and who concludes his letter with, “Read the Bible and Boston's Four-fold State, you d——d scoundrel,” has my free liberty to tuck himself up to the lamp post opposite my door.

“*A Subscriber*,” who is highly displeased at my severity

severity on the Regicide Directory of France, is most respectfully requested to withdraw his subscription.

✍ Correspondents are desired never to write under the name of *Subscriber*. It seems to sound very much like *Master*.

FRIDAY, 17th MARCH.

Rusticus's Reflections on Bache.—Mr. Porcupine, I was very much amused lately, with the entertaining anecdotes and instructive lessons contained in an old newspaper. It was dated but in 1790, yet the difference between the subjects of that and those of the present day was so striking, that I was amazingly taken with it. I left no part, not even an advertisement, unread. On turning back to the first page, still for something more; the motto attracted my notice: *Truth, Decency, Utility*—expressive, I thought, of the contents of the paper. I then looked for the printer's name, but imagine, Sir, my surprise, when I read that of Benjamin Franklin Bache!

I was now led to consider the amazing change in this paper, in so short a period, and its aberrations from every principle by which it seemed at first to be directed.

To give you a specimen of its politics, I shall transcribe a paragraph from the number now before me, dated November 27, 1790. This may serve as a contrast to those very frequently exhibited for some time past, and particularly with one on the 6th of this month.

“ Successful in war, but foiled in the arts of
 “ peace, the people of the United States were long
 “ the dupes of European policy, and were nearly
 “ the victims of their own indiscretion. We were
 “ animated by a spirit of false trade. Industry was
 “ active, but her activity was ill directed. *Liberty*
 “ was tremblingly alive; and *but* alive. Attacked
 “ by

“ by illiberality and disunion, we dreaded lest she
 “ should expire on the threshold of government.
 “ But licentiousness was evidently her most formidable foe. More than one State was convulsed
 “ by the efforts of (now) disappointed faction.
 “ Commerce stagnated in all her channels, and
 “ credit was most deplorably at the lowest ebb.

“ But the scene is changed. A new, a *happy*
 “ *series of years commences.* Justice descends from
 “ the skies, where too many had compelled her to
 “ take refuge. The hands of the manufacturer are
 “ beneficially employed. Our ports abound in *our*
 “ *own* vessels. Agriculture is encouraged. A
 “ Washington presides over us with *as much dignity*
 “ *and wisdom as man is capable of exerting.* The
 “ *sound policy* of Adams shall again be manifested;
 “ and the distinguished talents of Jefferson advantageously displayed.

“ With these prospects, which rest on as much security as humanity can expect, what evils have
 “ we to fear? or rather, what blessings may we not
 “ hope for?”

From a natural association of ideas, I then began to figure to my mind the young man, as he appeared at that period; like his paper and his motto—*young, modest, unassuming; and to inquire (for I seldom now see his paper), whether the motto, as well as the subject matter, the title of the paper, and the very figure of the man, were not changed.* I soon recollected that it was; and that for one excellent in itself, in our plain mother tongue, another, in a dead language, was adopted, not so familiar to the vulgar readers, to be sure; but yet a very good motto—*Surgo ut prosim.* I had Latin enough to find out that this still promised something that the plain English one did; *to be useful.* What! methought, at the *expense of truth and decency!*

In my future communications, if you have no objection, Mr. Printer, I mean to consider, and treat as my subject, the progress of this paper through all its mutations; the probable causes of those mutations; and, in fine, to write on the effects of ambition and guilt, as exemplified in the character of a *printer*.

RUSTICUS*.

Barney and his Squadron.—Extract of a letter from Williamsburg, Virginia. “The *Asia*, 64, “Captain R. Murray, and the *Thiibe*, 28, Captain O. Hardy, are lying yet in Hampton Roads. “The *Topaze*, 38, *Thetis*, 38, *Lynx* sloop, 18. “Commodore Barney is preparing fast for his departure; and however strange it may appear, he “certainly will not delay his departure one day “when ready, on account of any force the British “may have on our coast. His ships sail remarkably well, and have both very respectable officers.”

Now the readers of Porcupine’s Gazette will please to remember this declaration. We shall see that the noble commodore will never budge an inch, so long as there is a British cannon pointed against him.

Young Orleans and La Fayette.—Our information was wrong, with respect to the Duke of Orleans having arrived in town on Sunday with the late President. It was another gentleman, the instructor

* My friend Rusticus’s favours, if I may judge from this sample, will always be welcome. The *progress* he proposes to trace, will, undoubtedly, be very amusing. I am mistaken if it will not surpass the *barlot’s progress*, both in variety of incident, and degree of prostitution.

of Mr. Fayette, who has accompanied the General from Mount Vernon *.

French Flag at New-York.—"The charm dissolves apace," says old Prospero—and so say I: for on Tuesday last, the proprietors of the Tontine Coffee-house at New-York, formally took down the French flag from the altitude, whence it had, for three long years, cast disgrace on all who entered the building.

The editor of the Daily Advertiser of that city, in giving an account of this removal, assumes the softening tone. He seems afraid to attribute it to *any change* that has taken place in the sentiments of the proprietors of the house, and of the people of New-York; and therefore he very seriously tells us, gently stroking his beard all the time, "that step" "was taken in consequence of the disturbances" "occasioned by the frequent displacing of those" "figures by inconsiderate individuals, to gratify" "their *private folly* or *intemperate opinions*."

Private opinions and *intemperate folly* might, perhaps, have been preferable to "private folly and" "intemperate opinions;" but remarks of this nature I shall leave to those who are disposed to criticise on the style of a newspaper, and confine myself to such as relate to the *meaning* of this conciliatory paragraph.

If what it wishes to tell us be true; if the disturbances occasioned by the scandalous and degrading emblem in question, were the sole reasons for taking it down, I would like to be informed, how it

* The two Egalités are in the United States at this time, on their *travels*; but it is worthy of remark, that though they boasted at Paris of being the descendants of a coachman, they now think proper to abandon their *new* name and take up their old one. For what they do this I know not; as it would be a very nice point to determine which of the two names is most *infamous*.

came not to be taken down long ago? Was it last week that those disturbances began, or were those of last week of a more serious nature than any which had before happened? The best answer to this question will, perhaps, be found in the following documents and paragraphs from New-York papers of May 1795 :

New-York, May 20, 1795.--“STOP THIEF! Stolen
 “ from the Tontine Coffee-house, on the morning
 “ of the 20th instant, the *flag* of the *French Republic*
 “ *lic*, recently put by the republican citizens of New-
 “ York, in union with the American colours. A
 “ certain William Anderson, lately from England,
 “ in the ship *Hope*, is supposed to be the thief.
 “ Whoever shall apprehend the said person, or any
 “ other person or persons, who shall have been
 “ guilty or concerned in the said theft, and secure
 “ him or them in any jail of the United States, shall
 “ receive a reward of 150 dollars.

“ WALTER BICKER.

“ In behalf of the republican citizens of New-
 “ York.

“ N. B. All the printers in the United States are
 “ requested to insert the above advertisement.”

Again.—“ Personally appeared before me, An-
 “ drew Van Tuyl, one of the Aldermen of the city
 “ of New-York, James Durham, who deposeseth and
 “ saith, that he lives with Mr. John Hyde, at the
 “ Tontine Coffee-house, and was up on the night
 “ of Tuesday the 19th, until about three o'clock in
 “ the morning; that he was requested by William
 “ Anderson, one of the lodgers at the Tontine Coffee-
 “ house, to go up to his bed-room to see that
 “ his bed was ready for him: this was about two
 “ o'clock. That he went up stairs, and remained
 “ there about five minutes; that when he returned
 “ to the large coffee-room he met the said William
 “ Anderson

“ Anderson going up stairs out of the coffee-room,
 “ with his coat and hat off; that this deponent
 “ found the lamps under the liberty cap broke; and
 “ looking up, observed the French flag torn off;
 “ this deponent then exclaimed against the pro-
 “ ceeding, on which the said William Anderson
 “ used threatening language to this deponent, and
 “ told him to hold his tongue.

“ That the following persons were in company
 “ with the said William Anderson, viz. Young-
 “ husbands, Codd, Blackstone, M’Kenzie, Robins;
 “ all lodgers at the Tontine Coffee-house.

“ After this the above persons retired to bed; and
 “ this deponent, after finding the French flag torn
 “ down, went and informed Mr. Hyde, who was in
 “ bed. From every circumstance attending this
 “ business, and from the actions and language of
 “ the said Anderson, this deponent does truly be-
 “ lieve, that the said William Anderson was the
 “ person principally concerned in tearing down the
 “ French flag.

“ JAMES DURHAM.”

“ Sworn before me this }
 “ 20th May, 1795.” }

Again, May 21.—“ Yesterday between the
 “ hours of twelve and one, a number of Frenchmen,
 “ on seeing their national *flag insulted* by some Eng-
 “ lishmen (who they *supposed* took it down from the
 “ liberty cap on the night before), went up stairs
 “ where an English officer, a Mr. Codd, lodged,
 “ and supposing him one of the guilty persons, took
 “ his regimental coat, brought it down, and *tore it in*
 “ *pieces*.

“ The attention of the town was yesterday much
 “ engaged by the circumstance of the removal of the
 “ French flag, which had been attached (with the
 “ American) to the liberty cap that was replaced on

“ Monday evening, in the coffee-room of the Tontine Coffee-house.

“ By the examination of James Durham, a waiter at the coffee-house, before Mr. Alderman Van Tuyl, it appears, that circumstances strongly concurred to fix the act on a Mr. Anderson, who arrived within a few days from England.

“ A whaling boat, manned with *sixteen hands*, armed, left the city about noon to overtake him; but returned last evening, after having boarded a vessel in which he was supposed to have embarked for Halifax. He was not on board.”

Now what, pray, has lately happened of consequence equal to this? If the proprietors of the house were actuated by no other motive than the prevention of disturbances, how comes it that this motive did not lead them to the same measure, when the above hue and cry disgraced their city? The fact is, that the livery of Orleans was hung up by the consent of a majority of the proprietors of the house, notwithstanding the Daily Advertiser now wishes to make us believe that they knew nothing at all about the matter. I look upon the Daily Advertiser of moderate, and, generally speaking, good principles; but the following contrast will teach the Editor that *trimming*, especially in print, is never safe.

Paper of May 21, 1795.

It was readily and justly supposed, that no friend to this country had committed the act; the *impolicy* and insult attending it are *unpardonable*. For although it is far from being right, that the peace of this city should depend on the fixture of an emblematical figure in a coffee-room: yet, being there *by the consent of the citizens who are interested in, and support the house,*

as

Paper of March 15, 1797.

The original impropriety of enforcing a peaceable acquiescence in a measure which had no possible use in its first adoption (*by men who had no business to call them to the room; or right to dictate at all to the public opinion*), was long considered as derogatory to the independence of those *by whom the house was really supported*; and nothing but a desire to prevent further

as well as of *the citizens at large*, the removal of it was an act of indiscretion and *wickedness* that should meet with the highest contempt. further ridiculous disturbances *admitted of its being countenanced in any degree whatever.*

This, Mr. Editor, is called boxing the compass! an art very necessary to be sure, where the sea of politics is agitated by contrary winds; but in doing it, you should always keep a sharp look-out ahead; a piece of advice that is equally applicable to the Tontine Coffee-house *.

SATURDAY, 18th MARCH.

Captain Calvert fraternized.—The following is a copy of a letter from Captain *Thomas Calvert*, late of the brig *Friends*, from London to this port, blown off our coast last December, and captured by

* The fate of this flag is somewhat singular. I have the honour to know Messrs. *Robert Younghusbands* and *William Auder-son*, who pulled it down. The former is an Englishman, the latter a Scotchman, both of them as sound-hearted, brave fellows, as ever existed; and I think I can venture to say, that, "*armed*" or *unarmed*, they would not have turned their backs on any "*se-teen*" fans culottes that ever existed. Very far were they from fleeing, or skulking from the enraged republicans. They went on board Captain Younghusbands's ship, where they remained, ready armed for their defence, till they sailed out of the harbour. If Bob Younghusbands had been in the place of Mr. Codd, the French cannibals would not have torn *his* coat in pieces. He would have felled the miscreants by scores, as Simpson did the Philistines.—This emblem of French and American fraternity was, in order to render it *fire-proof*, made of *tin*. It was not only pulled down, but carried off, *clean out of the country*; and it is at this time [August, 1799] actually a plaything for the children of a good loyal subject, in the city of St. John, Province of New-Bruntwick! Such has been the fate of the famous fraternal flag, which, for a long time, occupied the serious attention of the grave magistracy of New-York, and which caused more bustle and anxiety amongst the *citizens*, than the capture of a hundred of their vessels and the flogging of a thousand of their sailors!

a French privateer off Antigua, carried into Guadeloupe, where both vessel and cargo were condemned, and the captain and crew imprisoned.

“ I am in a hurry—this moment arrived from Port Royal, where I was exchanged from a French prison of hunger and drought. I have wrote to you before, and make no doubt of your receiving my letters. I have to return to Port Royal for your boy Aaron, whom I purpose bringing home with me.—I have to inform you that I am now without clothes or money, and much exhausted with hunger and the abuse I received. My brother and mate are yet in Victor Hugues’s prison—O God! the loss of money is nothing; but the horrid treatment I received, has nearly deprived me of existence. I remain yours,
“ THOS. CALVERT *.”

Death of the Empress of Russia.—An arrival from Liverpool has this day brought us the following very important article of news.—“ ST. PETERSBURGH, Nov. 18, 1797. Last night her Imperial Majesty, who had been seized with an apoplectic fit on the preceding day, expired at a quarter before ten o’clock.

“ Immediately after her Imperial Majesty’s decease, the Emperor Paul was proclaimed before the palace in the usual form; and the whole court, which was there assembled in anxious expectation from the morning of the Empress’s accident to the moment of her death, immediately took the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign, as did the four regiments of guards; and every

* If poor Captain Calvert was a good Whig during the late revolution, I dare say he never expected any treatment like this at the hands of our generous allies, the French, especially after they should become “ *virtuous republicans*.”

“ thing passed with the greatest order and tranquillity.”

A Dream.—Some time ago, a respectable lady of England, who was of undoubted veracity, and exemplary for her attention to religion (a thing quite unfashionable in our *enlightened* days, dreamed a dream. And, behold! she was at the gates of the infernal regions. Either from some unaccountable impulse, or impelled by that curiosity which is generally a leading feature in her sex, she knocked at the door. What was her astonishment, when, instead of a porter, she beheld his Satanic Majesty himself officiating as door-keeper! She immediately inquired the reason, and received for answer, that his whole infernal host was so much engaged in propagating the interests of *liberty, equality, murder en masse, &c. &c.* in France, that he was obliged to attend to the whole duty of the *lower* house himself.

MONDAY, 20th MARCH.

French Incendiaries at Charleston.—MR. PRINTER, Observing a few days since in one of the gazettes, that a further provision is intended to be made for the support of the emigrants, commonly, though absurdly, called our good and faithful allies (while many of our native unfortunate poor are unprovided for, and every day experiencing the keenest want and misery), I step forward to aid so laudable a design; and therefore through the channel of your Gazette, beg leave to introduce, Mr. Porcupine, to yourself and the public, some circumstances, which probably at this moment you are all unacquainted with.

Shortly after the St. Domingo massacre, when the inhabitants, white, black, and mundingoos, were flying

flying in every quarter and direction, Charleston, in South Carolina (my native soil), received into its bosom upwards of fifteen hundred; they have since increased, and in December last amounted to near two thousand five hundred.

Conceiving them unfortunate and distressed, in every point of view, the humanity of my countrymen did not admit one moment's pause. Exertions were instantly made for their relief, and quickly effected to provide for their every want.

How have we been recompensed?—Our citizens insulted, and frequently wounded by them in our own territories; our laws laughed at and trampled under foot, and our officers of justice threatened with death if they dared to execute the orders of our magistrates. I will yet go further—What has occasioned the change of conduct in our domestics, even to a degree of insolence? I reply, the French refugees of St. Domingo and elsewhere. What has laid waste and desolated our once flourishing city of Charleston? A refugee cut-throat from St. Domingo. I state the case, be judges yourselves.

The last dreadful conflagration in that apparently devoted city, broke out about three o'clock in the afternoon in an obscure house in Lodge Alley, at the dwelling of one of those blessed St. Domingo gentry, who had been often heard to say, that Carolina, as well as Georgia, belonged to their nation, and that they would ultimately have it. This Allie had built, adjoining to his kitchen, two stalls, one for a horse, and the other for a cow; and at the further end had piled up his hay. Now, it is notorious that he had neither horse nor cow; nor was he able to purchase either; consequently, did not want hay, unless for some other purpose.

On the fatal day of the fire, he ordered his woman cook to fry some fish (from resulting circumstances all was planned), and went immediately

from the house—to which he never returned. He had scarcely reached the end of the alley, before the fire burst out, covered the neighbourhood with flames, and spread desolation in every direction. The consequences are well known; the distresses of the sufferers were great, till the extended arm of humanity relieved them.

But how did this frying of fish occasion fire? I give the cook's own words; she had put too much fat in the pan, which being overheated took fire; she was frightened, ran to the pile of hay, and thrust the pan into it; but, oh marvellously wonderful! the hay, instead of outing the fire, took the benefit of it to itself, and burst into a flame, that hurled destruction all around it. What I have stated are melancholy facts; myself being amongst the number of unfortunate sufferers.

During the time of the fire, not one of these blessed gentry ever offered to assist, unless where their own fraternity were in danger, but viewed the distresses of our natives with calm composure, and puffed their segars.

Yet these, or their fellow-emigrants, who are the people we are anxious to provide for, rob and plunder us by sea; ruin us at home; and laugh at us for our folly.

My countrymen, will you be blind for ever; or at least will you not see till it is too late to open your eyes?

AMERICANUS.

French Flag at New-York.—The public have been informed, that this banner of infamy was a few days ago taken down from its place in the Tontine Coffee-house at New-York. It seems that this removal gave great displeasure to King Mob, who, on the 16th inst. assembled all his forces in order to reinstate it. With peculiar satisfaction, however, it is that I relate

relate his discomfit. The proprietors of the house were upon their guard, and his Briareu majesty was obliged to retire in disgrace, leaving several of his armed host in the hands of the watch.

Captain Holden and Crew fraternized.—The schooner *Vernilla*, Henry Holden master, on her passage lately from St. Thomas's to the Havannah, off the east end of St. Domingo, was boarded by a privateer schooner under French colours, the crew of which robbed him of his watch, and several small articles; and in the latitude of Havannah was fired on by a schooner privateer, which hoisted Spanish colours, and made him send his boat aboard, though it blew so hard that it was with difficulty he saved his boat from being stove: they robbed him of a barrel of flour, all his cabin stores, fire-wood, the people's clothes, and every thing they could see, and threatened to cut the throat of one of his crew, who went on board the privateer. In neither instance could Captain Holden learn the names of the vessels or masters, to whom he was indebted for such liberal treatment.

Captain Town fraternized.—Captain Yerby (mentioned in yesterday's Gazette) gives the following instance of the fraternity of the French government in Hispaniola, towards the Americans: The brig *America*, Captain Town, of Philadelphia, having sold his outward-bound cargo at St. Thomas's, put into Port de Paix to purchase coffee; but immediately on his entering the port, his vessel was boarded by order of the government, by an armed banditti, who broke open his hatches, state room, chests, and every thing that came in their way, nor did they leave her till they plundered her of sixteen thousand dollars cash! Every effort

effort was made by the captain to obtain justice, but without success; for as they had taken his property without pretext, so they intended to keep it.

Cut-throat Negroes in Georgia.—Savannah, 24th February, 1797.—On Wednesday the 15th inst. a shocking murder was committed at the plantation of Mr. H. Herfon in Scriven county, the particulars of which, as far we are informed, are as follows: Mr. Herfon had purchased seven men and a woman, from a cargo of negroes lately imported, and carried them up to his place in Scriven county, where they appeared to be happy and content, never receiving harsh language or blows from their master. On the morning of the 15th, one of the fellows came to the dwelling-house, requesting his master to walk with him to the spot where they had been working, alleging that he had finished what was pointed out to them, and wanted more. Some little time after, his lady looking out, observed one of the fellows strike Mr. William Rate on the head twice with the club end of his ax; on her screaming with terror, three or four rushed into the house, with axes in their hands, and attempted her life, as also that of a young lady who resided with her, but were prevented by the spirited conduct of the latter, who raised a chair to defend herself. The confusion this threw them in, gave time for her to make her escape; Mrs. Herfon was closely pursued, and saved her life only by the interposition of a fellow and wench, who had long lived with them, and on finding the fellows running from the place where they had deposited articles plundered from the dwelling-house, advised her to conceal herself under a house. Strict search was made for this unfortunate lady, but happily she remained undiscovered. The faithful fellow having secured her safely, as far

as lay in his power, ran to the neighbours and gave the alarm, which occasioned the collection of a few men, who, arriving on the spot, found Mr. Rate quite dead, and on searching, discovered Mr. Her-son about the spot where he was enticed to examine the work, lying without any other sensations of life than that of laborious breathing, the back part of his skull being driven in by a blow of an ax. In this situation he remained about twenty hours, and expired, greatly lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance; his character being that of an amiable, worthy man. The party immediately pursued, and came up with the murderers, who made resistance, but were overcome, three being killed on the first discharge, and one badly wounded; two surrendered, one of which declared himself the author and contriver of the murder; and after much deliberation, was, by the men assembled, condemned to the flames; which sentence was immediately put in execution.

Much credit we hear is due to three brothers, gentlemen of the name of Scrugg, who commenced the pursuit, and by their spirited attack, prevented these villains from perpetrating other enormities of the same nature, which was their declared intention.

We also are informed, that Mr. Thomas Kirk, of this place, was on the spot, and received a wound from one of them, but fortunately made his escape.

We have a warning in this melancholy case of the scourge that hangs over this country, if the importation of slaves from Africa is continued; and at the same a proof of the natural fruits of the spirit of insubordination which so strongly marks many influential characters in this state. If General Jackson and others will take the liberty to spurn at the authority of lawful government, in imitation of
the

the cut-throats of France, they may depend upon it, the blacks will not be long quiet spectators in so troubled a scene.

Newark Sans-culottes.—This shameless race are rare in the country places, particularly in the state of New-Jersey ; yet, somehow or other, one of them is supported in the capacity of a news-monger, in the town of Newark. His smutty half-sheet of the 15th inst. contains a string of toasts (which I am sure were drunk in whiskey under the smokey rafters of some cabin), levelled at General Washington's administration.—Why does not some federal gentleman of Newark put a stop to the yelpings of this cur, by tossing him the orts from his table ? The fellow must live ; and if nobody else will feed him, who can blame him for fawning on the French ? I have often thought (and I am now convinced of it) that a judicious distribution of broken victuals would very soon deprive the despots of Paris of all their adherents in this country.

TUESDAY, 21ST MARCH.

Effects of French Philosophy.—There is nothing that distinguishes the features of French philosophy, next to a general scepticism, so much as a profusion of wanton ideas and images, as if its principal business, after annihilating religion, was to fill the world with whores and bastards. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that, when a body of these immoral philosophers have been chosen to legislate for a country, their laws should promote an universal depravity of manners ; and nothing is more certain than that all the poisoned streams that now deluge France, have flowed from this corrupt fountain. The sacred bond that in better times united the sexes for life,
and

and was the source of stability and happiness to families, has been stripped of all its sanctity, and considered, by the reformers of France, merely as a temporary bargain—to be made or dissolved, as it suited the appetite or the caprice of the parties. In consequence of this hateful innovation, *divorces* have been multiplied beyond all former examples, and almost beyond credibility.

“ In the Paris paper that corresponds to the usual “ *register* of births, marriages, and deaths, in other “ countries, *divorce* has the post of honour: it occupies the first place on the list. In the three first “ months of the year 1793, the number of divorces “ in that city amounted to five hundred and sixty- “ two: the marriages during the same time, were “ but seventeen hundred and eighty-five; so that “ divorces were to marriages nearly as one to three; “ and so it was in most of the subsequent months.”

From an inquiry made last year at Doctors' Commons, it was found that all the divorces in the kingdom of Great Britain, for a *hundred years*, amounted to no more than *one fifth* of those which took place in the single city of Paris in *three months*, from the day that France was nick-named a republic.

In whatever country this licentious philosophy meets with countenance, it will, in a greater or less degree, produce the same baleful effects: government will lose its energy, and morality as well as religion their sacred obligations. Thank God, the United States of America, in general, have hitherto escaped the infection. Religion and its sacred institutes are yet revered, maugre all the impious efforts of Tom Paine and his coadjutors; and “ wedded love” is still hailed as the “ true source

“ Of human offspring——

“ By which adulterous lust was driven from men

“ Among the bestial herds to range——

“ ——and all the charities

“ Of

“Of father, son, and brother, first were known.”

How long we shall remain uncontaminated is a problem. Methinks I already discover in the south some ill-boding symptoms of a temper predisposed to receive the contagion. The authority of government, which ought to be supreme over all its members, however distant, has been treated with disrespect by the legislature of one state, and by the chief magistrate of another. Laws have been passed in one session to convey property, in another to resume it, and in a third to destroy every vestige of the contract. Threats have been published by influential characters, to separate from the confederacy, and to unite with a foreign nation ; and what betrays a gross deterioration of manners, numerous divorces have been announced in the public papers. At the last session of the legislature of Georgia, when there were no more than thirty acts passed, five were made to separate husbands and wives. These are certain marks of a rottenness at core, which, if not resisted by some potent application, will produce evils not to be remedied but by excision. Read your fate, ye Georgians, in the history of St. Domingo. Discord, anarchy, and corrupt manners in the masters, were the forerunners of licentiousness, conflagrations, and murders among the slaves, which in the course of a few years have totally ruined one of the finest islands in the world. Do you imagine, that when you have been adopted into the French republic, which some of you meditate, your seven hundred and fifty tyrants will relinquish their pretence of liberating the world, to save your property, when they refused to do it to preserve their own islands ? No ! if you imagine so, it is a delusion. Hear then the parental voice of your country : “Come out from among them, my children, partake not of their sins, lest you partake also of their plagues.”

“ ————— May not my words prove true,
 “ Nor what I tremble but to think ensue.” *Pope's Homer.*

MR. PORCUPINE—I have this moment received information that you are spreading your last plumes, and will be no longer able to tyrannize over the good sense of the people of America : for that a certain young gentleman, now of Bucks county, late from New-York, who is well read in Paine's Age of Reason, Rights of Man, Priestley's Emigration, &c. who has been honoured with a tête-à-tête from Governor Clinton, and highly approves of the brickbat eloquence of the mobility of New-York, practised upon Mr. Hamilton, has spent great part of this winter in selecting the most exceptionable parts from your writings, and intends, as soon as he has reduced his notes to order, to publish them to the world. He expects to be able to prove that Peter Porcupine is an enemy to both civil and religious liberty, and that from his own writings he has shown himself to be an atheist.

It may be proper to inform you that the gentleman in question was educated a *hatter* ; I therefore beg you to be on your guard, keep all your quills in order, for the attack you are now to meet with is, perhaps, the most foul, if not the most formidable you ever experienced.

W. R.

The Lock-jaw cured by Stroking !!!—For the Eastern Herald.—Mr. Baker, At Saccarappa Miss Elizabeth Knight was taken with puking in the night preceding the 15th day of this month ; after which she lay down and took a nap, and in the morning waked up speechless with the lock-jaw. After various applications by gentlemen of the faculty to no effect, until the 18th in the afternoon, when by the application

cation of Dr. Perkins's metallic points she was cured. To this fact many witnesses can attest. By inserting this account in your paper, you may be the means of saving the lives of some; at least you will gratify your humble servant,

Falmouth, Feb. 11, 1797.

A CUSTOMER *.

Capt. Hempstead's Protest against French Fraternity.

—“ Before me, John Norderling, judge and notary royal and public of this island St. Bartholomew, personally appeared John Hempstead, master of the American schooner Henry and Gustavus, of New-York, who declared upon oath, That after having left the Danish island of St. Thomas on the 14th of last month (December 1796), bound home to New-York, he, on the 16th of said month, at five o'clock A. M. discovered a sail to the windward, from which about an hour after the said schooner got a shot, upon which the deponent hove to, and was ordered

* This is the first story respecting the efficacy of the metallic points that I ever could think of giving credit to. This, however, I must confess, carries about it a strong appearance of probability; because, if the reader has ever seen the tractors, as they are sometimes called, he must have observed that they are extremely sharp at one end, and that, as they grow thicker, they also grow wider, till they become about a quarter of an inch thick, and half an inch wide, being round on one side, and perfectly flat on the other. From this description it will be readily conceived, that a couple of more convenient *wedges* for wrenching the jaw open could not be invented; but methinks that the efficacious application of the tractors in the above disorder should point out to the ingenious Doctor the necessity of adding to his case a third instrument, no less useful than those already in use, and that is a *hammer*, which, besides its being a necessary auxiliary to the points in some complaints, would, in others, such as the *tooth-ach*, for instance, operate more speedily and more effectually than the points themselves. Whether the learned Doctor would be able to add this third metallic instrument to his *patent* or not, I shall not pretend to say; but the profound wisdom of Congress, and the consummate cunableness of the people, must certainly give him great encouragement to proceed in his discoveries.

to get his boat out and come on board, which he immediately did, having his papers with him, and found her to be a French brig, armed with from ten to fourteen guns, some of which he suspected to be wooden : that the boat returned to the schooner with several of the brig's crew, who soon after sent for the key of the deponent's trunk ; the deponent then went back to his own schooner, where he found the Frenchman had begun a general search both in the cabin and in the holds, and during which they took from the deponent from under his bed, one hundred and twenty-seven joes, and a few dollars, all in silver money, which lay in a bag : farther, the Frenchmen from the said armed brig took out of the said schooner, one hoghead of rum, two barrels of sugar, and about one barrel out of a hoghead in the hold, the runner and runner-blocks, twelve spare blocks, with a coil of new rope, a compass, a padlock, a pocket tumbler, the deponent's silver watch, some wearing apparel, some fowls, and sundry small articles, which cannot be specified with any exactness ; and finally, about one hundred and eighty weight of coffee ; that the deponent does not know the name of the commander of the said armed brig, or to what place she belongs, but has been credibly told she is from Guadaloupe, and that the commander of her is one Citizen Antoine ; she is copper bottomed, and the people on board her said she came last from Porto Rico ; that the deponent *was obliged to sign a paper in French, the contents he did not know, until he came to this island, where he has had it translated to him, and to his great surprise finds that his cargo was looked upon by the said Frenchman as good prize, as being English property* : that instead of coming from St. Thomas's, they said, in said paper, she (the said schooner) came from St. Kitts, and that they have taken nothing more out of her than a few pounds of sugar and coffee, and a tierce of rum.

“ In

MARCH, 1797.

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“In consequence of all which, the said master does hereby solemnly protest against the proceedings of said French brig, as not only illegal, but piratical; and reserves to himself, his owners and insurers, and all others concerned, due recourse against the commander, crew and owners of said brig, whenever they shall be known and found out.”

Signed, &c.*

WEDNESDAY, 22^d MARCH.

Eulogium on the Emperor of Russia by the Sans-culottes.—That the Sans-culottes, the haters of royalty, should eulogize an *Emperor*; would be astonishing to any unacquainted with their impudent baseness. France is looked upon as a *home* by these scoundrels in every part of the world. The interest of France, the focus of rebellion, is all they care about. They like kings and emperors as well as other people, if the folly or turpitude of those kings is calculated to further the views of the bloody infernal republic. They imagine (for what reason I know not) that the Emperor Paul has resolved to remain an idle, or rather criminal spectator of the progress of the cut-throats; and therefore they are heaping their blasted praises upon him.

The Reducteur (published by the Directory) says: “The new Emperor of Russia appears to have employed his retirement of twenty years in *sober re-*

* Now this is a formal protest against the fraternity of that very nation with whom the Americans have been fraternizing for several years past. How this British notary must have laughed in his sleeve whilst he was drawing up the protest! and how silly Captain Hempstead must have looked at the same time, if he recollected the scores of public rejoicings which had taken place in New-York (the place from which he came) to celebrate the “*glorious successes of our sister republic.*”

“ *flexion on reforming the abuses in his government :*
 “ and we hope it will be for the future *happiness of*
 “ *his people.* Immediately on his accession to the
 “ throne, he caused, as we have already observed,
 “ *the edict for recruiting more troops to be revoked ;*
 “ the tribute of forty roubles, which each lord had
 “ a right of exacting from his vassals, was re-
 “ duced to five; every person (foreign ministers and
 “ travellers excepted) was interdicted from driving
 “ more than two horses in his carriage through the
 “ streets of Petersburg, instead of four or six, as was
 “ usual. This has been done to promote agricul-
 “ ture in the country, and to prevent so many horses
 “ being employed in luxury in the capital. The
 “ new Emperor who has been always very popular
 “ among the lower class of people, has shown him-
 “ self daily about the streets, and been uncommonly
 “ well received.”

Bache says :—“ It is allowed that the present Em-
 “ peror of Russia is of a *mild and amiable disposition ;*
 “ he will now have an opportunity of displaying
 “ it, by releasing the brave Kosciuszko from his
 “ prison.”

Duane, Lloyd, and Bradford say :—“ This prince is
 “ remarkable for a sensibility of heart, *which values*
 “ *mankind and their welfare above every thing.* He
 “ acts with thoughtful deliberation, and never suffers
 “ himself to be the sport of the passions. He en-
 “ deavoured to inquire into every thing, and pos-
 “ sesses a large store of valuable knowledge. His
 “ behaviour to all is marked with affability and con-
 “ descension ; and he hates the noisy pleasures and
 “ the pageantry of courts. General Count Panin,
 “ formerly minister for foreign affairs, who educated
 “ his Majesty, had his whole esteem and confidence ;

* Which he very unadvisedly did.

“ and at the moment of the Count’s death he fell at his feet, and bedewed the hands of his agonizing instructor with tears of gratitude. A few hours before that great man’s burial, he repeated the same touching marks of affection upon his lifeless remains.”

I believe all this is true : for once I believe, that the tools of the five-headed monster, both in America and France, have spoken the truth ; yea, for once I do really believe, a fact, though stated by the Redacteur, by Bache, by Duane, Bradford, and Lloyd. How different then is this “ *ermied monster*” (to use the language of Mr. Dixon) from the ferocious and bloody republicans, who tyrannize over France !

Nothing can exceed the baseness of the French, except it be that of their hirelings. The shameless versatility of these latter so far exceeds all conception, that to attempt to describe it is to rob it of half its infamy. When the guillotiners had declared war against all the “ crowned monsters,” and proposed a corps of twelve thousand regicides, and had solemnly declared (as far as the actions of such wretches can be attended with solemnity) that they never would make peace with a king, at this time the cut-throat papers in America swore, that nothing with a crown on its head ought to be suffered to exist ; that all princes were by nature cruel and ferocious ; that to murder them was meritorious, and no peace ought ever to be made, of which their dethronement should not be a positive condition. But since that time the guillotiners, in order to sit down in the quiet enjoyment of their plunder, have thought proper to make peace with several monarchs, and have found the means of so doing in the spoils of France, and in the degeneracy of their new friends. This has changed the note of their hirelings here. The “ despot” of Prussia is now “ a very good sort of a man ;” the “ despot” of Spain is a “ magnanimous monarch ;”

the "despot" of Denmark is a "wise prince;" the young "despot" of Sweden, who lives in friendship with the bloody ruffians that murdered his father, as well as with those who placed the bust of his assassin *Armfeldt*, in their hall, is "a manly young monarch;" and the "despot of all the Russias," whose mother was a "she-bear," is "remarkable for *sensibility of heart*," a quality, albeit, that *bears* scarcely ever possess in an eminent degree.

But turning about is not all that their masters require of them, and that they are ever ready to perform: they must and will *turn back again*, when it is necessary. For instance, if it should be proved true, as I believe it will, that the Emperor of Russia has acknowledged Louis XVIII. in place of acknowledging the republic of regicides, these their tools will tack about, and load him with every term in their copious vocabulary of abuse. Indeed, I have extracted the above eulogiums, in order to have them on record against the *change of the wind*.

Robberies and Murders in France.—Paris, December 8.—The Council of Five Hundred receives daily accounts of robberies and assassinations committed all over France, but knows not how to prevent them. No less than *twenty-three mails* have been stopped and robbed within the *last six months*. On the 7th inst. the Council passed to the order of the day with respect to the remonstrances of the Paris merchants against the law which prohibits the importation of English merchandise.

Hampton Roads, March 14, 1797.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Lies skulking, in or about the harbour of Norfolk, a little gasconading commander, dressed in a blue coat with brickdust facing, a high cocked hat, decorated

corated with a knob (such as is frequently seen on the bridles of coach-horses) of red, white, and blue riband. He is very much *bloated*, from having long been *wind-bound*, and has lately contracted an unconquerable fondness for *port*.

Whoever will discover the said Gascon, so that he may be brought before any one of his Majesty's frigates, shall receive a handsome reward from the

CAPTAIN OF THE ASIA.

Mr. Hamilton accused of being the secret Enemy of Mr. Adams.—Bache, in his paper of yesterday, says; "Notwithstanding all the *artifice* and *trick* of the ci-devant Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Adams obtained the major suffrages as President. It is a well-known fact, that Pinckney was Hamilton's man; and so confident were the Hamiltonians of success, that the subject was mentioned at the present American Minister's table in London, as scarcely admitting of doubt. Things were so happily ordered in the estimation of these men, that the people of the United States were to be *tricked* into a President they did not want, and ousted of one they did want. The constitution favoured such a design; and had the Hamiltonians succeeded in this state, their plan would have been successful. It was rumoured before the election, that the ci-devant Secretary wrote to a certain exciseman in this State, to use all his influence to carry the anti-Jefferson ticket, and it was said by those who appeared in the secret, that, if that ticket succeeded, another man besides Mr. Adams would be their choice. The unanimity of the votes in New-York and New-Jersey are strong proofs in favour of this plan; but as some eastern people are as cunning as a *Creole*, they were not to be duped by any insidious Catiline. In spite of every vile and detestable artifice the voice of the people was fully declared,

declared, and neither Mr. Adams nor Mr. Jefferson were tricked out of their election *."

THURSDAY, 23^d MARCH.

Hoche in Bantry Bay — PLEASING NEWS.—On the 14th December the Brest fleet sailed, consisting of eighteen sail of the line, fourteen frigates, six large transports, and some small vessels, with twenty-five thousand troops on board and six weeks provisions. The signal having been made for sailing, some went through the passage de Raz; *La Fraternité* frigate, with Admiral de Galles and General Hoche on board, and a few other ships, got out; but the greatest part of the fleet went through Des Feottes.

A gale of wind coming on, the divisions could not join, and the Admiral had only the *Nestor* of seventy-four guns with him; which having lost her main-mast, also parted with the Admiral. She had fifteen millions of livres on board to pay the troops.

The fleet made Ireland in three days, but having mistaken the Durseys for Mizen Head, could not make Bantry Bay until the 24th, and then only part had anchored, when the gale came on and forced them to cut cables in confusion.

L'Indomptable, of eighty guns, ran foul of *La Resolue*, and dismasted her, so that she must be lost, with Admiral Neily on board. *L'Indomptable* sprung her bowsprit. The first division anchored in the Bay, which the second could not effect. It consisted of four seventy-four gun ships, three frigates,

* Nothing was ever more infernally wicked than these insinuations.—The charge against Mr. Hamilton is totally false; yet I am sorry to say, there is great reason to believe that, even to this day (August 17, 1799), Mr. Adams thinks the charge well founded.

two corvettes, and two powder-veffels, with five thoufand troops.

A council of war was held ; the troops were decidedly for landing, by the advice of fome Irishmen with them ; but none of them having feen *La Fraternité*, they refolved to return ; and failed on the 4th of January from Bantry Bay, and were in fearch of the fquadron when captured.

A French officer endeavouring to pafs from one fhip to another in Bantry Bay, was driven on fhore ; he was taken and fent by Government to London, where he underwent an examination before the Privy Council.

The *Ville de l'Orient*, a feventy-four fhip, armed *en flute*, was taken by the *Druid*, foon after the difperfon, and carried into Ireland. The following is an account of the officers, men, and cargo on board of her :

One captain, one lieutenant, five officers, ninety-four feamen, one lieutenant, one colonel, four captains, fifteen officers, three hundred and eighty huffars, two ten-inch mortars, two eight pound field-pieces, nineteen thoufand fhells, one thoufand mufkets, ten thoufand cartridge-boxes, filled with ball-cartridge, three hundred and eighty barrels of flour, twenty-fix pipes of brandy, ten bales clothing, fix hundred faddles, five boxes of fhoes, artillery-carriages, &c.

When *La Ville de l'Orient* and the *Druid* made fail for Kinfale, the *Unicorn*, and another frigate, were in chafe of the remainder of the divifion, which moft likely would be the means of detaining them by action, or manœuvring, until Lord Bridport, who was not far off, came up with twenty-one fail of the line.

From the 12th of January to the 3d of February, rumour, it appears, was very bufy in London. To follow it through its contradictory windings would be

be amusing enough, perhaps, in some countries, but here it would be irksome. The fate of the Armada is all that is worth inquiring about, and this was not, when the vessels left England, fully ascertained. The following detail, however, may be looked upon as a pretty accurate account of it.

Vessels.	Guns.	
Les Droits de l'Homme,	74	{ Driven on shore by Sir E. Pellew.
Le Seduisant,	44	Lost off the Saintes.
Le Scævola,	74	Foundered.
L'Impatiente,	40	Wrecked off Ireland,
La Tortue,	40	} Taken by the English.
L'Atalante,	20	
La Surveillante,	40	
Le Nicomede,	74 en flute	
La Justine,	74 en flute	
La Ville de l'Orient,	74 en flute	} Unfortunately got back to Brest, but in a shattered condition.
Le Suffrein,	74 en flute	
Le Nestor,	74	
Le Tourville,	74	
Le Fougueux,	74	
Le Redoubtable,	74	} Still missing.
Le Pluton,	74	
Le Pegase,	74	
La Romaine,	40	
La Concorde,	40	
La Serenc,	40	} Still missing.
La Resolue,	40	
L'Indomptable,	80	
Le Cassard,	74	
L'Eole,	74	
Le Decius,	74	} Still missing.
Le Patriote,	74	
La Constitution,	74	
Le Trajan,	74	
Le Wattigni,	74	
La Revolution,	74	

L'Expe-

Vessels.	Guns.	
L'Experiment,	74 en flute	} Still missing.
La Concorde,	40	
La Bravoure,	40	
L'Immortalité,	40	
La Bellone,	40	
La Coquille,	40	
La Charante,	40	
La Fraternité,	40	
La Mutine,	18	
Le Renard,	16	
Le Vautour,	16	
Le Voltigeur,	16	
L'Affronteur,	16	

RECAPITULATION.

3 Ships of the line,	}	Driven on shore, foundered and wrecked.
1 Frigate,		
2 Frigates,	}	Taken by the English.
1 Corvette,		
4 Ships of the line cut down and armed en flute,	}	Got back to Brest.
6 Ships of the line,		
4 Frigates,	}	Still missing.
9 Ships of the line,		
1 Armed en flute,		
7 Frigates,		
5 Corvettes,		

These last will be very pretty picking for the English cruisers: if they let one of them escape, may they never more hear the sound of cannon, or see a swelling sail! May Neptune refuse them his trident when combating the fleets of France, and Æolus his breezes when in sight of a Spanish galleon!

The disinterested sans-culottes had, it seems, as usual, no other object in this expedition, than the generous one of conferring liberty and happiness; and the better to effect it, they had made their
swords

swords and bayonets extremely sharp. When their scattered fleet began to return, the poor cut-throats of Paris were obliged to trump up a story to satisfy the canaille (of whom, by the by, they begin to be somewhat afraid). All the fault was laid upon the *elements*. The Irish were ready to receive them with open arms, they said; and one of their papers went so far as to assert, that eighteen thousand men had actually effected a landing, and were received like brothers.

Hoche's proclamation to his raggamuffins, previous to his sailing from France, is a curiosity in its kind, and very well worth a place in the archives of Gascony.

REPUBLICANS,

Proud of having led you to conquest on various occasions, I have obtained from the government the permission to conduct you to new successes. To command you, is to be sure of victory.

Jalous of giving liberty to a people worthy of it, and ripe for a revolution, the Directory send us to Ireland in order to facilitate the revolution, which excellent republicans have just undertaken there. It will be a proud thing for us, who have conquered the satellites of Kings armed against the Republic, to break the fetters of a friendly nation, and to assist them in recovering their rights, usurped by the odious English Government.

You will never forget, brave and faithful companions, that the people to whom we are going are the friends of your country, and that we ought to treat them as such, and not as a conquered country.

On arriving in Ireland you will find hospitality and fraternity; soon will thousands of her inhabitants swell our phalanxes: let us take care never to treat any of them as enemies. They, as well as ourselves, have to revenge themselves upon the perfidious

dious English ; the latter are the only persons upon whom we have to inflict a signal vengeance. Believe that the Irishmen do not sigh less than you after the moment in which we shall go in concert to London, to recall to the recollection of Pitt and his minions, what they have done against our liberty.

From friendship, from duty, and from honour for the French name, you will respect the persons and property of the country where we are going.

If, by constant efforts, I provide for your wants, believe, that, jealous of preserving the reputation of the army which I have the honour to command, I shall punish severely whoever shall depart from what he owes to his country. Laurels and glory shall be the lot of the republican soldier ; death shall be the price of violation and pillage. You know me enough to believe, that for the first time I will not forfeit my word ; I have given you warning, and recollect it.

(Signed)

GENERAL LA HOCHÉ.

How sheepish this hesitating commander of republicans must have looked, as he was sneaking back into Brest ! And what must his wolfish followers have thought, when, in place of " open arms," they found open jail-doors to receive them in Ireland ! How " Pitt and his minions" must have laughed when they learnt the fate of the poor baffled miscreants ! Just as much, I dare say, as I laugh at those newsmongers in this country, who were chuckling to themselves, and all a-tiptoe, to relate the successes of the sans-culotte invasion.

This vain attempt to invade Ireland, besides the destruction it has occasioned among the French, is very satisfactory, as its effects on the people of that island give the lie to all that has been so often repeated, in the public papers of this country, respecting their readiness to join the enemies of Britain.—

What

What exaggeration, what falsehood, has not malice given rise to on this subject ! The Irish were fighting for liberty ; ripe for revolt ; they only wanted to see a French fleet on their coast, and that most accursed thing, a revolution, was to take place instantly. The Government was to raise troops, we were told, but all to no purpose. The sufferings of that oppressed people were no longer supportable ; England and Englishmen were the objects of their resentment and hatred, and Frenchmen of their love.

Kehl is taken, and the stupid Badaeus of Paris have been persuaded, that the Austrians will not attempt any thing further now : that they do not even mean to keep the command of the passage of the Rhine, which they now have. “ Scarce” (says one of the republican papers of 13th January), “ scarce was the suspension of arms known, when the Austrians and French mutually embraced, and drank brandy together.” That the French were deceitful and base enough to slobber the cheeks of men whom they called slaves and the satellites of a despot, I have not the least doubt ; it is in character : but that the brave Austrians, who had thus been scorned by an insolent foe, the ravager of their country, the desolater of their dwellings, the murderer of their parents, their children, and their wives ; that they should return the perfidious embrace, I never will believe. Nature teaches the breast of the soldier to recoil from that of the assassin.

The plotting divan have their views, however, in propagating an opinion, that the Austrian soldiery are friendly to theirs. Not a word drops from their lantern-jaws without a purpose. This is the distant manner in which they begin to hint, that they should have no objection to a separate peace with the Emperor. And, indeed, their newsmen observes in another place, that both armies seemed to wish for peace.

peace. They wished Lord Malmſbury to conclude a ſeparate peace on the part of Great Britain, and leave the Emperor to ſhift for himſelf: they were foiled there, they now are turning to the Emperor with the ſame deſign on Great Britain; and I venture to predict, that we ſhall ſoon begin to be entertained with accounts of the negotiation. But, for once, Great Britain plays a ſure game. She holds her ally in her hand, and that ſo firmly, that were he as ſlippery as the eel, or rather the ſnake, of Pruſſia, he could not eſcape her.

Unprecedented Spoliation.--Boſton, March 13.—We learn from Salem, that by the arrival there of a bark from St. Euſtatia, information has been received, that the new ſhip Eliza, Captain Hodges, owned by Mr. Joſeph White, of and from Salem, bound to Canton, in China, with fair and perfect papers, and laden with a ſmall quantity of lumber, and above forty thouſand dollars in caſh, has been captured in the latitude of the Cape de Verd iſlands, and ſent for St. Domingo, for trial. This is the moſt alarming capture we have heard of.

Victor Hugues now become a Tyrant.—Captain Roberts, of the brig Charming Beſſey, of Baltimore, ſtates, that Victor Hugues had given out, that war was declared againſt America, and in conſequence had imprifoned every American in the iſland, to the number of 250. This information he received from Captain Calvert and ſeveral other Americans, whom the tyrant of Guadaloupe had ſent to Martinique to be exchanged for French priſoners. They further ſaid, that the American priſoners at Guadaloupe were treated far worſe than the Britiſh; as it was a favourite maxim with Hugues, that the Britiſh were enemies, but the Americans were a “*pack of double-faced rufſals.*” Their allowance was, for two days in the

week, four ounces stinking meat, and the rest of the week, four ounces fish, with a small quantity of bread and water, per day. The prisoners were immediately liberated, but not exchanged by Admiral Harvey, whose conduct on this and many other occasions, has procured him the greatest good will of all the Americans there. Captain B——— further informs, that three frigates and fifteen privateers are immediately to sail for our coast, to relieve Commodore Barney.

How surprisngly the tone of these captains is changed! French jails, and short allowance, have operated what, I am much afraid, reason and equity never would. Nature bids us pity our fellow-creatures when we see them famishing, or writhing under the lash; but in the instance before us I, for my part, feel my compassion considerably lessened when I reflect on the past. I remember when Victor Hugues, "this tyrant of Guadaloupe," was the favourite of the American captains, the hero of their hyperbolical tales. Yes, I can remember when that bloody savage, at the time too when he appeared most bloody, was toasted to the sound of cannon, in a commercial city of the United States; and I could now extract scores of paragraphs from most of the public papers in Philadelphia, wherein his massacre of the emigrants, and his digging up and insulting the body of General Dundas, are spoken of with applause and exultation. But now behold! he is "the tyrant of Guadaloupe," because, forsooth, he imprisons the Americans, and keeps them on stinking fish! When he treated the British prisoners thus; when he kept *them* under hatches till they were stifled, or exposed them naked to the scorching sun, he was no tyrant. When he butchered four hundred loyal emigrants, whose lives he had promised to spare; when he stripped a young lady of noble birth to her skin, and locked her up
in

in a room with two black fellows till she expired, then he was no tyrant, but “*a brave republican*.”—Let those who gave him the title, those who approved of these actions, now bite their lips and suffer in silence.

FRIDAY, 24th MARCH.

Munro, the sans-culotte Ambassador.—PARIS, 31st December, 1796, public sitting of the Directory.—Citizen Munro, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, communicated his letter of recall which he had recently received. He expressed his attachment to France, to the revolution, and his wishes for our glory. He added, that the President of the United States had charged him expressly to repeat his assurance of the interest which the United States take in our republic, and of the wishes which they form for our welfare.

The answer of the President (Barras) is remarkable :

“ In this day, presenting your letters of recall,” said Barras to Mr. Munro, “ you give to Europe a very strange spectacle.

“ France, *rich in her liberty*, encompassed by her train of victories, strong in the esteem of her allies, will not *abuse herself* by calculating the consequences of the condescension of the American Government to the suggestions of its ancient masters. The French Republic hopes, that at least the successors of Columbus, Raleigh, and of Penn, always jealous of their liberty, will never forget what they owe to France. They will weigh, in their wisdom, the magnanimous good will of the French people, with the crafty caresses of certain perfidious persons, who meditate to bring them back to their *former slavery*. Assure, Sir, the good American people, that, like them, we adore

“ liberty ;

“ liberty; that they shall always have our esteem;
 “ and that they will find, in the French people, that
 “ republican generosity which knows how to *grant*
 “ *peace* as it knows how to make *its sovereignty re-*
 “ *spected*.

“ As for you, Mr. Minister Plenipotentiary, *you*
 “ have contended for principles, you have known
 “ the true interests of your country: depart with
 “ our regret. We give up in you, a representative
 “ of America, and we keep the remembrance of a
 “ citizen whose personal qualities do honour to that
 “ title.”

This is a very good match to Hoche's proclamation that was addressed to the Irish rather than to his army, and this was intended for the people here much more than for Mr. Munro. So; we are still
 “ the good people of America;” and, what is more,
 “ the good American people,” have the esteem of the magnanimous French; notwithstanding they rob us of twelve millions of dollars, imprison, bind, and lash our sailors, insult our Government, and call upon us to rebel against it.—“ The successors
 “ of Columbus and Penn!” As to Columbus, his successors in America are the Spaniards; and the mention of Penn was singularly unfortunate, for his name awakens the remembrance of every thing that the French wish to have forgotten. “ Former slave-
 “ very!” Did, then, the followers of Penn live in slavery? Penn's government existed in his state until the revolution, and therefore, if, till this *glorious epoch*, Americans were slaves, Penn should be execrated as a tyrant, rather than be held up as a worthy predecessor.

But to what purpose do I comment on this speech? Barras talks like a republican Frenchman, that is, at once like a cut-throat and a whining hypocrite.

Munro and the Paris Monster.—The translation of Citizen Barras's speech to Citizen Munro, published in yesterday's Gazette*, contained an error, which it certainly would not, had the original fallen into the hands of the Editor. It was copied from another paper, the translator of which wished to soften; as much as possible, the language of a sentence so well calculated to rouse the spirit of the people of America. Thus it is: "The French Republic hopes too, that the successors of Columbus and Penn, always proud in their liberty, will never forget what they owe to France."

Thus it stood yesterday; but, instead of "what they owe to France," it should have been "that they owe it to France†." So that the sentence corrected runs thus: "The French Republic hopes too, that the successors of Columbus and Penn, always proud in their liberty, will never forget that they owe it to France."

If this be the case, let the Whigs of 1776 (as they call themselves), and Noah Webster among the rest, no longer tease us with their incessant boast, or let them publicly resent cut-throat Barras's assertion. Let them recollect, that it is no aristocrat that thus robs them of their "glory," but a good blood-red republican; and the President of the grand illuminated and illuminating Assembly of France. Their reputation is at stake; silence will be interpreted into an acknowledgment of their worthlessness.

Munro and the five headed Monster.—The following is a correct transcript of the letter delivered to the French Directory, by Mr. Munro, previous to his departure.

* I have now brought all the publications, which appeared in March, on this subject, under one head.

† Qu'ils la doivent à la France.

Citizens Directors,

“ I have the honour to present you with my letter of recall from the President of the United States of America, and which closes my political functions with the French Republic: and I have the honour to add, that I am instructed by the President to avail myself of this occasion, to renew to you on his part, an assurance of the solicitude which the United States feel for the happiness of the French Republic.

“ In performing this act, many other considerations crowd themselves upon my mind. I was witness to a revolution in my own country. I was deeply penetrated with its principles, which are the same with those of your revolution. I saw its difficulties, and remembering these, and the important services rendered us by France on that occasion, I have partaken with you in all the perilous and trying situations in which you have been placed.

“ It was my fortune to arrive among you in a moment of complicated danger, from within and from without; and it is with the most heart-felt satisfaction, that, in taking my leave, I behold victory and the dawn of prosperity upon the point of realizing, under the auspices of a wise and excellent constitution, all the great objects for which, in council and in the field, you have so long and so nobly contended. The information which I shall carry to America, of this state of your affairs, will be received by my countrymen with the same joy and solicitude for its continuance, that I now feel and declare for myself.

“ There is no object which I have always had more uniformly and sincerely at heart than the continuance of *a close union* and perfect harmony between our two nations. I accepted my mission with a view to use my utmost efforts to increase
“ and

“ and promote this object ; and now I derive consolation in a review of my conduct, from the knowledge that I have never deviated from it. Permit me, therefore, in withdrawing, to express an earnest wish that this harmony may be perpetual.

“ I beg leave to make to you, Citizens Directors, my particular acknowledgments for the confidence and attention with which you have honoured my mission during its continuance : and at the same time to assure you, that as I shall always take a deep and sincere interest in whatever concerns the prosperity and welfare of the French Republic, so I shall never cease in my retirement to pay you in return for your friendship you have shown me, the only acceptable recompense to generous minds, the tribute of grateful remembrance.”

Munro and Fauchet.—*Fauchet*, the excellent expositor and confessor, *Fauchet* tells us, or rather he tells the Convention, c. xvi. of his invaluable treatise on bribery and corruption, to *consult* *Munro* on the subject. “ Still there are *patriots*,” says the penetrating envoy, “ of whom I delight to entertain an idea worthy of that imposing title. *Consult* *Munro*, he is of the number ; he had apprized me of the men, whom the current of events had dragged along as bodies devoid of weight, &c. &c.” When we take a review of this recommendation and of all the circumstances under which it was given, we are not surprised that patriot *Munro* should acknowledge “ the confidence with which he had been *honoured*” during the continuance of his mission in France.

Yes ; I dare say *Fauchet*’s advice was followed. I’ll engage that the “ Citizens Directors” did “ *consult* *Munro*,” and there is little doubt of their

having done it in vain. It is something new in diplomatic history, to hear an envoy recommended to a foreign power, as the proper person to give an account of what the interest of his own government required to be kept secret; and it is equally new, to hear a recalled minister taking his leave with a nauseous eulogium on those, who had robbed his country, and outrageously insulted the government from whom he held his powers. In former times this would have excited universal detestation, and called down condign punishment on the head of the insolent emissary; but in this base, degenerate, unnatural age, when real patriotism is treated as a "local prejudice," and treason is openly justified, it is not much wonder if the speech of Munro should pass unnoticed, by those who have a right to demand an account of his actions.

Munro and the Divan.—MR. PRINTER, There are some facts in circulation relative to Mr. Munro's address to the French Directory, which, if well founded, show a devotedness in that minister to France, and a meanness of soul, that must sink him in every American mind, far below contempt.

The facts seem pretty much as follows: That in the *beginning of December*, Mr. Munro gave in his letter of recall to M. Delacroix; that Mr. Pinckney presented his letter of credence at the same time; and that in a few days Mr. Munro obtained an answer, recognizing his letter of recall, and informing him, "that the Directory would receive no minister plenipotentiary from the United States, till after the United States had redressed the grievances complained of by France;" that the Directory refused cards of hospitality or protection to Mr. Pinckney, and in a conversation with his secretary, M. Delacroix expressed his surprise to learn, that Mr. Pinckney was still in Paris; *threatened* him

him with the *officers of the police* in case he did not leave the French territory; and lastly, that these various insults were perfectly known to Mr. Munro, and that all of them actually happened previous to his farewell address to the Directory, which was delivered the last of December.

After these insults to Mr. Pinckney; after the high injuries done to the United States; after refusing to receive a minister having authority to enter into friendly explanations; after shutting the door against these explanations, by telling Mr. Munro, that they required from the United States as a preliminary to receiving a minister, things which no American can ever consent to; Mr. Munro says to the Directory: "It is with the most heart-felt satisfaction, that, in taking my leave, I behold victory and the dawn of prosperity, upon the point of realizing, under the auspices of a wise and excellent constitution, all the great objects for which, in council and in the field, you have so long and so nobly contended. The information which I shall carry to America, of this state of your affairs, will be received by my countrymen with the same joy and solicitude for its continuance, that I now feel and declare myself."

No, Citizen Munro, your fellow-citizens cannot realize the most heart-felt satisfaction at the successes of a nation, nor solicitude for the continuance of that state of its affairs which has induced it to heap upon them insults and injuries. Americans, who love their country, cannot kneel to those who have robbed them, cannot court a continuance of robberies, and lick the hand just raised to shed their blood. For though you could crouch and kneel, and lick and fawn on such an occasion, your fellow-citizens can feel nothing but contempt, and for the Directory, who requires of the United States

States an act that would prostrate them in the dust, the utmost indignation.

Thank God, the spirit which led the United States to independence, has not forsaken them, and that "the successors of Columbus, Raleigh, and Penn," will never submit to be governed by the agents of the French Directory. N. P.

SATURDAY, 25th MARCH.

Mr. Harper once a Democrat.—This gentleman, at the time that the election for *President* was pending, wrote a letter to his constituents, partly on that subject, and partly on the infamous conduct of France. The part of this letter, which related to the latter subject, he wished much to see circulate all over the State, and he enclosed some copies of it to men whom he looked upon as his friends, for that purpose, marking the paragraphs which he wished to have omitted. It evidently appears, that these paragraphs were marked for omission, more from the persuasion that the whole would be too long for a newspaper, than from any other motive; for, it was impossible that the writer could either hope or wish to keep from the world the contents of a letter, which he had had *printed*, and dispatched to his constituents. Nevertheless, this circumstance has furnished the democrats, who are everlastingly on the watch for articles of accusation against Mr. Harper, with a subject of base misrepresentation. Some villain, to whose care one of the *marked* letters was committed, has, as he supposes, *injured* the author, by divulging what he looked upon as a confidential communication. This discovery has stirred up the gall of one *P. F. Desvernay*, who is, it seems, secretary to the "French Patriotic, or "Democratic, Society of Charleston," of which society, in the year 1793, *Mr. Harper applied to be admitted,*

admitted, and was admitted, a member. Citizen Desvernay now brings forward this circumstance, and most grossly abuses Mr. Harper for what he calls his *apostacy*. This letter of Desvernay, having found its way into the infamous Gazette of the French hireling Bache, Mr. Harper yesterday replied to it, through the same channel.

Philadelphia, March 24, 1797.

MR. BACHE,

Not having read your paper nor the Daily Advertiser, since the adjournment of Congress, I did not know till yesterday, that you had published some passages of a letter of mine. Those passages, I find, are republished in your paper of this morning. I do not think it necessary to take any notice of the observations of your correspondent, much less of those made by M. Desvernay; but I request you to inform your readers that the publication of the extracts in question, such of them, I mean, as relate to the talents and political character of the candidates in the late election for President, was a breach of private confidence. The opinions there expressed, are such as I believe to be perfectly well founded; but I did not intend them for the public, which has nothing to do with my opinion about Mr. Adams, Mr. Jefferson, or Mr. Pinckney. Nay, they were intended for my particular constituents, who expected them from me, and to whom, for that and other reasons, I thought it my duty to give them. I am still of the same opinion. But as they were not intended for the public, when I requested the printers at Columbia and Charleston to publish other parts of the letter, containing statements that I thought might be agreeable to the people of the State at large, I directed these passages to be omitted.

I owe

I owe this declaration to the public, on which I would not be thought to have obtruded opinions that I was in no manner called on to give. But since the partisans of Mr. Jefferson are resolved that the public, whether I will or not, shall know my opinion of him, I cannot help it. I wish for his sake, and still more for the sake of the United States, that my opinions concerning him may be contradicted by experience. Should he disappoint me as much as the French have since I applied for admission into the Patriotic Society at Charleston, I shall avow my change of opinion with as little reserve as I before used, for a year past, in expressing my abhorrence for the conduct and views of Government, which, in the year 1793, I so greatly, and, as I since find, so unjustly admired.

I will further add, since the occasion offers, that, had the partisans of Mr. Jefferson taken less pains to represent him as a standard for talents, virtue, and republican principles, as not only preferable to his rival, but so greatly and undeniably preferable, that his election could have been prevented by nothing but "the depravity of the times, the corruption of manners, a fondness for monarchy, and a desire of war with France;" had they taken less pains to connect his election with the maintenance of peace, and the support of republican government, and to represent Mr. Adams, and all his supporters, as aristocrats, friends to monarchy, and enemies to France; had they been less industrious in attempting to sanction every measure of opposition to the present government with his name and popularity, and to employ them in imposing on the public mind an opinion, that hatred to England, and not merely a desire of peace with France, but subserviency to her views, under the name of attachment to her cause, were essential qualifications for an American patriot,

patriot, and the only true criterions of republican principles; had Mr. Jefferson's partisans done less than all this, those who believe themselves to know his real political character, and to entertain juster opinions about his political talents, might have thought themselves under less obligation to contribute all in their power towards undeceiving the people. I, for one, should in that case have been silent. But since my constituents were in the number of those attempted to be imposed on, with the greatest probability too of success, I thought myself obliged to speak; and to repeat it once more, I have spoken what I believe to be perfectly true, but wish that experience may contradict.

Your humble servant,

ROBERT G. HARPER.

The Tree of Liberty: a Fragment.—"It cannot be a may-pole," said an old gentleman, "at least I never saw one with a cap on it; it cannot be a whiskey-pole—I can scarcely think that the inhabitants of this place would permit a whiskey-pole to be erected in the very centre of the town—what can it mean?"

A dapper Jacko who overheard the old gentleman's soliloquy, eager to resolve his doubts, addressed him: "That, Sir, is the *Tree and Cap of Liberty*."—"Is it indeed?" replied he. "A truly unfortunate emblem have you chosen! This tree, as you call it, appears to be a mere pole: it has neither root, nor branch, nor fruit, nor leaf; even the bark is stripped off. Is this pole then emblematic of the blessings which liberty brings?—Depend upon it, young man, this *tree*, if so it must be called, never will take root; never will it afford a delicious shade for the panting traveller; never shall we enjoy any fruit of its bearing. Stupid mortals who planted it with any such expectation!—It is fit for nought but

to be taken down and cast into the fire ; in no other manner can it be of use—and as to the cap, it seems fit for nothing else but to swing on the top of such a pole ; to decorate the brows of a highwayman, or to protect the shallow brains of a Jacobin.

SENEX.

BY THE PRESIDENT

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Constitution of the United States of America provides that the President may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both Houses of Congress ; and whereas an extraordinary occasion exists for convening Congress, and divers great and weighty matters claim their consideration : I have therefore thought it necessary to convene, and I do by these presents convene the Congress of the United States of America, at the city of Philadelphia, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on Monday the fifteenth day of May next ; hereby requiring the Senators and Representatives in the Congress of the United States of America, and every of them, that, laying aside all other matters and cares, they then and there meet and assemble in Congress, in order to consult and determine on such measures as in their wisdom shall be deemed meet for the safety and welfare of the said United States.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of (L.s.) the United States to be affixed to these presents, and signed the same with my hand.

Done at the city of Philadelphia, the twenty-fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven.

JOHN ADAMS.

By the President,

TIMOTHY PICKERING,
Secretary of State.

NOAH

NOAH WEBSTER'S
ATTACK ON PETER PORCUPINE.

FROM THE MINERVA OF NEW-YORK.

March 21st, 1797.

IN a late paper we inserted sentiments of this kind, that the putting up in the Coffee-house a card, on which was printed the English flag, was a low, pitiful business, equalled only by the meanness of putting up a French flag; and that it is servile to be bandied about between the flags of different foreign nations. We ought to unite under our *own flag*, and learn to be a nation.

Peter Porcupine has copied the paragraph with disapprobation, and says it contains more of *vulgar prejudice* and mistake, than of justice or good policy. He observes, that it is the “*quo animo*,” the intention of the act, that stamps its character. He would have no foreign flag hoisted, as a rallying-point for malcontents against their own government; but to unite the American Eagle with the British Lion against an ambitious enemy, he thinks would be an act that we need not be ashamed of. He then speaks of an alliance of that kind, as honourable and advantageous to both parties.

No comment will be made on the insinuation of “*vulgar prejudice*,” against the editor of the *Minerva*. When Peter becomes acquainted with the editor's real character, he will learn, that, in a combat of that kind, he himself must certainly be the loser.

But we contest Peter's principles. It was strongly suspected many months ago, that his principles are not very friendly to the independence of America, and still less so to the form of our government.

This

This suspicion has been greatly increased by the manner in which his Gazette has been conducted. His retailing abuse against La Fayette, whose sufferings (even suppose him to have been in fault, which is doubtful or not admitted) are far too severe, and call for the sympathy of all mankind, denotes a man callous to the miseries of his species, and extremely disrespectful to the opinions of the Americans, who entertain friendship and gratitude for La Fayette. We observe also whole columns of some of the first numbers of Peter's Gazette, filled with "apologies for the old government of France," that is, for the feudal system, though in a relaxed state, and for as corrupt a system of despotism as Europe ever witnessed.

The success of Peter's pen, in attacking the democratic factions of our country has perfectly intoxicated him; and he mistakes the sense of America extremely, when he supposes the danger we have escaped of being prostrated at the feet of France, will urge us to lay our country at the feet of Great Britain.

No, Peter; your abusing the men who fought for our independence, and your recommending the old government of France, are not the means by which your popularity is to be maintained. The old government of France was not so bad as the Jacobin government, it is true; but there is a government different from both, which La Fayette fought, and which the people of this country will rejoice to see introduced, that is, a *free government*.

As to an alliance with Great Britain, we want none, except what is dictated by commercial views. Here our interest calls for mutual aid and protection. So far as Great Britain will protect our trade, for her own sake, we shall gladly receive it, and no farther.

We ask *no favours* of Great Britain, nor of any
2 other

other nation ; for this would lay the foundation for more *claims of gratitude*, with which we have been outrageously tormented by the French, and their hirelings. The United States and Great Britain are *allied by interest*. Setting aside sameness of language, habits, and private connexions, no two countries are so closely united by commercial advantages. Nor can this union of interest, for a long time to come, have a competitor. It is as much for Great Britain's interest (not to say more) to protect our vessels, as it is ours to have them protected. So far an alliance will arise out of necessity and convenience, which will require very little modification by express agreements. As to any thing like a general treaty, offensive and defensive, God forbid ! Sooner may the United States be doomed to encounter another eight years war for independence, than hold the blessing at the mercy of any foreign nation !

No, Peter : the man who writes this, once voluntarily bore arms to defend independence : in pursuance of the same principles, he *first* proposed publicly the plan of the National Constitution ; persevering in the same principles, he assailed the monster FACCION, the moment it appeared, in the insidious form of popular clubs : and from that moment to this, he has never ceased to expose the artifices of the French agents, to lay this country at the feet of France. With the same determined zeal and firmness, Peter, he now openly declares war against the man who dares to vilify the defenders of American independence, or to propose an alliance that would commit that independence to the power of a foreign state, or to the fate of European contests.

Americans desire peace, and rejoice that the flags of all nations stream in their harbours. But the man who unites a foreign flag with that of his own country, on the territory of the United States, without

an order of Government, is a *factious man*, and has not the honour of his country at heart. This little emblem of national honour ought no more to be the signal for mobs and for violence in a neutral country.

Such, Peter, is my political creed—I know no party, but that of MY COUNTRY. My country is INDEPENDENT; it is for our interest, the interest of Great Britain, and of all Europe, that it should be so; and the man who seeks to tack it on any foreign country, to involve it in European broils, or make its independence the sport of European policy, is conceived to be an ENEMY. As such, his intrigues will be exposed, and his influence resisted, by all those decent and legal means that distinguish the gentleman and the good citizen.

P. S. If Peter Porcupine's views are mistaken, it belongs to him to remove the impressions which his writings made on the genuine friends of this country.

PORCUPINE'S ANSWER.

LETTER I.

Philadelphia, 25th March, 1797.

TO MR. NOAH WEBSTER OF NEW-YORK.

SIR,

YOU tell me and the public, that you, with “*determined zeal and firmness*, now openly *declare war* against me;” and that “I must *certainly* be the *loser*.” Softly, Squire Webster; it is not so *certain*, perhaps, as you may imagine. If you had remembered the fable of the man who sold the lion's skin, and was afterwards killed in hunting him, you would not have cried *Victoria!* before you had given your antagonist time to return your fire.

This,

This, Sir, I desire you to look upon as a counter-declaration ; as a preparative for repulsing the unprovoked attack. Your long, familiar, and modest address should have been answered this day (notwithstanding the *certainty* of my being the *loser*), did not the very extraordinary remarks it contains call for delay, in order to afford time for a full and fair discussion of a subject, of much greater importance than the "political creed" of a news-monger. In the mean time, Sir, be not too confident of victory. "Achieve me first, good Squire, and then sell my bones."

For your attachment to the Government under which we live and prosper, and for the services (however *trifling*) you have rendered it, accept the respects of

Your humble servant,

P. PORCUPINE.

LETTER II.

TO MR. NOAH WEBSTER OF NEW-YORK.

"Vain, fickle, blind, from these to those he flies,
 "And *ev'ry side* of wav'ring combat tries ;
 "Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made ;
 "Now gives the *Grecians*, now the *Trojans* aid."

POPE'S HOMER, lib. v.

SIR,

SOME days ago I promised you an answer to your Address (or whatever else you may please to call it) of the 21st of March. It luckily matters little how this answer begins. Aware, I suppose, of the uncouth manners of the man you were about to assail, you kindly contrived that the rudeness of your attack should furnish an ample apology for his want of politeness.

Your Address treats of your important self, of me,

and of the proposed alliance between the United States and Great Britain. This alliance is a subject of too much consequence to be blended with an inquiry into your and my character, principles, and conduct; I shall therefore reserve it for another opportunity: not losing, however, the present opportunity of declaring, that your reasoning, instead of convincing me that I was mistaken, has strengthened, as far as any thing in itself contradictory can strengthen, the opinion which gave so much offence to your wisdom.

You set out with telling the public, that “in a late paper, we inserted sentiments of this kind, that the putting up in the Coffee-house a card, on which was painted the English flag, was a *low*, *pitiful business*, equalled only by the *meannefs* of putting up a French flag; and that it is servile to be bandied about between the flags of different foreign nations. We ought to unite under our own flag, and learn to be a nation.”

You then complain of my having quoted the passage “*with disapprobation*,” which, with the application of the words *vulgar prejudice*, was, it seems, a stretch of presumption which your pride could not forgive.

I must confess, that to venture to quote “with disapprobation” the oracular precepts flowing from the lips of the high priest of Minerva, was rather bold; but (and with due submission be it spoken) it was not so much your advice as your *partiality*, your *versatility*, that I disapproved of. You have uttered such cart-loads of sentiments, that it is absolutely impossible you should recollect one half of them; and as, in politics particularly, you are led by no fixed, no polar-star principle, it is as impossible that you should ever be consistent long together. Your saying that the putting up of an English flag “was a *low*, *pitiful business*,” sounds well;

well ; but did you say this when the *French flag* was put up ? No ; you called that neither *low* nor *pitiful* : it was even honoured with your applause, as far as a man, who looks upon himself as the exclusive possessor of all that is praiseworthy, can applaud the actions of others. The hoisting of the French flag was attended with feasting and noise, little inferior to what *we* have witnessed at the celebration of the murder of the Swiss guards : yet it escaped your censure ; it was suffered to hang very peaceably, and to receive the adoration of the devout fans-culottes of New-York ; Folly was permitted to revel at the foot, as it were, of the shrine of Wisdom, for the space of three whole years, without receiving either chastisement or rebuke. But, behold the difference ! The moment a representation of the British flag appears, though painted on a bit of paper only, and intended merely to produce a little sport, you cast off your lethargic forbearance. Your patriotism, that patriotism, which slept like a dormouse, while the French flag was not only hanging up in the Coffee-room, but was borne about your streets to elections and town meetings ; that drowsy patriotism, which seemed scarcely to perceive a banner of two yards square, though it brushed its very nose, became all alive, took fire in a moment, upon sight of a British flag in miniature.

You do, indeed, now talk about the “ *meannefs* “ *of putting up a French flag* ;” but when do you find courage to do this ? At the moment the people around you are got tired and ashamed of their bauble. Far were you from calling it a *meannefs*, and so far from it, that your voice was one of the most sonorous in the ridiculous and disgraceful hue and cry raised against those who pulled it down, in the month of May, 1795.—On that occasion you very patriotically observed, that “ *it was hoped* that the “ flags of the sister Republics would have *remained*

“ *undisturbed* by the *enemies of our peace* ;” and then, on you go to express your abhorrence of the conduct of the sacrilegious wretches whose impious hands had removed them. And recollect, that you took special care not to utter a syllable against the savages, who attempted to murder a British officer, to avenge “ the *mighty wrong*.” To intrude your precepts, therefore, at this time ; to strut and hector over the poor fallen *Tricolor*, and to call on your readers to “ unite under their *own flag*, and *learn to be a nation*,” entitles you to but very little praise. Your advice comes too late. The patient was in a state of convalescence, before you ventured to prescribe ; French privateers, jails, whips, and irons, had effectually removed the malady of the public, while you stood fumbling its pulse. Had the same stupid admiration of the French, that prevailed, and that you participated in, for several years ; had this admiration and its concomitant partiality still existed, you would never have dared (with all your *heroism*) to call the hoisting of their flag “ a low pitiful business :” you would prudently have left that to a writer of less caution and more sincerity, reserving to yourself the agreeable task of endeavouring to disfigure his motives and blast his fame.

And was it then such a heinous offence to quote a writer of your stamp “ with disapprobation,” or apply to him the charge of *vulgar prejudice* ? It would be curious to hear on what it is that you grounded your right of exemption from all censure and criticism. Besides, to say that a man has adopted a *vulgar prejudice*, is calculated to give offence to no one but an illiterate booby, who does not know the meaning of the words, or a captious, inflated, self-sufficient pedant. Yet it is this phrase, and this alone, that has provoked you to seek retaliation, and retaliation too of the most base and malicious species.—“ *We contest*,” say you (after declaring

declaring that *I am unable to cope with you*), “ we
 “ contest Peter’s principles. It was strongly sus-
 “ pected, *many months ago*, that his principles are
 “ not very friendly to the independence of America,
 “ and still less so to the form of our government.”

The grammatical inaccuracy of this last sentence, though fallen from the pen of a *language-maker*, it would be foreign to my purpose to remark on: it is the slander it conveys that it is my duty to expose. “ *It was strongly suspected.*” This is the true gossiping, calumniating style. All verbal assassins speak in the *passive voice*, that what they cannot prove they may at last throw on public report. If you had said, “ *I suspected many months ago*,” though it would have led to a detection, you would have acted more like a man; and this might have been expected too, in a volunteer of your “ determined
 “ zeal and firmness.”

However, as you are very fond of the pompous plural number and passive voice, perhaps it is but fair to suppose that you mean to intimate, that *you* suspected my principles *many months ago*; and if this was really the case, pray how came you to recommend my pamphlets to the perusal of your readers, as the best antidote to the anarchical principles of the enemies of the government? *How many months ago* was it that your penetration made the grand discovery? When I proposed publishing a paper, which was no more than about *six weeks* anterior to the date of your Address, you told the public in an exulting manner, that I should “ prove
 “ a terrible scourge to the patriots,” meaning Bache, Greenleaf, and all the antifederal crew. *Six weeks*, Squire Webster, is not *many months*. If you really suspected my enmity to the government, and to the independence of America, you were a very great hypocrite, if not something of a traitor, to applaud my undertaking; and if, on the other hand, you

had no such suspicion, and have now feigned it merely for the purpose of revenging what your haughtiness has construed into an affront, I leave the public to determine what name you are worthy of.

But you do not stop at suspicions. You seem to have foreseen that your readers would require something more than mere surmise, and you were determined to furnish it. When a man has once got into mischief, he does not stick at trifles.—“ This suspicion,” say you, “ has been greatly increased by the manner in which Peter’s Gazette has been conducted.” Now, who, upon reading this, would not imagine, that my Gazette had discovered a departure from the principles which I had before professed; a spirit hostile to the government of this country, or at least unfriendly to it? Who would imagine that you, or any other man who wishes to preserve the least pretensions to candour, would have ventured to accuse another of enmity to the government upon a foundation slihter than this? You can produce no such thing. After having turned and rummaged my poor Gazette over and over again, pried into every paragraph, and weighed each single expression, all you can collect to “ *increase*” your suspicion, is, my “ retailing abuse against *La Fayette*,” and my publishing whole columns, “ filled with apologies for the old government of France!” as if the sentiments of a man respecting *La Fayette* and the French monarchy, formed a criterion whereby to estimate his attachment to the constitution and independence of the United States! Futile indeed must be the charge, that has no other support than such roundabout kind of evidence as this.

I certainly might pass over with silent contempt, what, if strictly true, goes not an inch towards justifying your malignant insinuation; but, as you have been mean enough to take shelter under the popular,

lar, the “*vulgar prejudice*,” that prevails in favour of La Fayette and against monarchical governments, I shall take one step out of my way, in order to convince the public, that I never shall decline a combat with Noah Webster, though backed with the misplaced partiality of millions.

What you are pleased to term “retailing abuse against La Fayette,” and, in another place, “*vili-
fying* the defenders of American independence;” all this put together, is, the publishing of a speech of Mr. Burke, on the motion brought forward in the British Parliament, for the purpose of prevailing on the King to intercede for La Fayette’s release. This speech was published in my Gazette of the 7th March; and, so far from its being an abusive, vilifying harangue, though it is one of those pieces of oratory that will for ages be an ornament to the proceedings of the British Commons, it is not more remarkable for its eloquence than for its *truth*.

You, indeed, tell us, that La Fayette’s being “*in fault, is doubtful or not admitted* :”—and in this short sentence you have given a more complete specimen of the *equivoque*, than is to be found in Boileau’s famous poem on the subject. In the first place, we know not whether you express the opinion of others, or your own: next, if you are understood as expressing your own opinion, you declare the question doubtful, you do not admit the fault, and yet you do not venture to declare your friend innocent: lastly, should some warm partisan, whether Royalist or Republican, call you to account for hesitating on the subject, still you have a shift left; for you do not say, or even hint, whether it be La Fayette’s crimes against the King, or those against the Assembly, that you doubt of.—It was in the wars, I presume, that you learnt this precaution, of always securing a safe retreat.

To one who so carefully disguises his sentiments,
it

it is next to impossible to make a satisfactory reply : however, supposing you to doubt of La Fayette's fault with respect to his sovereign, I would ask you, where you have lived for these ten years last past ? To hear you start *doubts* on this subject, one would imagine you had dwelt in a dormitory or a hermitage ; that you had been absorbed in heavenly meditation ; that your vessel (as the Puritans call it) had been a reservoir of godliness, in place of being what, alas ! it is, a mere channel for news.

To enter into a minute examination of La Fayette's conduct, during his short-lived career in the French revolution, would be giving an importance to his character which it does not deserve. It is true that he always was an underworker, like many others ; and therefore is not to be reckoned among the miscreant Mirabeaus, Condorcets, &c. whose puppet he was ; but he nevertheless comes in for a considerable share of that censure which is due to a combination of ambitious men, determined to build their own fame and greatness on the ruins of a mighty empire, without remorse for the miseries it must produce. One fact, when the merits of La Fayette are to be tried, ought never to be forgotten ; it was his revolutionary brain that conceived the French *Rights of Man*, of which no more may be said than that they are the very texts from which Tom Paine has ever since been preaching the duty of *holy insurrection*.

I would willingly believe that gratitude for the services which La Fayette rendered America, has now called forth your compassion for his sufferings, and your resentment against my paper, or rather against me. I would willingly trace your asperity back to this amiable source ; but your past conduct tells me that I should attempt it in vain. How came you to be grateful to La Fayette *alone* ? Has no other friend to the American revolution lain on the damp floor of a dungeon ? Never did you (with shame be it spoken,

spoken, Webster), never did you utter a word of compassion for the unfortunate, friendless Louis XVI. when this same La Fayette was leading him in triumph from prison to prison. Never did you talk of cruel treatment, when the Queen of France was dragged in slow procession to Paris, while the myrmidons of this same La Fayette carried the ghastly heads of her murdered guards before her. No; you rejoiced at all this; and yet, I believe, no one will have the impudence to pretend, that La Fayette's services to this country were a millionth part so great as those of poor Louis and his consort. Nay, you saw the head of this fallen prince roll from the scaffold; you saw his family cut off, one by one; you saw his innocent child lingering in a dungeon, robbed of sleep, terrified four times an hour with orders to prepare for death, and at last you saw his bloated and livid corpse stretched in a dung-cart.—On all this you looked with a philosophic eye. Not a tear escaped you; not a groan, not a sigh was heard from the tender-hearted *Minerva*, who now tells us that "*La Fayette's sufferings call for the sympathy of all mankind.*"

No, Sir; nor did you ever feel any thing worthy the name of compassion for La Fayette himself, or you would have expressed your abhorrence of the cruel and savage measures adopted against him and his family by the pretended republicans of France. That was the time for your gratitude and friendship to have shown itself. You, who "once voluntarily bore arms to defend independence, and who now with determined zeal and firmness openly declares war against the man who *dares* vilify the defenders of it," among whom you count La Fayette; you, Sir, should have stood forth against the then popular Convention, who had fixed a price on the head of your friend; who had by law authorized the citizens to shoot him, or knock his brains out,
like

like a dog; nay, had imposed it on them as a duty. Then was the time for the *blue-eyed maid* to grasp her javelin, and shelter the injured hero beneath her ample shield. As she neglected to do this, as she shrunk from the encounter with popular fury, as she tamely yielded to the *vulgar prejudice* that then prevailed in favour of every act of the mock legislators of France, however cruel and infamous, she will now receive but little applause from men of sense, for her censure of the Emperor of Germany, whose title alone, she well knows, will, with the gross of *her readers*, be a sufficient apology for any departure from decency and truth.

No, Sir; it is too clear that a desire to ingratiate yourself with the deceived part of the public, together with that of injuring me, led you to bring forward the stalking-horse La Fayette, and not any friendship, gratitude, or compassion, that you entertained for him. This your manner of proceeding incontestably proves. First, you pretend to suspect my enmity to the independence of America; then you artfully produce my publication of Mr. Burke's censure of La Fayette, as a proof of that enmity, leaving your readers to draw the natural conclusion, that I had "*retailed abuse*" against him merely *for his having fought in the cause of independence*.—Never did envy and revenge suggest a baser insinuation, or one, the falsehood of which it was more easy to detect.

If I bear malice against La Fayette, if I have published a censure on him, if I have "*retailed abuse* against him," as you are pleased to call it, on account of his having served here during the revolutionary war; pray does it not follow that I must bear the same malice, and feel the same inclination to censure every one who aided the cause of independence? If such be the motive from which I act, I certainly could look round among those who did
more

more injury to the cause of Great Britain in one day, nay, in one minute, than La Fayette did during the war, or could have done in his whole lifetime. I call on you then, to say whether I have ever, directly or indirectly, discovered an inclination to defame any man, merely because he was instrumental in establishing the independence of this country. Have I ever attempted to asperse, have I ever hinted any thing to the dishonour of Mr. Jay, Mr. Adams, or General Washington? These gentlemen, the most eminent actors on the great drama of the revolution, have all been attacked, slandered, and abused, by those who are among the eulogists of La Fayette; and I leave the public to determine who has shown the most diligence, zeal, and courage in defence of their characters, *Peter Porcupine* or *Noah Webster*.

In pursuance of the same view it was that you chose to comment on my having published "an apology for the old government of France," which you assert to be "as corrupt a system of *despotism* as Europe ever witnessed."

To call the old government of France, which all the civilians have reckoned among the *limited monarchies*; to call this government a *despotism*, argues a mind strongly tinged with the principles of liberty and equality; but to say that it was as corrupt a system of despotism as *Europe ever saw*, puts you upon a level with the slanderous haranguers of the suburbs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau. He that can call the monarchical government of France the worst of despotisms, would make little scruple to imitate the venerable Père Du Chêne, in branding St. Louis, Henry IV. and Louis XVI. with the name of tyrants.

You do, however, allow that there is one species of government still worse than that of the French monarchy; and here your consistency is well worth attention. First, the old government is *as bad a one as Europe*

Europe ever saw ; then the Jacobin government is *worse*. This is not amiss ; but you do not let us off so. After having thus acknowledged that the Jacobin government is *worse* than *the worst*, you have the conscience to quarrel with me, to wage eternal war with me, for censuring one of the principal founders of this very Jacobin government ! You had forgot, or you never knew, the history of the first years of the French revolution. You contemplate your friend in the dungeon of Olmutz only ; you do not look back, and behold him in the tribune of the Jacobin club at Paris. La Fayette was one of the very first that took the name of Jacobin : he was a founder of the sect, and continued to be a member of it till July, 1792. Even then he did not *withdraw* himself, but was *expelled*.

“ The old government,” say you, “ was not so bad as the Jacobin government, it is true ; but there is a government different from both, which La Fayette *fought*, and which the people of this country will rejoice to see introduced ; that is, a *free government*.”—Now, Sir ; what do you mean by a government that La Fayette *fought* ? To hear you, one would imagine, that he had been foiled in some precious project for the good of his country ; that his councils had been rejected, and himself persecuted on account of his probity and wisdom ; whereas the very reverse of all this was the case. His projects succeeded to the utmost of his wishes. The famous *rights of man*, of which he was the proposer, became a fundamental law, was sanctioned and sworn to by the whole nation. The constitution, grounded on those rights, he saw completed, and he retired from the legislative scene well pleased with the work. In short, the government he *fought he obtained*, and a most stupid, base, and cruel government it was ; a government that acknowledged the horrid act of insurrection to be a sacred duty, and that, in its practice,

tice, made a beginning in that career of sacrilege, plunder, and assassination, which has been so unremittingly pursued by succeeding and more successful usurpers. And this is what you call a *free government*—one that the people of America will be glad to see established in France! If the people of America are silly or wicked enough to entertain any such wish, I sincerely hope it may not be accomplished. The government they have now in France, is certainly a most abominable despotism, but it is not so destructive either in principle or practice, as that which La Fayette *sought* and assisted to form.

What involves you in these inconsistencies and contradictions is evident enough: you were a long time a very great admirer of the French revolution. I will not say that I could make *you* blush, but I am certain I could make your friends blush, by a quotation from your paper in *approbation* of Tom Paine's *Rights of Man*, the manual of Jacobinism. Exactly how far you went hand in hand with the revolutionists, I know not; nor do I believe that you yourself know. You are in the predicament of a great many others, who, when they are asked what they approved and what they did not approve, answer, that they went *as far as La Fayette*, but *no farther*, and God knows that was far enough.

You, and all those who thus pinned their political faith on the sleeve of this unfledged statesman, would still have been revolutionists in the fullest sense of the term, had not the usurpers been preparing to extend their fraternal grasp to this government and country. Till then you carefully avoided saying a word against them: all their most atrocious deeds were smoothed over; their plundering decrees, their invitations to rebellion, were all right, till they cast their looks this way—then your eyes were opened at once: like Bailly and La Fayette,
you

you adored the holy right of insurrection, till it began to operate against yourselves.

From this digression, which your straggling from your subject invited, I return to examine more closely the accusation of having published "an apology for the old government of France." This apology is contained in certain extracts from Gifford's Answer to Lord Lauderdale's Letters to the Peers of Scotland. The writer observes with great justness, that "*one of the most successful modes of exciting sentiments favourable to the French revolution has been the imputation of every vice creative of disgust to the old government of France.*" He then notices the scandalous neglect of candour and truth, that has been displayed in the performance of this task, the unfair mode of arguing that has been adopted, and the exaggeration and calumny that has imposed on the uninformed. The object of all this, he observes, has been not only to justify the revolutionists in destroying the monarchy, but to inculcate a belief that the people, notwithstanding their present misery, are still gainers by the despotism that has been raised on its ruins.

To expose the fallacy of this reasoning, to rectify the misconceptions of the weak, and to detect the misrepresentations of the wicked, Mr. Gifford enters into a candid examination of the subject, during which he proves, and that most satisfactorily, that the acts of oppression imputed to the French old government, were generally, not to say always, exaggerated; that in many instances the charges were totally unfounded, and even ridiculous; that, in short, to the happiness of France, no revolution was necessary; and, of course, that this dreadful scourge is to be ascribed to the ambition and treachery of the usurping legislators.

With respect to the extracts, in themselves considered,

dered, the facts they contain are of indisputable authenticity; as to the style, it is as far above the criticism of Noah Webster, as it is beyond his imitation; and I defy you to cull out a single sentiment, from beginning to end, which, by the most violent contortion, can be called hostile to true liberty. The elegant and convincing writer is an *Englishman*, and consequently knows how to estimate the blessings of freedom full as well, if not better than you. He is a *scholar*, and, which is more to the present point, the author of a History of France, which has received the applause of the whole literary world, and which is the fruit of a long and painful research during many years of residence in that country: of course his knowledge (particularly of whatever relates to the monarchy of France) is not to be sunk to a competition with that of a man, the greatest extent of whose travels has been from Connecticut to New-York, and the utmost exertion of whose talents is to be sought for in the compilation of a school-book. Lastly, the author of the "Apology for the old Government of France" is a *gentleman*, whose sole object in writing must be the attainment of honest fame; and who is not therefore, like a diurnal retailer of *wisdom* and news, obliged to vary his politics to the more than female caprice of the multitude.

But, to do you justice, I really believe you possess too much good sense not to be, in the present instance, charmed with what you pretend to disapprove of. Whether you will be pleased to hear your judgment thus complimented at the expense of your sincerity, I neither know nor care; but it certainly was me, and not the extracts in my paper, that you were angry with, and that it was your object to decry. You wished to propagate a belief that I was an enemy to the independence of America, and also to the form of the federal government. The former

charge, which has already been refuted, was to be looked upon as proved by my publishing Mr. Burke's censure on La Fayette ; and the latter by my publishing, from Gifford, an Apology for the old Government of France.

The same shameful abandonment of candour, the same jesuitical spirit of perversion, that you discover in your comments on what respects La Fayette, is still more apparent in what you say of the apology. —You tell your readers that you suspect my enmity to the *form of government* under which we live ; and add, that this suspicion is increased by my publishing an *Apology for the old Government of France*. Here you stop without saying that my intention is to introduce the latter form of government here : however, lest you should be misunderstood, of which you seem to have been much afraid, you afterwards revive the subject, and, addressing yourself to me, very gravely and very maliciously observe, that my “ *popularity* is not to be maintained by *recommending* “ the old government of France ; ” thereby intimating that I had actually proposed the old government of France, which you call the worst of despotisms, as a substitute for the federal government of the United States ! What a wretched attempt at imposition ! This may well be termed, in your own flag language, “ *a low pitiful business*. ” —You best know what stock of stupidity the readers of the Minerva are blessed with ; but this I am certain of, that the clumsiest and most impudent vagabond juggler never ventured to play off so barefaced a deception to the gaping clowns at a country fair. —And were you, could you be, so completely infatuated as to hope that any man in his senses, any thing in human shape, would become the dupe of your spiteful insinuation ? The thing is beyond the compass of belief : to attempt to disprove it would be useless : to give
 2 it

it a formal denial, or even to call it a lie, would be doing it too much honour.

After having shown the absurdity, the malice of your pretended suspicions with respect to my political principles, you will permit me to ask you once more, why those suspicions were never awakened till lately?—Many of the men who fought for American independence have been treated, in my writings, with much less mercy than Mr. Burke's speech treats La Fayette. Nay, I have never spared La Fayette himself, when I have had occasion to speak of him (and that has been very often), either individually, or as a member of the constitution-making Assembly. And, as to the old government of France, I have often passed higher commendations on it than Mr. Gifford does in the extracts you complain of. To be sure, I never *recommended* it to the people of America, as you fillily insinuate I have done in publishing those extracts; but I have ventured "to predict, that, sooner or later, the French " will return to that form of government under " which they were happy, and under which alone " they can ever be so again;" and this I did in my *Life and Adventures*.—How came these things to escape your awful censure so long? How came you never before to think it your duty to represent them as an indication of my enmity to the government and independence of your country? You let me go on uninterrupted, pamphlet after pamphlet, for three whole years; yea, and even applauded my efforts all the time; and now, at last, you find me to be a dangerous fellow, and burst out upon me all at once, like thunder from a summer cloud.

In vain would you make me believe that any real suspicion, that any apprehension of my insincerity, has caused this change in your conduct towards me. It is possible, indeed, and barely possible, that your vanity has been unable to support the charge of

vulgar prejudice, and has stimulated you to this unmanly mode of revenge. But, are you sure, Webster, that *envy*, cursed *envy*, has had nothing to do in the "*low pitiful business*?" Are you sure that the hundred and fifty of *Porcupine's Gazettes*, daily sent to your city, together with those which may probably have supplanted yours round your neighbourhood, through New-England, and the Jerseys; consult your heart, and tell me if you are sure that it is not the spread of these innocent papers, and not any thing which they contain, that has roused your lethargic patriotism.

It is ever painful to be obliged to think ill, and much more so to speak ill, of those that we have been accustomed to esteem, and I should hardly bring myself to impute your enmity to so dishonourable a cause, were I not well assured that the imputation is just.

Unfortunately for your reputation, it so happens, that you possess a more satisfactory proof of my attachment to the government, than perhaps any other man in the country does. The letter which I wrote you when I requested you to publish the proposals for my Gazette (a letter written in the fullest confidence), must have convinced any man, of a mind not endued with the quality of turning its nutriment to poison, that the American government had not a more sincere, more zealous, or more devoted friend than I. This letter, whatever reluctance I might on any other occasion feel, to suffer its appearance in print, I now call on you to publish in your paper; and, if you have one single grain of candour or justice left, you will not hesitate to comply with my request.

Here I should close; but there are two or three passages more in your Address, which so strongly invite attention, that your vanity might, perhaps, take the alarm again were they to pass totally unnoticed;

noticed ; and after having tasted so severely of the effects of your wrath, it is not to be wondered at if I feel no inclination to brave it a second time.

You are so good as to inform me, “ that you
“ once *voluntarily* bore arms to defend independ-
“ ence : that in pursuance of the *same* principles
“ you first proposed publicly the plan of a National
“ Constitution ; that, persevering in the same prin-
“ ciples, you assailed the monster *faction*, the mo-
“ ment it appeared in the insidious form of popular
“ clubs ; and that, from that moment to this present
“ writing, you have never ceased to expose the ar-
“ tifices of the French agents to lay this country
“ at the feet of France.”

How all this got into a letter written about an English flag I cannot for my soul conceive. However, it is *news*, and as such I am, in common with the rest of the trade, obliged to you for it.

I have read the history of the American war over and over again, but I do not recollect ever having seen the name of *Noah Webster* in it. That you were not very famous is therefore certain, and it is more than probable that you were looked upon as mere food for powder, a situation that, whatever might be the cause you were made use of in, is nothing at all to boast of.

Your being the “ *first* who publicly proposed a
“ National Constitution,” is a curious anecdote enough ; and I cannot say but I am glad it is come to light, as it will tend to quash, or at least to moderate, the exorbitant pretensions of that unconscionable dog Tom Paine, who puts in an absolute claim to the whole credit of the invention. Tom does, indeed, confess, that he was anticipated by one writer on the subject, who insisted, that *thirteen slaves without a hoop would never make a barrel* ; and if you can make it out, as I have not the least doubt you can, that you were the real legitimate

author of this shrewd and learned observation, Tom must give way to you, or, at least, you must be permitted to come in with him for a share of the honour.

Thus, you see, I do not dispute your pretensions to military or constitution-making fame : but as to your boldness in assailing “ the monster FACTION ; ” as to your “ perseverance and success in exposing “ the artifices of the French ; ” these I do dispute, and not only dispute, but positively deny. You have, indeed, as far as you have found it prudent to go, *latterly* espoused the cause of order, and consequently that of the government ; but, to do this with effect, you should have begun long enough before you did, and should have assumed a tone that never has been heard from the *Minerva*. At first you were a warm partisan of insurrection ; you were among the abusers, the calumniators of Burke, and the eulogists of Paine. At this epocha you were bold, because you acted with the crowd. When Genet’s insolence awakened the suspicions of the people here, then you began to veer, to shuffle, and to trim ; and from that time to the present moment, you have been playing that double-handed game, which, however profitable you may contrive to make it, entitles you to the character of a Vicar of Bray. If my worthy patron, Bradford, is to be believed, your old friend and *partner in the language trade*, Doctor Franklin, was six weeks in Congress before any one could divine whether he was a Whig or Tory ; and I have frequently been at a loss to guess, such a compound is your politics, whether I ought to class you among the Federalists or Democrats. If these words have any meaning, as applied to you, you are a Democrat in principle, and a Federalist for convenience.

Not content with a malignant misrepresentation of my motives, and the meaning of my words, you
must

must insult me with your *advice*. You tell me, that I do not proceed in the right way to preserve my *popularity*, and caution me against publishing what is “*disrespectful to the opinions of Americans* ;” and thus you discover a servility of mind that would be disgraceful even in a mendicant. When you form a judgment of me, Master Webster, and of what is likely to produce a change in my conduct, be so good as not to consult your own heart, for it will assuredly deceive you. *Popularity* may be your God, as indeed it evidently is ; so is it not mine. Small is the sacrifice that I would make at its shrine. A volume of the best of praise is not, with me, worth its weight in bread and cheese : and as to the stupid plaudits of a partial and prejudiced throng, I should think that they covered me with infamy instead of honour.

According to your notions of the liberty of the press, a man must not publish a word against La Fayette, though it be extracted from some other writer ; because, forsooth, “ it is extremely *disrespectful* to the opinions of Americans !” In other words, nothing must appear in a newspaper that does not perfectly chime in with the prevalent prejudice, however preposterous that prejudice may be, or however dangerous its tendency ; and thus the press, in place of a censor, is to be a parasite to the public ; instead of being a terror to evil-doers, it is to be the pander of folly and of vice.

That this has, for a long time, been the character of the American press, as far as relates to newspapers, is but too true. Every one seems to have been upon the watch to find out the humour of the public, and to accommodate his sentiments, and even his news, accordingly : hence it is that we have seen hundreds of eulogiums upon Robespierre and Marat, and have been seriously told that the French gained a victory over Lord Howe on the 1st of June, 1794. The

motto of our *Philadelphia Gazette*, “ *the Public Will our Guide*,” would suit the whole of you, with a very few exceptions. The people are not told what is their interest, but what it is their wish, or rather the wish of the multitude, to hear. If any one dares to speak what he thinks, to publish what he conceives to be useful, if it happens to be contrary to the *vulgar prejudice*, he is told that he is *disrespectful* to the opinions of Americans.

According to the cant of the day, the people of a state not governed by a monarch, is called the *Sovereign*. For my part, I never hear talk of a *sovereign people*, of a society, every individual of which is liable to the grasp of a catchpole; I never do or can hear talk of such a *Sovereign* without laughing: But, as such *you* look upon the people: well then, to have an idea of your own fervility, tell me what you would say of a news-printer in England, who should censure another for publishing sentiments extremely *disrespectful* to the *opinions of the King*? Would you not call him a slave, a poor rampant spaniel-like sycophant? And where is the difference, I would be glad to know, between crawling to a sovereign with one head, and a sovereign with many?—No, Webster, your insinuations that I treat the people of America, or rather their *opinions*, with *disrespect*, will never deter me from following the bent of my own inclination. In my publications I hope I shall always be guided by truth: how few I may please, or how many I may displease, is to me a matter of very little moment. I entertain, I trust, a due respect for the real people of this country, and a grateful sense of the liberal encouragement I have received from them; but neither this respect nor this gratitude will ever lead me so far as to flatter what I look upon as a foible or a prejudice. I have no pretensions to *patriotism*; and as to *disinterestedness*, it is nonsense to talk of it; but though gain be one principal

principal object of my labours, I scorn to pursue it by the base means of trimming and truckling. No, Webster, the public will is not my guide; when my readers become so unreasonable as to require a suppression of every sentiment that does not accord with their own, I will quit the trade of a newsmonger, hire a garret, write Carmagnole ballads for the diversion of the sovereign people, and elegies on the departed liberty of the press.

You conclude by declaring your resolution to annoy me "by all those decent and legal means that distinguish the *gentleman* and the *citizen*." This I highly approve of, and on my part I solemnly promise to oppose your annoyance by all those decent and legal means that distinguish the Porcupine; that is, by pricking you every where, and in every way that I can come at you. After this candid declaration, you will undoubtedly look upon me as

Your most humble
and obedient Servant,
P. P.

MONDAY, 27th MARCH.

Statement of the Distribution of the British Naval Force, to 3rd December, 1797, exclusive of the hired armed Vessels, which are chiefly employed in protecting the coasting Trade of Great Britain.

	Line	50's	Fri.	Sps.	Tot.
In port and fitting -	33	4	40	86	163
Guard-ships, hospital-ships, and prison-ships at the several ports -	13	1	3	0	17
In the English and Irish channels -	23	3	32	34	92
In the Downs and North seas -	9	1	11	14	35
Carried forward	78	9	86	134	207
				Brought	

	Line	50's	Fri.	Sps.	Tot.
Brought forward	78	9	86	134	207
At the West India islands					
and on the passage -	15	2	29	20	66
At Jamaica - -	3	1	4	5	13
In America and at New-					
foundland - -	1	1	9	5	16
East Indies and on the					
passage - - -	8	4	17	8	37
Coast of Africa - -	0	0	1	1	2
Gibraltar and Mediterra-					
nean - - -	19	1	34	11	65
<hr/>					
Total in commission	124	18	180	184	506
Receiving ships - -	9	1	4	0	14
Serviceable and repairing					
for service - -	6	0	3	1	10
In ordinary - -	11	4	23	56	94
Building - - -	22	3	9	0	30
<hr/>					
Total	172	26	219	241	658

State of the Ordinary at each Port.

Portsmouth	-	-	14	2	13	21	50
Plymouth	-	-	9	1	7	9	26
Chatham	-	-	6	2	2	1	11
Sheerness	-	-	0	0	4	6	10
River	-	-	0	0	4	17	21
<hr/>							
Total	29	5	30	54	118		

Look at this and weep, Sans-culottes ! Here is thunder enough to send you all to the shades, in the course of this very war.—Let Mr. Bache now stand forth with his French navy, and dare us to a comparison, as he did in 1793.

Wilcocks's Contrast between the Conduct of the American Government and that of France.—"At the commencement

mencement of the French revolution, and uniformly from thence to almost the present period, the people of America, however distinguished by party, exulted at the prospect of the emancipation of millions of men from the galling yoke of slavery, and manifesting by civic feasts, the ringing of bells, and the found of cannon—their rapturous joy at the victories of the new republicans over the vast combination of their enemies.

“ When Citizen Genet arrived at Charleston, several hundred miles from the seat of government, and excited and commissioned our citizens to war against nations with whom we were in a state of peace, and for which the Governor of South Carolina was bound in duty by all the laws of nations and common sense to hang him, without the forms of trial, at the most convenient tree; he was nevertheless treated with unbounded hospitality and friendship.

“ After having acted thus, and, in all his tour from Charleston to Philadelphia, having excited a spirit of hostility and folly in our citizens—after having by such conduct insulted and degraded the dignity of our Chief Magistrate, our government, and all the people—he was received at head-quarters with a fraternal squeeze, and affiliated with all his treason into the very bosom of the great and too good Washington. Whereas, had the justifiable resentment of the people been exercised, he would have been suspended at a lamp-post, or immediately have been transported to his native land.

“ When the same minister afterwards in various ways abused our government, and endeavoured by many means to excite a spirit of jealousy or insurrection in the people against their own legitimate rulers, instead of being torn to pieces by the populace, which he justly merited, or being sent home by the President, or even suspended, he was allowed
the

the plenary exercise of his diplomatic functions, until recalled by his masters; receiving no chastisement but such as fell from the pens of a few independent and honest Americans.

“When Mr. Fauchet was fanning the fire of civil war and rebellion in conjunction with a set of villains, whom some have the folly and wickedness to class among the patriots of America, he was courted as the virtuous representative of the immaculate Republic.

“When Mr. Adet, the present suspended minister, was employing his agents to persuade the people of the western country to separate themselves from their brethren of the United States, and form an unnatural and treasonous coalition with Frenchmen, he also lived unsuspected among us as one of our brethren. And although he betrayed his cloven foot by another insidious attempt to set up the people against their government, he is suffered to live in quiet amongst us, and retire with whole bones to the land of violence and intrigue.

“Whilst the British were plundering us, and the French were swindling us, our President granted the latter more than they could expect by treaty. And like *more than honest* men, whilst our good allies were thus cheating us, we paid them a million of dollars before they became due.

“The French wanted us to engage in their war—we courted peace—for this at one time they flattered us, and at another time bullied us. And finally, because we made peace with England, and they have got all the money we owed them, and at least forty millions besides, by plundering, they have boldly now thrown away the mask of treachery and deceit, and have commenced with a high hand the most unprovoked and cruel hostilities against our property, and the lives and liberties of our brave defenceless seamen.

“For all these insults and immense losses, our government

vernment has been as harmless as lambs—nay, more harmless still, for they have not only prostrated themselves to be bit and torn to pieces by these dogs, but have scarcely uttered a murmur or a groan. “Humiliating, soul-sinking reflection! I would forget that I am an American; I am ashamed of the character; it once was honourable.

“Roused, however, at last by the deadly shafts directed at our vitals, our government was induced to send the olive-branch by a messenger of peace, barely to ask for justice, and require only a discussion of grievances. The proud and indignant five-headed monster, the Directory, more unjust and insolent than Nero, or the tyrant of Syracuse, treat the representative of the *only freemen on earth*, with contempt and ignominy; afraid to hear the truth, and too villanous to do justice, they not only refuse to recognize Mr. Pinckney, as ambassador, but will not even receive from him a line; they subject him to insult and imprisonment from the ruffians of police; they put his life in jeopardy. Whilst they are robbing us on the high seas, they refuse to hear even our complaints; they reject the ambassador of peace with the most insolent contempt, contrary to all usage of civilized nations, their own practice at this very moment with an open enemy, and every principle of common sense, justice, and necessity. Yet these are our magnanimous, dear friends and allies! ‘Such then is the contrast between Americans and Frenchmen!’

“That they may be defeated in Italy, and upon the Upper Rhine, and upon the Lower Rhine, and all the world over, until they are duly chastised for their infamous abuse of the *honest republicans* of America and Europe—for their unheard-of crimes and murders, and for their departure from the avowed principles they set out upon, is the fervent hope of

W. WILCOCKS.”

Porcupine's

Porcupine's Remarks on Wilcocks's Contrast.—Sir, your *Contrast* is certainly a striking one, and a number of shameful facts it will undoubtedly bring to the memory of your countrymen. But, Sir, it contains a contradiction or two, which, from your warmth in the cause of republicanism, you seem to have overlooked, and on which, as I am not quite so warm, I shall make a few remarks.

You say, and with great truth, 1. That the people of America, of all parties, have decidedly and uniformly espoused the cause of France, and have *manifested their joy at her victories over her enemies*, by every possible mode of expressing joy. 2. You as justly observe, that Genet commissioned your citizens to *make war upon the enemies of France* (though neutrals to you); that he did this unchecked by the Governor of South Carolina; and that, after this his conduct was known, he was received at the seat of the general government with a fraternal squeeze, and affiliated, with all his treasons, into the very bosom of the *great and too good* Washington. 3. You say that at the very time when the French were swindling this country, *the President granted them more than they could expect by treaty*. And, 4. You tell us, that *the federal government paid them a million of dollars before they became due*.

Now, Sir, whether all the treasons of Genet were absolutely affiliated (by which I presume you mean *infused*) into the very bosom of General Washington, and whether such affiliation, or infusion, proves the General to be a *great and too good* a man, is not for me to determine: neither shall I inquire why you did not cite many other instances of impolitic and unjust partiality towards France; but, Sir, you will give me leave to assure you, that, whether you know it or not, you have brought forward four distinct acts, each of which was a *breach of strict neutrality*, and consequently either of which would have warranted

warranted a declaration of war against America, on the part of Great Britain. There is, then, a manifest *contradiction* in your first making this acknowledgment, and then stigmatizing the *seizure* of your vessels by the British, by the word "*plundering*;" that seizure being no more than a *measure of precaution*, which the conduct of America imposed on them.

The other contradiction that I have alluded to, shall not detain us long.—After having described the *humiliation* of America with an energy and precision peculiar to your pen; after having declared, that the people and government have gone all lengths, lawful and unlawful, to flatter and to keep well with the despots of Paris; after having asserted that your government *prostrated* themselves to be bit and torn to pieces by these dogs, without uttering scarcely a murmur or a groan; after having, in short, described your countrymen as the most degraded and abject wretches, you are so unreasonable as to complain, that their envoy has been received with contempt and ignominy, and you are so *contradictory* as to call this envoy, "the representative of the ONLY FREEMEN ON EARTH!"

I shall not detain you to hear me remark on the *insolence* of this assertion, as applied to the other nations of the earth; nor shall I mortify you by laughing at the *freemen*, who have "*prostrated themselves to be bit and torn to pieces, without a murmur or a groan*;" but shall take my leave of you with observing, that as you seem to wish to see the French chastised for their abuse of "*honest republicans*" only, you will not think it unnatural if there should be others, who wish them chastised for quite another reason.

TUESDAY, 28th MARCH.

Impartial Newspapers.—These are a species of publications that few people are silly enough to be taken in by ; yet it does sometimes happen, that by professing impartiality, and observing it for a short space of time, the conductor, or conductors, make shift to catch the straggling gulls. Bradford's paper, or rather the association paper printed at Bradford's, set out with such a silver tongue, and so meek and so placid a mien, that you would have sworn the conductors were Quakers ; not fighting, swearing, drinking, buckish, rakish Quakers, such as we sometimes see in this enlightened age, but Quakers of the good old stamp, destitute of every ornament but that of virtue. In this guise, or rather disguise, it was that the Merchant's Advertiser made its appearance. It was to be perfectly impartial, to steer clear of the virulence of party, and, indeed, it was to avoid all political discussion of whatever nature. No lies, I'll warrant you, were to come out of its pious mouth ; no, nor any exhortations to domestic insurrection, by applauding the conduct of the insurgents and traitors of Great Britain and Ireland, and by singing forth the praises of the usurpers of France. "Is it possible (exclaimed the public, when the first paper appeared), is it possible that any thing good can come out of Nazareth ? Can thistles bear roses, or can honey drop from the poisonous upas ?" Had I been called upon to answer these questions, I should certainly have done it in the negative ; I was fully persuaded that it was to be, in every sense of the term, a French paper, and such it has this day proved itself. The divan of Turkey, it tells us, is in strict friendship with the divan of France ; the Austrians are obliged to retire from the Rhine ; Mantua must surrender soon, very soon now ; the Kings of Sardinia

Sardinia and Prussia are going to join the sans-culottes; the English have not yet got safe possession of the Cape of Good Hope; their affairs in the East Indies are in a very dangerous situation; Great Britain has a good many ships of war, to be sure; but (now let us hear this but), “but, a battle fought, “and obstinately disputed by the brave united fleets, “even though the British should be the victor, “would be a deadly blow to the security of the “British power.”—There the sans-culotte stands exposed. He has been stripping, rag by rag, till at last he appears in all his natural naked deformity.

WEDNESDAY, 29th MARCH.

PICTURE OF FRANCE
IN 1794,

*In a Letter from a Gentleman in Switzerland, to his
Friend in America.*

Lausanne (Switzerland), Feb. 24th, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM just returned from a very interesting tour, and will employ the few moments I remain in this place, in giving you a short, and probably a very imperfect sketch of it. In my last, I mentioned having a letter from the Marquis de la Fayette to his wife. I had, without consideration, undertaken to forward it to Mr. Morris, our minister at Paris; but on reflection, I was struck with the impropriety of enclosing him a letter from a man whose name alone was treason in France, and at a period when all letters were opened, and when the slightest and most innocent correspondence with emigrants continually brought numbers to the guillotine. I en-

deavoured both at Lausanne and at Geneva, to find some person going into France, who would promise to deliver it; but I easily perceived there was no one who would expose himself to such a risk. In this situation, the interest I felt for the character who wrote the letter, and a desire of seeing France at a period so critical, induced me, though still indisposed, to resolve on being the bearer of it myself. I applied to Citoyen Soulavie, the French resident at Geneva, for a passport. He told me the one I had from Mr. Pinckney was better than any he could give me, but that in a time of revolutions the merest trifle might irritate the people; and with my English accent and appearance, he thought it advisable to give up entirely the idea of going to Paris. Not satisfied with his advice, I determined to apply to higher authority, and to wait on a *Representant du peuple**, who had lately arrived in the department bordering on Switzerland. The curious accounts I had heard of this man made me desirous of seeing him; and I was fortunate enough to meet him a few days afterwards at Versoy. A *Representant du peuple* is a sort of viccroy, chosen in the bosom of the Convention, and sent into the departments by the *Comité de Salut Publique*†, with the power to kill, burn, and destroy, at the risk of losing his own head at his return. I was ushered into a room, where this animal was surrounded by his officers: his dress was curious—a *bonnet rouge*‡ with the motto, “*Liberté, Egalité, &c.*” a woollen jacket and trowsers, an enamelled *bonnet de la Liberté*§ tied round his neck, with the tri-coloured riband, and a card with his name, “Gouly,” hung

* A member of the Convention.

† Committee of Public Safety.

‡ Red cap.

§ Liberty cap.

at his button-hole as a member of the Jacobin Club; his hair cut short, and without powder. I was received with "*Que veux tu mon frere*?*"—"To know whether I could safely go to Paris under the protection of a passport from the American minister in London."—"Ce n'est pas mon affaire, va au Comité de Surveillance†." The president of this committee proved to be an uncle to the Professor Piçtet, of Geneva.—He was pleased to find that I was acquainted with his relation, showed me much politeness, signed my passports, and when I asked him what the representant had done since his arrival, he whispered me in the ear, "*Il a tout changé—Les gens riches sont arrêtés. Ceux qui étaient en place ne le sont plus; mon ami, c'est la fin du monde qui va arriver‡.*" In the mean time the Citizen Gouly sent to inform him that he would answer with his head for what he was about—that many agents of the infamous Pitt had been detected in France with American passports. Instead of "*Mon ami*" from my friend the President, it was now, "*Ah scelerat, on te mettra dans la ratière§,*" and I was on the point of being hurried to prison. I insisted on seeing the representant, gained admittance, and so perfectly satisfied him respecting my being an American, that he insisted on my dining with him.—He put his seal of office to my passport, and told me I might now go to Paris without fear. The scene that succeeded was curious; servant and master, officer and soldier, all sat down to table together, with

* What dost thou want, brother?

† That is none of my business; get thee to the Committee of Superintendance.

‡ He has changed every thing; the rich are imprisoned, all who were in office are dismissed; ah, my friend! the end of the world is at hand.

§ Ah wretch, thou shalt be put in the rat-trap.

their hats on. Gouly gave us an account of the descent that was soon to take place on England, and that in two months time he it was that would be sent to destroy Carthage, and to cut off the heads of George and of Pitt. He declared that we had treated the Citoyen Genet very ill, that he had been joined by the true patriots, but that Hamilton and his set were sold to Pitt. I observed, that though traitors were very easily to be found in some countries of Europe, I flattered myself that America had not yet gone to that degree of corruption, and that the representative of a nation should never adopt any party. He then gave us a dissertation on the blessings of *Liberté, Égalité, and Fraternité*, swore that the people in the departments into which he was sent were all aristocrats or egotists; that they had no *esprit révolutionnaire*; but before he left them, with the assistance of the guillotine, they should be "*bien montés, à la hauteur des circonstances* *." I got up to take my leave, and was not a little surprised at his throwing his arms around my neck, and giving me the *baïser fraternel*: this was an unfortunate compliment for me; it gave me so much consequence in the eyes of the people, that before I got out of Verfoy I was kissed by the mayor and all the municipality. The day after, I set out on my journey to Paris, and, notwithstanding the ridiculous scene I had been witness to, I flattered myself that I should return with many arguments to support my favourite opinion, "that after all their follies, and the horrors they had committed, the French would end by rendering themselves not only feared but respected."

I left Nyon on the 10th of January, but my chaise breaking down on the top of the Jura, I was ex-

* Well screwed up to the height of existing circumstances.

posed for near two days to the most inclement weather at a small village called Les Rouffès, the first French post in Franche Comté. I found here a great degree of tranquillity: they were happy in having the Swiss for their neighbours, and in the protection of their mountains. At Dijon, Auxerre, Sens, &c. the *esprit révolutionnaire* was in full force. Crosses were broken, chapels burnt, many churches entirely destroyed, and those that remained had some part or other torn down; the celebrated convent of the Chartreux, near Dijon, a heap of ruins; all the bells collected together to be turned into cannon; every house with the tri-coloured banner at the window, and the motto, "*Lib. Ega. &c. &c.*" on the door; chaises, waggons, carts, all with their little flags; the cap of Liberty sculptured on the mile-stones, and the national colours painted even on the trees that line the great road to Paris. I had frequently been conducted by the guard to the *Comité de Surveillance*, but had never met with any detention. On my arrival, however, at Ponthiény, about thirty miles from Paris, my fears began to increase, and I was agreeably surprised to hear that Saint Port, the country residence of Mr. Morris, was just opposite on the other side of the Seine. I was happy in getting under the protection of his roof, and determined to wait for his advice before I proceeded. The next day I received a polite note from him, informing me that I should meet with no difficulties; and on the 20th I entered Paris for the first time. Instead of the noise and bustle I expected, there was a dead calm; the road appeared deserted, and not a carriage was to be seen in the streets.—I waited on Mr. Morris, and heard with regret that Madame de la Fayette was confined near her country-seat in the south of France, with circumstances even of *cruelty and indecency*. He had made a private application in her

favour to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and was answered, "That she was fortunate in being so far from Paris, and that the greatest service her friends could render her, would be never to mention her name."

He smiled at my observations respecting the French revolution, and said he would leave me to form my opinion from experience.

I began by attending regularly the debates of the Convention. I entered the tribune for the first time, with that respect one naturally feels at the idea of seeing the rulers of a great nation. I found the President ringing his bell with all his might—half a dozen members speaking at the same time, and when they could not be heard from the chair, they attacked each other. It proved to be a quarrel respecting a member who had been denounced. The figures of the Roman worthies ornamented the walls; the busts of Brutus, Le Peletier, and Marat, surrounded the President's chair; opposite was a large thing like a trunk; it was the *Ark of the Covenant*, covered with tri-coloured ribands. I had an opportunity some days afterwards of seeing on the place of the Bastille a great stone figure of Liberty, and an immense trough, out of which the deputies drank large draughts of water to the *goddes*, on the adoption of their last constitution. There was a poor fellow who narrowly escaped being guillotined for observing, that no doubt many wished it was wine.

The National Convention I soon perceived to be a *farce*; of the seven hundred and forty-nine members of whom it was first composed, one hundred and fifty-five had either given in their dismissions, were guillotined, confined, assassinated, or taken prisoners: two hundred and twenty-eight form the seventeen different committees for the transaction of business; a considerable number are sent into the depart-

departments, and those who sit in the Convention, appear to meet merely for the purpose of giving an *apparent sanction* to the measures of the *Comité de Salut Publique*. The President is continually engaged in receiving addressees, patriotic donations, and in giving the honours of the sitting, and the *baiser fraternel*. I was witness to a laughable scene of this kind; a deputation from St. Domingo entered the hall; it consisted of a *white* man, a *mulatto*, and a *negro*. La Croix moved that the circumstance should be distinguished by the *accolade** of the President. The *white* man first flew into his arms, and was embraced most tenderly—the *mulatto* was hugged with still more affection—but when he came to the *negro*, had it been a *mistress*, he could not have pressed her more ardently—*there was no end to the kisses that were given and received amidst the repeated applauses of the Convention and the tribunes*. The next day they voted the *emancipation of the slaves*, and declared, that they would form with *all negroes and mulattoes* a “TRI-COLOURED COALITION, which would soon destroy the combined powers of aristocracy and tyranny.” An *old negro wench*, who was in one of the tribunes, thought this so fine, that she fainted away; she was immediately brought into the bosom of the Convention—the members crowded round her, and again fell a-kissing not only the negroes, but each other.

I next attended the Jacobin Club; they met about seven o'clock, but the tribunes were filled before six, with the vilest collection of people I think I ever saw, mostly women and children. The sitting opened by reading the *proces verbal*† of the preceding evening, by which it appeared that a deputation of blacks had been received most fraternally,

* Embrace.

† Journals.

and that it had unanimously decreed that a flag should be hung over the chair of the President, on which should be a negro, a mulatto, and a Frenchman holding up together the banner tri-coloured. Some bad verses were afterwards read in favour of the *Mountain*, made by a woman, who attended the debates; and to this succeeded the *epuration** of the members. The questions asked on this occasion are, “Where were you on the tenth of August?”—“How did you vote in the case of Marat?”—“Were you ever a banker or an *agent de change* †?” Among others that were to be examined, was one Chambertoy: as soon as he began his answer, a blackguard-looking fellow who was sitting next me, got up, and bawled out for the “*parole* ‡”—he swore that Chambertoy was a rascal and an aristocrat; another declared him to be as much of a patriot as the King of Prussia; Chambertoy said a few words, when a woman got up behind him, and gave him the lie in plain terms. The most violent noise and uproar succeeded, and I was convinced that Chambertoy would be turned out; at length a child of about thirteen or fourteen years old, a member of the club, mounted the tribune, made a long speech, observed that no person should be condemned without being heard, and gained Chambertoy an opportunity of making his defence; he proved that he was one of the party who proposed the events of the tenth of August (for they now consider as the greatest merit in themselves, what they attributed to their King as the greatest crime): he showed a wound he had received at the Tuilleries, and was re-admitted with unbounded applause.—I was indebted afterwards to my being taken for an Englishman, for the pleasure of seeing Robespierre—they were satisfied on my showing a certificate from Mr. Morris, signed by the

* Purification.

† Broker.

‡ The right to speak.

Minister for Foreign Affairs, and made way for a "brave American."—I had thus an opportunity of approaching very near Robespierre at the Jacobin Club. He is a little man, very pale and thin, decently dressed, in general; a light-coloured great coat, and powder in his hair, much the appearance of a pettyfogging attorney: he was listened to with great attention, and brings out his words with an almost affected slowness, while every other person speaks with violent passion. They distributed in the tribunes* a most ridiculous essay on the English constitution; when one Brichet got up and moved, that the Club, before it debated the great question of a descent into England, and the vices of the British government, should occupy itself in destroying the "toads that had crawled up the Mountain," and that at least thirty members of the Convention should be guillotined. Robespierre observed, that he was an *intrigant* and an *ultra-revolutionaire*†, and moved that he should be turned out; which was immediately decreed: a friend of Brichet got up to take his part; Robespierre moved that he should share the same fate, and turned him out also.

Frequently on leaving the Convention, I passed through the garden of the Thuilleries to the Place de la Revolution, in order to get there after the executions had taken place, and was once or twice so unfortunate as to be a witness of them. It is out of my power, my dear friend, to give you a competent idea of this scene. Near the door of the Convention you see two men with great fur caps and long beards, reading to the people the crimes of the Kings of France, and abusing them all, from Charlemagne to Louis XVI. A little further is a woman singing patriotic songs, and giving lessons of morality; on

* The gallery. † One who goes beyond revolutionary limits.

the other side is a man preaching against Jesus Christ. Every where you are pestered with journals, and the productions of Père du Chêne and Camille Desmoulins. At the entrance of the gardens are two *restaurants* * filled with people *eating, drinking, and laughing* :—*opposite is the guillotine*, and ten yards from it is a puppet-show, where Punch is guillotined ! Here you see figures dancing on wires, there an exhibition of pictures, and a calf born with a national cockade on its forehead—a crowd of women, and a collection of dogs immediately under the guillotine ; children peeping into the hampers that hold the bodies, and men selling the names of those who have just suffered, and crying out, “ *Venez demain, n’y manquez pas, vous en aurez plusieurs, vous aurez des femmes* †. It is difficult to say which are most mad, the spectators or the sufferers. I have heard people in the streets observe to each other, “ *Où allons nous, voulez vous aller au café ou à la guillotine* ‡ ? ” I have seen women go to be executed, as if to an entertainment, chattering and paying compliments to each other, even at the scaffold ; some laughing, cry, “ *Vive la République !* ” The people call for the head, to see whether it still smiles. But what adds the greatest horror to the scene, is the gaiety that reigns on every countenance !

I attended many of the trials at the *Tribunal Revolutionnaire* ; you there find the forms of justice, but none of the reality. It consists of two courts, the *Salle de la Liberté*, and the *Salle de l’Egalité* ; each composed of three judges, besides the president and an *accusateur public*—all dressed in black gowns,

* Eating-houses, or ordinaries.

† Come again to-morrow, don’t fail ; you’ll have several more, you’ll have some women guillotined.

‡ Where shall we go ? Will you go to the coffee-house or to the guillotine ?

and black feathers in their hats ; round their necks a national riband, to which hangs a gold medal.—The jury consists of ten persons. The clerk reads the accusation ; the witnesses are examined ; the accused is asked if he has any thing to say for himself ; the *accusateur public* speaks, and is answered by the defender chosen by the prisoner ; the president declares the debate to be finished. The accused is carried out, the jury give in the verdict, and the accused is brought back to hear his sentence ; if he is condemned, he wishes the company a good morning, and goes away to be executed within twenty-four hours. If he is acquitted, he embraces the whole court ; some of the spectators are pleased when this happens to be the case, but I heard others say, “ *Je n’aime pas les voir échapper à la guillotine** ;” not only the judges, and the *accusateurs publics*, but the jury also, are nominated by the Convention, that is, by the *Comité de Salut Public*, and you may easily conceive the spirit which they receive ; accuser, judge, and jury, all appear anxious to find the prisoner guilty ; and if he is noble, or has property, he is almost sure of being condemned.

Paris is perfectly quiet ! One part is a desert, the other is plunged into the profoundest apathy ; and no where is there so little appearance of interest in the affairs of France as in its own capital. There are from sixteen to twenty spectacles (theatres) every evening, and once each decade all the theatres are opened gratis to the populace, when some patriotic piece is given. The guillotine was the spectacle generally the best attended ; but to render the piece sufficiently amusing, and wind up the *esprit révolutionnaire*, they are obliged at times to execute women, or some remarkable character. There are a set of

* I don't like to see them escape from the guillotine.

people paid to attend the Convention, the Jacobin Club, the *Tribunal Revolutionnaire*, and the guillotine, to keep up an appearance of popularity.

There is no truth of which I am so perfectly convinced, as that the great majority of the people in France are already against the revolution, and would be happy to change, for any government whatever, the horrid tyranny under which they suffer. One of the members of the *Comité de Salut Publique* has been heard to say, "We know that nine out of ten are against us; but the tenth man shall make the other nine march*." A president of a Jacobin Club not far from Paris, has whispered to me, "*Un roi foible est un fleau†*;" and I have never had an opportunity of conversing with any person above the lowest class, who did not execrate the tyrants of the day. In the mean time the military disposition of the French, the attention which is paid to the army, the unlimited powers of the *Comité de Salut Publique*, and the immense riches on which they have seized, will give the ruling faction the means of making the strongest resistance, and it is possible they may involve in their own destruction the ruin of all France. There was a time when, besides the Vendée, Bourdeaux, Toulon, Marseilles, Lyons, Straßburg, were all for a counter-revolution; and had the combined powers, instead of the detestable policy of dismembering France, been seriously occupied with the idea of putting Louis XVII. on the throne, it might have been effected. The Vendée was left to be destroyed by numbers, after giving repeated proofs of the most astonishing bravery. Bourdeaux was on the point of declaring, but the Mayor, who was a man of property, heit-

* Precisely the declaration of M'Kean, at the epoch when the American independence was declared. P. PORCUPINE.

† A weak king is a scourge.

tated ; Lyons became a lesson, Bourdeaux escaped, but the Mayor was guillotined. Marseilles still suffers under the wrath of the Convention ; Lyons, though obliged to adopt the language of the day, fought for royalty ; she expected assistance, but was cruelly disappointed. Strasburg offered itself to General Wurmsler, if he would accept it for Louis XVII. His orders were to take it for his master ; in the mean time the representatives of the people entered the city, and guillotined all who were suspected. The opportunity has been neglected, and humanity shudders at the approach of the next campaign. For two years past it has been expected, and even wished by some, that the want of provisions would put an end to the exertions of France. Those who entertained such hopes did not reflect that the army would be the last to suffer, and the innocent the first victims. The papers mentioned but five thousand four hundred and fifty persons ; but I know from good authority, that there are at least fifteen thousand confined at Paris, and those who are arrested in the departments may amount to about two hundred and fifty thousand. Would not these, as the "*bouches inutiles* *," be the first sacrificed ? In some places already, the soldiers receive good bread, while the people are obliged to eat that which is made of potatoes and bran. The prospects of a famine in France were probably never more serious than at the present moment, and the French may suffer greatly before their harvest ; but they will not starve. In many cantons the bread is good, and cheaper than in Switzerland ; in Paris it is bad, but is sold at the maximum ; in some few places the wheat was expended : the occasion of this difference is, that all grain remains in requisition in each

* Useless mouths.

canton—wheat is in general scarce. I have seen some of the people laugh at their own wants, and cry “*Il n’y a point de misère en France**,” and when I have asked the postilion which was the best inn at the place I was going to, he answered with the greatest levity, “*Il y en a deux, mais on n’a pas de pain.*”—“*Et que fait on alors ?*”—“*On se chauffe † !*” There is one circumstance, which after much inquiry I found to be certain, that in the department through which I passed, there was as much corn planted as at any former period.

I went to Paris by the northern road, and returned by Nevers, Moulins, and Lyons. At the first of these places many of the populace were intoxicated, and I could hardly get any person to examine my passport; they had just taken up about seventy priests; these unfortunate men had *conformed* to all the decrees of the Convention; some of them were married—*many were old, and some invalids*; they were crowded with great inhumanity on board a batteau to be sent to Brest. I asked one of those who attended, “what was to be done with them?”—“I believe,” said he, “*they are going to drown them*”—*this they call the New Baptism of Priests*. Moulins was formerly famous for its manufactories in cutlery; its commerce was destroyed, as well as that of every other city in France. But imagination cannot conceive the miserable situation of Lyons; all that was beautiful in building, rich in commerce, or respectable in inhabitants, is totally destroyed: the *Place de Belle Cour*, formerly one of the most beautiful in the world, does not exist; the noble range of buildings near the Rhone, a heap of ruins; and the dust that arises from the houses they

* There is no misery in France.

† “There are two, but there’s no bread.”—“What do people do in that case?”—“They warm themselves.”

continue to demolish; renders the air almost suffocating. *They had just torn to pieces sixty persons with grape-shot*; the bodies were afterwards stripped by *women and children*, with the utmost degree of indecency. The guillotine had been illuminated on the anniversary of the King's execution. It had cut off twenty-eight persons the day before my arrival, and was again prepared. Adjoining to it is the grand *Autel de la patrie**, where there are fêtes every decade. I went into the Hotel de Ville to get my passport examined; I was surrounded by officers—here a crowd were waiting to be *married*, there they were waiting to be *divorced*. I saw a *burial*: the corpse was on a bier, half uncovered, with the *bonnet rouge* on the head: all those who attended had their heads ornamented in the same manner, and followed the body singing the Carminagole. The executions at Lyons had already amounted to above three thousand persons, and to those who spoke of mercy, the *representans* had answered, “that there were ten thousand more to suffer.” There are two tribunals continually employed in condemning, the “*Commission Militaire*” and the “*Tribunal Populaire*;” and women have been tied to the guillotine to be witnesses of the execution of their husbands, merely for having solicited their pardon. I was obliged to remain at Lyons near two days, from the difficulty of getting horses, and was happy to get out of it, and relieve my eyes from such a scene of horror and madness. The great instigator of all the cruelties that are committed in this unfortunate city is Collot d'Herbois†; this man was not long ago an inferior comedian, and has often acted at the theatres of Lyons and Geneva; he was the president of the

* Altar of the country.

† This is the monster who moved in the Convention the abolition of royalty.

committee that formed the last constitution, at present heads that party which is called by some *Ultra-revolutionnaire*; and as the people here always join those who go to the greatest excesses, it is probable that Collot d'Herbois, Hebert, the author of the *Pere du Chêne*, and their set, may treat Robespierre and the Marats as they did the Brissotines. When any man gets to the top of power, he naturally feels himself somewhat interested in the welfare of the country, and unwillingly adopts moderation as one of the means of increasing his popularity. Robespierre wished to have a motion passed, for liberating all those who had been arrested without any grounds of accusation, the number of whom you may easily conceive to be very great, when for some time every person who denounced another, received one hundred livres. Such however was the clamour, that he was obliged to abandon the idea. He next, without appearing himself, set Camille Desmoulins to write against the violent party: he begins by declaring himself a votary of the *divine Marat*. He was, however, expelled from the Jacobin Club, for having mentioned a committee of clemency, and before he could be readmitted, was obliged to confess his error. It is the violent party who, to amuse the people, have started the idea of a descent upon England. Robespierre declares that the English only merit their contempt; that if they are desirous of having their liberty, they are capable of gaining it for themselves, and if they are not, a descent upon England would only be throwing themselves into the snares of Pitt.

The Jacobin Club is the source of power, and those who lead it govern France. It keeps up an intimate correspondence with all the inferior clubs in the different departments, and takes care that they shall be formed of none but the vilest and most ignorant of the inhabitants, entirely devoted to itself.

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It is the seat of information, gives what impression it pleases, and a defeat in the north is represented in the south as a victory. It has caused all the miseries of France; and, composed as it is at present, no good can ever be expected from it: God knows what will be the end, and we are at a loss what to hope.—The French appear incapable of being free; the government of an usurper only leads to new convulsions; the people, when fatigued with the present mode of government, may change it for something new. Liberty is at present the fashion in France; you meet it at all the corners of the streets; it is stuck up in large characters on every house; it spouts at the theatre; it struts at the opera; it is become a by-word—I never heard so much, and never saw so little of it. The “*ancien regime*” has totally disappeared, and the decade is as much in vogue as if Sunday had never existed. But will not a people who have with so much levity abandoned their religion, forget in the same manner their liberty? Such appears to be the character of the French, a soil where every thing flourishes for a time, but nothing takes root; if well or ill directed, a character capable of the greatest extremes of virtue or vice.

I entered France one of the warmest advocates of the revolution; I firmly believed that the great body of the people had just ideas of liberty, were acquainted with their rights, and, after defeating the attempts of their enemies, would establish an equal and well-regulated government. I left it with sentiments of indignation, disappointment, and disgust, convinced that there never was a people in the world so little calculated to enjoy the blessings of freedom.

During my stay at Paris I found nothing so interesting as the conversation of Mr. ———. He had been so obliging, before my arrival, as to take

lodgings for me near his own hotel ; and I had the pleasure of seeing him every day. He was formerly exceedingly well received at court, and possessed in a great degree the confidence of its ministers, and has since been able to render himself, though not liked, yet respected by all the parties that have succeeded : though a man of great abilities, he must have found it difficult to have steered so far with safety through the storm : and America is indebted to him for remaining in a situation which, though none can fill it with more capacity, cannot but be particularly irksome to him. All those for whom he could have felt any consideration, have either emigrated, been arrested or guillotined ; and from being in the most agreeable society, he is left with hardly an acquaintance in France : the conduct he has pursued was the only one of avoiding all parties, and maintaining in every respect the dignity of his situation. He particularly detested the Brissotines, whose policy it was to draw America into the war ; and had they not been guillotined, Genet might have done us considerable mischief. Mr. ——— read me some of his correspondence, and I was surprised at the accuracy with which he had foretold the principal events of the revolution. These letters have fallen into the hands of persons, who from being, I believe, prejudiced in favour of the French, have neglected to pay them the attention which they so highly merited.

A party of Americans have petitioned the Convention in favour of Tom Paine ; they were invited to the honours of the sitting, but could not be much flattered, when, a few days after, a set of negroes were received with far greater attention. As the French have no farther occasion for Common Sense, or the Rights of Man, Tom Paine still remains in prison, where he abuses Mr. Morris for not claiming him as
an

an American, and amuses himself, I am told, with writing a book against Jesus Christ.

It is difficult to meet with beauty at Paris ; all the pretty women are in requisition ; they are confined and employed in making shirts for the army. I endeavoured to console myself at the gallery of paintings, which is without exception the finest in the world—a collection of all the most valuable paintings that existed in France. Many Americans have been arrested on their first entering the republic, and you are searched half a dozen times before you are permitted to leave it. I returned by Geneva, and found the violent party worthy imitators of their neighbours—they had found that their last project of a constitution was impracticable, and accepted a new one, which the day after was violated. As there was a Vendée in France, they were determined to have one also. It consisted of one house, and of one man, a Mr. Miquily ; his house was surrounded, his furniture destroyed, and himself thrown into prison. The Provisional Committee accompanied the Marseillois who went on this expedition, in order to prevent mischief ; but such was their impotency, that a poor man was torn to pieces before their faces for refusing to put on the bonnet rouge. On entering Switzerland I felt as if I had at length escaped from the madhouse, and again got into the society of reasonable beings.

I have, without thinking, permitted my letter to run on to an immoderate length ; you will, I flatter myself, excuse not only the length of it, but also the hurry in which I have written it.

The active life I led at Paris, and the excellent table of Mr. ———, have been of service to my health ; and since I have found that exercise is a remedy, I shall not remain idle. I leave this place immediately for Milan, where my carriage and horses have

been arrived near two months. I expect to pass the holy week at Rome. The heat will soon oblige me to leave Italy, when I propose going to Vienna, to which place I have excellent letters.

I am anxious to hear from you ; pray write to me frequently. There is no expressing the interest I feel in whatever passes in America.

I remain, most sincerely,

Your affectionate

THURSDAY, 30th MARCH.

Lachese the French Spy.—From New-York. The public are under a partial mistake at present, with respect to the French emissary, sent to delude our fellow-citizens of the western country ; my information, which is directly by a gentleman from Pittsburg, is, that a French general, by the name of Lachese, has been apprehended in Kentucky, and imprisoned ; that, the better to cover his designs, he travelled on foot, carrying his fiddle on his back, at the music of which he is remarkably expert ; that he has been detected in exploring the country with a military aspect, and in his conversation and conduct endeavouring to alienate the affections of the people from their brethren of the Atlantic States, and to persuade them to join the French in forming a republic with Louisiana, &c. &c. : that he is the same general who was concerned some years ago in raising the army against the dominions of Spain.

But, fellow-citizens, he is not directly the general to whom on a former occasion I alluded. The prisoner is a subordinate agent in the villany. But the principal has made his tour, and returned to Philadelphia, where he very probably, like other traitors of his country and ours, is basking in the sunshine of presidential favour. He being more circumspect

than his colleague, the prisoner, made his way good through the western territory, without imprisonment, though not without a discovery of his insidious embassy from Mr. Adet.

He very freely and warmly advocated the election of Mr. Jefferson, and, agreeably to his instruction, endeavoured to dismember the United States, by alienating the attachment of the western country from the people of the Atlantic States. In short, by a variety of contingencies, which will sometimes occur to favour villainy, the principal has as yet escaped with impunity, whilst the subaltern has been brought to an end. I have a violent suspicion that a certain French philosopher who has had the late President's passport to explore the winds, has had a commission from the Directory to explore the most plausible way to our throats. W. WILCOCKS.

FRIDAY, 31st MARCH.

TO MERCHANTS.

FOR PUBLIC SALE,

At the sign of the British and American Flags united,
on Monday the 15th day of May next,

The two good Ships, viz.

The CUT-THROAT, } and the { *PLUNDERER,*
of 38 guns. } *of ditto.*



Now lying high up in Hampton roads, built with live oak and cedar, sheathed with copper, completely fitted for an East India voyage, and ready for sea, there having been for a long time past but one obstacle to their sailing, which will be removed previous to the day of sale.



Norfolk, 26th March, 1797. BOB SHORT, *Auct.*

N. B. Several savages now on board, to be sold at said time and place.—The Commodore would be a valuable acquisition in the stone-sawing or nail manufactory line.

March 28.

WILL AND TESTAMENT.

SINCE I took up the calling that I now follow, I have received about forty threatening letters; some talk of fisticuffs, others of kicks, but far the greater part menace me with outright murder. Several friends (whom, by the by, I sincerely thank) have called to caution me against the lurking cut-throats; and it seems to be the persuasion of every one, that my brains are to be knocked out the first time I venture from home in the dark.

Under these terrific circumstances, it is impossible that death should not stare me in the face: I have therefore got myself into as good a state of preparation as my sinful profession will, I am afraid, admit of; and as to my worldly affairs, I have settled them in the following *Will*, which I publish, in order that my dear friends, the legatees, may, if they think themselves injured or neglected, have an opportunity of complaining before it is too late.

IN the name of Fun, Amen. I PETER PORCUPINE, pamphleteer and newsmonger, being (as yet) sound both in body and in mind, do, this fifteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, make, declare, and publish this my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, in manner, form, and substance following, to wit;

IN PRIMIS, I leave my body to Doctor Michael Leib, a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to be by him dissected (if he knows how to do it) in presence of the Rump of the Democratic Society. In it they will find a heart that held them in abhorrence, that never palpitated at their threats, and that, to its last beat, bade them defiance.

But

But my chief motive for making this bequest is, that my spirit may look down with contempt on their cannibal-like triumph over a breathless corpse.

Item, As I make no doubt that the abovesaid Dr. Leib (and some other Doctors that I could mention) would like very well to skin me, I request that they, or one of them, may do it, and that the said Leib's father may tan my skin; after which I desire my executors to have eight copies of my works complete, bound in it, one copy to be presented to the five Sultans of France; one to each of their Divans; one to the Governor of Pennsylvania; to Citizens Maddison, Giles, and Gallatin, one each; and the remaining one to the Democratic Society of Philadelphia, to be carefully preserved among their archives.

Item, To the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councils of the city of Philadelphia, I bequeath all the sturdy young hucksters, who infest the market, and who, to maintain their bastards, tax the honest inhabitants many thousand pounds annually. I request them to take them into their worshipful keeping—to chasten their bodies for the good of their souls; and, moreover, to keep a sharp lookout after their gallants; and remind the latter of the old proverb, *Touch pot, touch penny.*

Item, To Thomas Jefferson, philosopher, I leave a curious Norway spider, with a hundred legs and nine pair of eyes; likewise the first black cut-throat general he can catch hold of, to be flayed alive, in order to determine with more certainty the real cause of the dark colour of his skin: and should the said Thomas Jefferson survive Banncker the almanack-maker, I request he will get the brains of said Philomath carefully dissected, to satisfy the world in what respects they differ from those of a white man.

Item, To the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, I will and bequeath a correct copy of Thornton's Plan for abolishing the Use of the English Language, and for introducing in its stead a republican one, the representative characters of which bear a strong resemblance to pot-hooks and hangers; and for the discovery of which Plan, the said Society did, in the year 1793, grant to the said language-maker 500 dollars premium.—It is my earnest desire, that the copy of this valuable performance, which I hereby present, may be shown to all the travelling literati, as a proof of the ingenuity of the author, and of the wisdom of the Society.

Item, To Dr. Benjamin Rush, I will and bequeath a copy of the Censor for January, 1797; but upon the express condition, that he does not in any wise or guise, either at the time of my death, or six months after, pretend to speak, write, or publish an eulogium on me, my calling or character, either literary, military, civil, or political.

Item, To my dear fellow-labourer, Noah Webster, "gentleman-citizen," Esq. and newsman, I will and bequeath a prognosticating barometer of curious construction and great utility, by which, at a single glance, the said Noah will be able to discern the exact state that the public mind will be in the ensuing year, and will thereby be enabled to trim by degrees, and not expose himself to detection, as he now does by his sudden lee-shore tacks. I likewise bequeath to the said "gentleman-citizen," six Spanish milled dollars, to be expended on a new plate of his portrait at the head of his spelling-book, that which graces it at present being so ugly that it scares the children from their lessons; but this legacy is to be paid him only upon condition that he leave out the title of Squire, at the bottom of said picture, which

which is extremely odious in an American school-book, and must inevitably tend to corrupt the political principles of the republican babies that behold it. And I do most earnestly desire, exhort, and conjure the said Squire newsmen to change the title of his paper, *The Minerva*, for that of *The Political Centaur*.

Item, To F. A. Muhlenburgh, Esq. Speaker of a late House of Representatives of the United States, I leave a most superbly finished statue of Janus.

Item, To Tom the Tinker, I leave a liberty-cap, a tri-coloured cockade, a wheelbarrow full of oysters, and a hog'shead of grog: I also leave him three blank checks on the Bank of Pennsylvania, leaving to him the task of filling them up; requesting him, however, to be rather more merciful than he has shown himself heretofore.

Item, To the Governor of Pennsylvania, and to the late President and Cashier of the Bank of the said State, as to joint legatees, I will and bequeath that good old proverb: *Honesty is the best policy*. And this legacy I have chosen for these worthy gentlemen, as the only thing about which I am sure they will never disagree.

Item, To Tench Coxe, of Philadelphia, citizen, I will and bequeath a crown of hemlock, as a recompense for his attempt to throw an odium on the administration of General Washington; and I most positively enjoin on my executors, to see that the said crown be shaped exactly like that which this spindle-shanked legatee wore before General Howe, when he made his triumphal entry into Philadelphia.

Item, To Thomas Lord Bradford (otherwise called Goofy Tom), bookseller, printer, newsmen, and member of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, I will and bequeath a copy of the Peer-

age of Great Britain, in order that the said Lord Thomas may the more exactly ascertain what probability there is of his succeeding to the seat which his noble relation now fills in the House of Lords.

Item, To all and singular the authors in the United States, whether they write prose or verse, I will and bequeath a copy of my Life and Adventures; and I advise the said authors to study with particular care the fortieth and forty-first pages thereof; more especially, and above all things, I exhort and conjure them never "*to publish it together,*" though the bookseller should be a saint.

Item, To Edmund Randolph, Esq. late Secretary of State, to Mr. J. A. Dallas, Secretary of the State of Pennsylvania, and to his Excellency Thomas Mifflin, Governor of the said unfortunate State, I will and bequeath, to each of them, a copy of the sixteenth paragraph of Fauchet's intercepted letter.

Item, To Citizen J. Swanwick, Member of Congress, by the will and consent of the sovereign people, I leave bills of exchange on London to an enormous amount; they are all protested, indeed, but, if properly managed, may be turned to good account. I likewise bequeath to the said John, a small treatise by an Italian author, wherein the secret of pleasing the ladies is developed, and reduced to a mere mechanical operation, without the least dependence on the precarious aid of the passions: hoping that these instances of my liberality will produce, in the mind of the little legislator, effects quite different from those produced therein by the King of Great Britain's pension to his parents.

Item, To the editors of the Boston Chronicle, the New-York Argus, and the Philadelphia Merchants' Advertiser, I will and bequeath one ounce
of

of modesty and love of truth, to be equally divided between them. I should have been more liberal in this bequest, were I not well assured, that one ounce is more than they will ever make use of.

Item, To Franklin Bache, editor of the Aurora of Philadelphia, I will and bequeath a small bundle of French assignats, which I brought with me from the country of equality. If these should be too light in value for his pressing exigencies, I desire my executors, or any one of them, to bestow on him a second part to what he has lately received in Southwark; and as a further proof of my good will and affection, I request him to accept of a gag, and a brand new pair of setters, which if he should refuse, I will and bequeath him in lieu thereof—my malediction.

Item, To my beloved countrymen, the people of Old England, I will and bequeath a copy of Dr. Priestley's Charity Sermon for the benefit of poor Emigrants; and to the said preaching philosopher himself, I bequeath a heart full of disappointment, grief, and despair.

Item, To the good people in France, who remain attached to their sovereign, particularly to those among whom I was hospitably received, I bequeath each a good strong dagger; hoping, most sincerely, that they may yet find courage enough to carry them to the hearts of their abominable tyrants.

Item, To Citizen Munro, I will and bequeath my chamber looking-glass. It is a plain but exceeding true mirror: in it he will see the exact likeness of a traitor, who has bartered the honour and interest of his country to a perfidious and savage enemy.

Item, To the republican Britons, who have fled from the hands of justice in their own country, and
who

who are a scandal, a nuisance, and a disgrace to this, I bequeath hunger and nakedness, scorn and reproach; and I do hereby positively enjoin on my executors to contribute five hundred dollars toward the erection of gallowses and gibbets, for the accommodation of the said imported patriots, when the legislators of this unhappy State shall have the wisdom to countenance such useful establishments.

Item, My friend, J. T. Callender, the runaway from Scotland, is, of course, a partaker in the last-mentioned legacy; but, as a particular mark of my attention, I will and bequeath him twenty feet of pine-plank, which I request my executors to see made into a pillory, to be kept for his particular use, till a gibbet can be prepared.

Item, To Tom Paine, the author of Common Sense, Rights of Man, Age of Reason, and a Letter to General Washington, I bequeath a strong hempen collar, as the only legacy I can think of that is worthy of him, as well as best adapted to render his death in some measure as infamous as his life: and I do hereby direct and order my executors to send it to him by the first safe conveyance, with my compliments, and request that he would make use of it without delay, that the national razor may not be disgraced by the head of such a monster.

Item, To the gaunt outlandish orator, vulgarly called the Political Sinner, who, in the just order of things, follows next after the last-mentioned legatee, I bequeath the honour of partaking in his catastrophe; that, in their deaths, as well as in their lives, all the world may exclaim, "*See how rogues hang together!*"

Item, To all and singular the good people of these States, I leave peace, union, abundance, happiness, untarnished honour, and an unconquerable

able everlasting hatred to the French revolutionists and their destructive abominable principles.

Item, To each of my subscribers I leave a quill, hoping that in their hands it may become a sword against every thing that is hostile to the government and independence of their country.

Lastly, To my three brothers, Paul, Simon, and Dick, I leave my whole estate, as well real as personal (first paying the foregoing legacies), to be equally divided between them, share and share alike. And I do hereby make and constitute my said three brothers the executors of this my Last Will; to see the same performed, according to its true intent and meaning, as far as in their power lies.

P. PORCUPINE.

Witnesses present,

Philo Fun. }
Sack Jocus. }

SATURDAY, 1st APRIL, 1797.

A Tale.—Once upon a time (no matter exactly when or where) there was a farmer named John Blunt, who had thirteen sons: and they all dwelt together in perfect harmony until the boys grew up to man's estate. Unhappily for the old gentleman, he became more tenacious of his authority, just at the period when the young men grew more impatient of control; and an obstinate temper gave rise to frequent disputes between them about trifles. At one time, as the story goes, they differed about the glazing of some windows, and the painting of a new house they had just built; at another, about the meaning of certain words stamped on the corner of a newspaper; and, at last, they quarrelled irreconcilably about the precise value of a dish of bohea tea. This seemingly insignificant subject, by in-
temperate

temperate behaviour on both sides, became the cause of their final separation.

The young men, who, before the dispute happened, had cleared a large tract of woodland, at some distance from the homestead, now set up for themselves, and set their father at defiance. At first angry messages passed between them, which were rather aggravated by the evil-minded stewards of the old man; and angry words at length produced actual warfare. The father armed a body of his domestics, and invaded the new settlement, where he knocked down the hen-roosts, demolished the hog-pens, and destroyed some other small improvements; the young men seized their father's cows, hogs, and horses, whenever they found them straying in the woods, by way of reprisal. The parties frequently came to blows, and some few lives were lost. In this state of affairs, Français Le Singe, a near neighbour of John, and who had had a grudge against him ever since they were boys, very officiously stepped in, and encouraged the young men to persevere in their hostilities, furnished them with weapons, and sent some of his pimps and prostituted lacqueys to assist them.

This Monsieur Le Singe* (for he always called himself a gentleman) was a most restless and malicious fellow; he took delight in setting his neighbours together by the ears, and would spare neither pains nor expense to bring it to bear; nay, so much pleasure did he take in mischief, that he would sometimes aid one or other of the parties; but in that case (for he was no fool) he always took good care to make them pay pretty dearly for his assistance.

The unhappy dissension between the father and

* Monkey, in English, I believe.

sons continued for several years, until at length both grew weary, and were reconciled: indeed, the circumstances of both parties made it necessary. The parent family was advanced farthest in improvements, and manufactured many articles that were useful to the sons; and these, on the other hand, had many coarse materials, such as scantling, slaves, and tobacco, that were wanted by the father. A commerce so convenient and profitable to both could not fail to revive the friendship and affection of former times, and it very soon had this effect. Although the relationships of parent and children could not be revived (their season being past), the want of them was effectually supplied by the ties of mutual interest and friendship founded on the solid basis of esteem and confidence.

In this state of things, one of those untoward accidents happened, which sometimes occur to disturb the peace of society. The family of Le Singe fell into a state of dreadful confusion; some of them went stark mad, occasioned, it was thought, by a disorder which they caught in the hot weather while they were aiding the sons of Farmer Blunt. Be that as it may, the greater part of their servants fell upon their master, cut his throat, murdered his wife and sister, poisoned his son and heir, and either killed or drove away all their fellow-servants that refused to join them: some of these they cut, and stabbed, and hacked, and mangled in a most shocking manner; they murdered women in childbed, strangled poor little infants, and others they stuck alive upon the tops of their dung-forks; and, in short, they committed such horrid cruelties as it makes one's blood run cold to think of. After this, they seized their master's estate, and not satisfied with the mischief they had done at home, dispatched emissaries from their gang to debauch the servants of all the neighbouring farms; threatening, at the
same

same time, to set fire to the four corners of the parish, if any body dared to oppose them. But to conceal their real purpose, they gave out that they had no intention to injure their neighbours; all the hypocrites wanted, they said, was to reform some ancient abuses that had crept into the parish from inattention. This, however, did not quiet the general apprehension. Every body saw that murder was the natural business of such a banditti, and expected nothing else: they were, therefore, not astonished when they heard that the result of this reforming project was to cut off all the progenitors of the parish, and to divide their estates among the servants, reserving a large portion of each for themselves. As far as they met with sufficient encouragement they made dreadful innovation, they left nothing sacred or civil unchanged. Besides the total transfer of property, already mentioned, which was the groundwork of their reformation, they commanded that, instead of walking on their feet as men had done ever since the days of Adam, men and women too should walk on their heads; and instead of uniting the sexes together in the holy bond of wedlock, they ordained that they should range at large like the brutes; man they decreed had no more soul than a bull-frog, and that he was made only to rob, murder, and die; they swore there was neither God nor religion, and they hanged the parson of the parish before the church-door as an impostor. These, and a hundred other monstrous lies which they termed philosophy, they endeavoured to propagate every where. Some of their apostles found their way into John Blunt's family; but John quickly discovered their manœuvres, and endeavoured to frustrate them by every prudent precaution, in which he was finally successful. This enraged the scoundrels, and they instantly swore to destroy John with all his family—and, indeed, they left

left no means untried to accomplish it. But John was a strong man, and as resolute as strong, and by a peculiar way of fighting that he had, he proved his superiority, not only by keeping them off his own plantation, but by taking some of the best fields from them.

In this state of affairs, the assassins recollecting the assistance that poor Le Singe, their late master, had given to Blunt's children when they quarrelled with their father, resolved to apply to them for help to crush the old man. The young men received the messenger politely, and acknowledged their obligations to Le Singe, but declared that they hated fighting, and had a plenty of better business on hand: they would not assist their father, they said, nor would they take part against him. This enraged the assassins beyond measure; they sacr'd and foutre'd, and stormed and foamed like so many demons. One of the young men they kicked on the breech, another they tweaked by the nose, and the third they pinched till he was all over black and blue.

The young men were naturally of an amiable peaceable disposition, which, together with the ease and plenty in which they lived, inclined them to put up with a great number of injuries and insults. After all the vile conduct of the treacherous servants, now become freebooters, they forbore to make reprisals in any way whatever, and even sent a messenger for the purpose of accommodating matters. These instances of uncommon forbearance the rascals looked upon as indications of fear: they scoffed at the poor messenger, were going to horsewhip him, and actually threatened to give him up to the mercy of their understrappers. This, at last, roused the spirit of the young farmers, and indeed it was time, for all the neighbours began to call them cowards. They recollected that all the folks of Le

Singe were a despicable crew ; they called to mind the times when they, with their good old father at their head, gave them such a drubbing, that they were obliged to down upon their marrow-bones and promise never to interrupt them again ; they looked back to those days when not the best man in the parish would have struck one of the young Blunts, or even spoke a saucy word to him, without having old John's fist in his face ; in short, after a long struggle between pride and interest, the father and sons agreed to aid each other in chastising the violent and savage banditti. The story does not say who made the first advances, nor is it much matter ; but certain it is, that, one fine May morning, just at sunrise, each being armed with a good cudgel, out they sallied, and * * * * *

Cætera desunt.

Matchless Impudence.—*Extract of a Letter from Bourdeaux, January 12.*—"We have, for some time past, feared a rupture between France and the United States ; but the French Government, though it says it has cause of complaint against the American Government, has just given assurances that its injuries will in no manner affect the commerce or individuals of that country."

This extract was given in a morning paper a few days ago : as it is suffered to pass without comment, the truth of its impudent contents seems to be admitted.—Yes, this is the language the French and their hirelings will hold. They will come by and by, and seize our vessels in our very docks, and will still "give assurances," that they intend "no injury on the commerce of individuals." Never surely were the understandings of the people so barefacedly insulted !

Mr. Pinckney.—The Times (a London paper) of the 7th February confirm the accounts respecting Mr.

Mr. Pinckney's having left Paris for Amsterdam; but it does not say whether he has done this in consequence of an order from the many-headed tyrant, or not. It seems pretty well ascertained, that he received no positive orders to depart, but that the contempt he met with from the understrappers of those in power, and the personal danger he was hourly exposed to, had determined him to quit France, without waiting for a vessel coming to this country.

Curious Fact.—A correspondent assures me, and, I believe, from the best authority, that the audience which a certain suspended Minister lately solicited of a great personage in this city (and which was granted him) was for the purpose of demanding that Mr. Wilcocks might be prosecuted for aspersing his character and that of his Republic.—The modest request was answered by a declaration, that the Government in this country could not interfere in such cases.—Poor devil!—Baffled every way!

MONDAY, 3^d APRIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF PORCUPINE'S GAZETTE.

SIR,

Baltimore-Town, March 30th, 1797.

The enclosed copy of a letter be so good as to insert in your paper: though addressed and sent to Mr. Fennel, the propriety of inserting it in the Gazette will be evident, I doubt not, to every reader.

Your humble servant,

LUTHER MARTIN.

(COPY.)

MR. FENNEL,

By the late Philadelphia papers I observe, Sir, that in your "readings and recitations, moral, critical, and entertaining," among your other selections you have introduced "The Story of Logan the

Mingo Chief." In doing this, I am satisfied you were not actuated by a desire to wound the feelings of a respectable family in the United States, or by a wish to give a greater publicity to a groundless calumny.

You found that story and speech in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia; you found it related with such an air of authenticity, that it cannot be surprising that you should not suspect it to be a fiction.

But, Sir, philosophers are pretty much the same, from old Shandy, who in support of a system sacrificed his aunt Dinah, to De Warville and Condorcet, who for the same purpose would have sacrificed a world.

Mr. Jefferson is a philosopher;—he too had his hypothesis to establish, or, what is much the same thing, he had the hypothesis of Buffon to overthrow.

When we see him employed in weighing the rats and the mice of the two worlds, to prove that those of the new are not exceeded by those of the old—when, to establish that the body of the American savage is not inferior in form or in vigour to the body of an European, we find him examining minutely every part of their frame, and hear him declare that, though the wrist and the hand of the former are smaller than those parts of the latter, yet "*ses organes de la generation ne sont plus foibles ou plus petits*;"—and that he hath not only as many hairs on his body, but that the same parts which are productive of hair in the one, if left to themselves, are equally productive of hair in the other:—when we see him so zealous to establish an equality in such trifles, and to prove the body of his savage to be formed on the same modula with the "*Homo sapiens Europæus*," how much more solicitous may we suppose him to have been to prove that the mind of this savage was also formed on the same modula?

Than

Than the man whom he has calumniated, he could scarcely have selected a finer example to establish the position that the human race in the western world are not be little'd in body or mind; but that unfortunately that man was not born in America.

For the want of better materials he was obliged to make use of such as came to his hands; and we may reasonably conclude, whatever story or speech he could pick up calculated to destroy the hypothesis of Buffon, or to establish his own, especially in so important a point, instead of being scrutinized minutely, would be welcomed with avidity.—And great and respectable as the authority of Mr. Jefferson may be thought, or may be in reality, I have no hesitation to declare, that from an examination of the subject, I am convinced the charge exhibited by him against Colonel Cresap is not founded in truth; and also, that no such specimen of Indian oratory was ever exhibited.

That some of Logan's family were killed by the Americans I doubt not; whether they fell the victims of justice, of mistake, or of cruelty, rests with those by whom they fell. But in their death Colonel Cresap, or any of his family, had no share. And in support of this assertion I am ready to enter the lists with the author of the Notes on Virginia.

No man, who really knew the late Colonel Cresap, could have believed the tale. He was too brave to be perfidious or cruel. He was a man of undaunted resolution; a man of whom it might be said, with as much propriety as I believe was ever said of man, "that he knew not fear."

Courage, hospitality, candour, and sincerity were the prominent features of his character. These also are the leading traits in his descendants.

Immediately after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle he established himself at Old Town, on the north

branch of the Potomac, only fifteen miles this side of Fort Cumberland, and one hundred and forty miles to the westward of Baltimore-Town. What must have been the situation of himself and his family on so distant a frontier, during the war which terminated in the year seventeen hundred and sixty-three, and during the troubles which preceded that war, may be easily conceived by those who have any knowledge whatever at that time of the settlements of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia.

After the defeat of General Braddock, a company raised and commanded by his eldest son, Thomas Cresap, and in a great measure supplied with arms and other necessities by the Colonel himself, attacked the invading savages, and drove them over the mountains; but this victory was embittered by the loss of their gallant leader; he and one of the Indian Chiefs fell by wounds mutually inflicted, and expired together. Soon after this event, Colonel Cresap, and his then eldest son, raised another company, at their own expense, crossed the mountains, and defeated the Indians with considerable slaughter. After the inhabitants of that part of the country where he resided had generally fled from their houses, and retired to the neighbourhood of Conococheague, he remained with his family at his house near Old Town, which he had surrounded with a stockade for twelve months or upwards. When at last he was induced to withdraw from so dangerous a situation, removing with his books and papers, accompanied by a few of the former inhabitants, who had been in his neighbourhood collecting their cattle, and were driving them down the country, he was attacked by the Indians who lay in ambush for him, and four of his party were killed on the spot; the Indians were, however, repulsed with considerable loss, and he had the good fortune to escape unhurt.

That Colonel Cresap and his family were frequently

quently and actively engaged in the conflicts which took place between us and the Indians, is well known. That some of the Indians have fallen by their hands, is not denied ; but those were not in the number of our friends.

To the Indians who were attached to our cause his doors were ever open. At his house was their frequent rendezvous ; there often they met messengers from the then governors of Virginia and Maryland ; there they were often furnished with arms, with ammunition, and with provisions, and not unfrequently out of his own stores, and at his own expense.

It was to those savages, who were employed by the French nation (before it became our very good friend and ally) to ravage their frontiers and butcher the peaceful inhabitants, that he and his family were terrible. And to those they were terrible, though not “ as the fires of heaven.”

But, perhaps, it was from the facts which I have here stated that Mr. Jefferson considered himself authorized to say “ Colonel Cresap was infamous for the many murders he had committed on the much-injured Indians.”—And lest some future philosopher, in some future Notes on Virginia, might be tempted to call him also “ infamous for his many murders of the much-injured” Britons, may, perhaps, have been his motive for flying with such precipitation from the seat of his government, not many years since, when the British army invaded that State.

As to Logan ;—lightly would I tread over the grave even of the untutored savage ; but justice obliges me to say, I am well assured that the Logan of the wilderness—the real Logan of nature—had but little, if any more likeness to the fictitious Logan of Jefferson’s Notes, than the brutified Caffree of Africa to the enlightened philosopher of Montecello.

In what wilderness Mr. Jefferson culled this fair flower of aboriginal eloquence ; whether he has pre-

served it in the same state in which he found it, or, by transplanting it into a more genial soil, and exposing it to a kinder sun, he has given it the embellishments of cultivation, I know not.

There are many philosophers so very fond of representing savage nature in the most amiable and most exalted point of view, that we feel ourselves less surprised when we see them become savages themselves. To some one of this class of philosophers, I doubt not it owes its existence.

Yet, but for Jefferson, "it would have breathed its poisons in the desert air."—Whatever was the soil in which it first sprung up, it soon would have withered and died unnoticed or forgotten, had not he preserved it in his collection. From thence the authors of the Annual Register have given their readers a drawing as large as nature. The Rev. Mr. Morie in his Geography, and Mr. Lendrum in his History of the American Revolution, have followed their example; and you, Sir, are now increasing its celebrity by exhibiting it to thronging spectators, with all its colouring retouched and heightened by the flowing pencil of a master.

Do you ask me how I am interested in this subject? I answer, the daughter of Michael Cresap was the mother of my children. I am influenced also by another motive not less powerful. My much-lamented and worthy relation, who died on the expedition against the western insurgents, bequeathed to me as a sacred trust, what, had he lived, he intended to have performed himself, to rescue his family from this unmerited opprobrium.

Do you ask me, why have I so long neglected this duty? I answer, because for a long time past every feeling of my mind has been too much engrossed by the solicitude, though an unavailing solicitude, of preserving the valuable life of one of that family, to attend to any objects which could bear a postponement.

ponement. The flock is now past. I begin to recall my scattered thoughts to other subjects; and finding the story of Logan in the catalogue of your readings, it instantly brought me to the recollection of a duty, which I have hastened thus far to fulfil.

And now, Sir, to conclude: I arrogate to myself no authority of prohibiting the story and speech of Logan from being continued in your readings and recitations; this I submit to your sentiments of propriety and justice; but from those sentiments I certainly have a right to expect, that, on its conclusion, you will inform your hearers, it is at best but the ingenious fiction of some philosophic brain; and when hereafter you oblige an audience with that story and speech, that with the poison you will dispense the antidote, and by reading to them this letter, also oblige your very humble servant,

March 29, 1797.

LUTHER MARTIN:

To Mr. James Fennel.

* * Mr. Martin will be obliged to the different printers of the United States to insert the foregoing copy in their respective papers:

MR. PORCUPINE,

A writer in your paper of Saturday last has attacked the doctrines of Mercator by calling him an usurer, which is false, hoping thereby to prepossess his own readers, which is unmanly. As to Mercator's being a lame hand, I scarcely understand the Irishism; but if we are to judge from the frequent hobbling of the said writer, we ought to suppose him a lame subject indeed, and one that the usurers can give a pretty good account of. If, in his subsequent numbers, he should contribute to dissolve the mischievous monopoly which the money-lenders in Philadelphia and other places possess, he will

will so far promote what appears to me to be Mercator's wishes.

Saturday Evening.

A BYSTANDER.

TUESDAY, 4th APRIL.

Admiral Jervis beats the Spanish Fleet.—By the brig *Sophia*, Captain O'Brien, arrived in this port last Saturday, from Lisbon, after a passage of forty days, the following most pleasing intelligence is received.

On the 17th of February, the British Admiral, Sir John Jervis, with fifteen ships of the line and a proportionate number of frigates, fell in with the Spanish fleet, of twenty ships of the line and as many frigates, off Cape St. Vincent. Notwithstanding his vast inferiority of force, the British Admiral engaged the Dons, captured four ships of the line (two of which are three-deckers), and sunk another three-decker, supposed to be the Admiral's ship, the *Trinidad* of 120 guns.

Fifteen ships against twenty, had they all been in equally good condition, would have rendered this victory a most glorious one; but, besides this great difference as to numbers, two of the English ships, the *Culloden* and the *Colossus*, were incapable of being brought into action, being disabled by falling foul of each other a few days before.

At the date of this intelligence (19th February) the British Admiral, with his prizes, was at anchor in Lagos Bay, not far distant from Cape St. Vincent. A division of his fleet was left in chase of several scattered ships of the enemy, and, from the Lisbon accounts, there was good reason to hope that they would come up with them.

This was the Spanish fleet that was "to clear the Mediterranean sea of the insolent English."

Alas!

Alas! how many times have we been duped! How many times the sans-culotte papers of America have promised us the destruction of John Bull! How invariably events have given the lie to their predictions! Their disappointment can be equalled by nothing but their perseverance in malice.

I have observed too, how grudgingly the account of this victory is given by some of my brother newsmongers. It must be well remembered, that while the election for President was going on, a report was circulated through the Union, that this same Admiral Jervis, with some victorious fleet, had been engaged by the French and Spaniards, and that his whole fleet was taken. This was "important intelligence," in all the papers; and the Philadelphia, whilome the Federal, Gazette, did "not hesitate to declare it of the greatest importance to humanity of any thing that had happened for many years." But, now that the victory is on the other side, it is of no importance at all; it is nothing worth retailing. Something is said about it, to be sure, just to swear by; but uncommon care is taken, that, if possible, it shall not catch the eye.

British Commissioners arrive in the Squirrel.—Yesterday arrived in this river, and anchored opposite the Ship-yard, in Southwark, his Britannic Majesty's ship of war the Squirrel, commanded by Temple Hardy, Esq. This ship has brought out Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Rich, the Commissioners on the part of Great Britain, for settling the claims of British subjects, under the sixth article of the treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation, concluded in 1794. The Squirrel left Yarmouth roads on the 18th February.

Real Source of French Hostility.—Nothing has surprised me more than to hear men of real good sense attribute

attribute all the hostile acts of France against the United States, their spoliations of our trade, their insults to our government, and their late barbarian conduct towards Mr. Pinckney, to the deceptions and encouragement of an American faction. This appears to me to be the setting up for a cause, what has only been an effect. As malicious as this party has proved itself on various occasions, I believe the number and the importance of those is very trifling indeed, who would volunteer their services to dishonour and oppress their own country. The evil did not originate with them, but in the deep-laid, inveterate policy of France; her ambition, intrigues, and corruption, are more to be dreaded and execrated too, than all the democrats in America.

We know that it has been the uniform practice of this nation, under its ancient regimen, as it is now under its tyrannic usurpers, to aspire at a supreme influence in every state, where it has had a minister; and where it could not work on the government, to foment divisions and cherish malcontents against it. To divide and govern, is the grand arcanum of French politics, with respect to all foreign nations; and with this single instrument they have achieved greater conquests, and done infinitely more mischief, than by their armies.

With respect to the United States of America, this will appear clear enough, by a little attention to facts and dates. In the summer of 1793, Citizen Genet, a disciple of Brissot (who was the father of clubs and insurrections), landed in South Carolina. He did not know then how he would be received by the Executive, and, indeed, he behaved as if he did not care any thing about it; for as soon as he had set his foot on shore, which was at a port six hundred miles from the seat of government, he began his ministry with all the arrogance of a proconsul in a conquered province. Some of his diplomatic

matic acts were to issue commissions of war, by sea and land, against the enemies of France; to establish a consular jurisdiction for the trial of prizes, and to fit out privateers: in short, he took possession of all our ports, and of all our country, with as little ceremony as if it had been a department of France, or one of its distant territories. But as he was sensible this could not be supported long against the will of the government, and people too, he began to organize an holy insurrection against the former, by instituting clubs among the latter, after the manner of the Jacobin societies in France. He knew what mighty things his friend Brissot had achieved by the means of clubs in that wretched country, and he expected by a like instrument to overturn or govern the United States.

As soon as his conduct was resented by the American Government, as it surely would have been, even by a Republic of Geneva, or St. Marino, the audacious Minister hurled defiance in the President's teeth, and appealed to the people, or rather to those firebrand clubs which he had planted among them: but happily he opened too soon; these clubs were not ready to co-operate with him; they had not had time enough to spread their destructive flames through the country, and the explosion ended quickly in a few stinking squibs and crackers. Having failed in this attempt, the divan pretended to condemn Genet's conduct, and recalled him; but he had too much wit to obey them; for although he had conformed scrupulously to the design and spirit of their instructions, he knew they might take his head off, for not managing with more address. With them, as with the savage Spartans, it was no crime to rob or steal, but to be detected in the attempt they never pardoned.

Genet was succeeded by the Confessor Joseph. This man executed his orders with more art and secrecy; and had it not been for the want of the

means of corruption, he might have done more mischief. It was fortunate for the United States that the Confessor's purse was empty, and his intrigues with the flour-merchants exposed by the capture of his dispatches; otherwise, God knows how many more insurgents he might have armed against the government, or where his intrigues would have ended. They failed, and Joseph was recalled: I never knew for what reason, unless it was merely to make room for some favourite of the party who had guillotined his master Robespierre.

The next and last diplomatic emissary was Pierre Antoine Adet, the present ex-minister. He was called a moderate being, sent out by the ruling party in France, that was distinguished by that name, in opposition to their predecessors, the Terrorists. How far Peter Anthony's conduct, which is fresh in the memory of all, corresponded with the rest, I leave all to judge: one thing is clear, the latter part of his ministration has been managed with a settled design to dissolve the connexion of this country with France, otherwise he would never have swelled his lists of complaints, by criminating the poor almanack-makers, for placing the name Great Britain before that of France, or the President for not hoisting the Gallic standard in Congress Hall. These are puerilities without example; they even surpass the King of Spain's last declaration of war against the King of Great Britain, and seem designed for a similar manifesto.

Thus we see, that whoever rules in France, whether Brissotines, Terrorists, or Moderates, their system of conduct towards the United States is uniform and steady. We must either agree to be governed by a French Minister, and conform at all times to her ambitious and turbulent politics, or incur her displeasure: an honest neutrality she will not suffer, any more than she will bear a rival. She aspires at holding the balance of Europe in her hands,

hands, and this she knows cannot be effected, but by destroying the trade of Great Britain, and giving the law in America. As to those miserable beings whom she has raised and paid for bellowing in beer-houses, at town-meetings, and in senates, they will all become perfectly harmless, and most of them good citizens, when we have once got rid of this domineering republic. Providence has thrown one more opportunity in our way, not only without our seeking, but in direct opposition to our foolish prejudices; to get rid of an alliance which neither God, nor nature, nor interest, nor policy ever formed for this country. If after frowning, robbing, and insulting us so long as she has done without any provocation on our part, she should once more turn about with one of those deceitful smiles which she has always at command; should she even promise compensation for the plunder she has taken, and engage to offend in like sort no more, let us not forget that she still is France, artful, perfidious France, and only waits another opportunity to aim a surer blow:—and that, when she has planted her banners on our borders, as well as spread her poison wider within our bosom, the irruption will be tenfold more dangerous.

Y.

WEDNESDAY, 5th APRIL.

Missin, Bompard, and Crew.—Some unpleasant, not to say disgraceful, circumstances that have taken place with respect to the military reception of his Britannic Majesty's frigate the Squirrel, naturally lead us to look back to the sans-culotte days of 1793, when a French frigate, newly decked with the insignia of rebellion and murder, entered the port of Philadelphia. The reader, if he was in America at that time, will perceive that I am about to speak of the Embuscade of ridiculous and black-guard

guard memory. She came slowly up the Delaware, hanging out her infamous rag, and firing her cannon to every group of fans-culottes that could approach near enough to give her the fraternal huzza : at last up she came to the city. Then it was that you might have been diverted, if frenchified folly, vanity, indecency, and swinishness can afford diversion. Happy was the man who could get a stand in a wood-boat, on a plank or a bowsprit. The Governor of Pennsylvania (who, God knows, is not the most discreet or least ridiculous of mortals at the best of times) seemed absolutely bereft of his reason. In fact his Excellency looked just like a fellow staring drunk ; whether with joy, or with grog, or with raw rum, I do not pretend to say, but he really went on like a bedlamite. The instant the charming Embuscade appeared in sight, out he drew his shining blade, as valiantly as he could have drawn on the Bank. Not a moment's time was lost in saluting. The cannon were drawn down to the foot of Market-street, where they stood ready to discharge the sulphur of fraternity ; which was done amidst the reiterated shouts of the assembled majesty of the people, or at least that fraction of it that was then on and about the wharfs.

While all this was going forward in the field, the cabinet of newsmongers was not idle, you may depend. When the mad dog of factious folly runs through the streets, they seldom go unbit. To repeat a millionth part of their silly remarks, their nauseously patriotic sentiments, would be to repeat a dose that now almost poisons one but to think of. Our stomachs were stronger in 1793, than they are in 1797, particularly since the game of French piracy and plunder began.

A description of this fans-culotte vessel, as given by poor Bache, who was then in his glory, may not be amiss.

“ She

“ She is ornamented,” says he, “ with many republican emblems. Her head and figure on the stern, are caps of liberty. The fore-mast is also crowned with the liberty-cap. On the several round-tops are the following inscriptions :

“ Of the mizen mast.

[“ Translated,]

“ *We are armed to defend the Rights of Man!*”

“ Main-mast.

“ *Freemen ! we are your brothers and friends.*”

“ Fore-mast.

“ *Enemies of Equality, relinquish your principles, or tremble !*”

“ Citizen Bompard, commander of the Embuscade, gave a dinner to the Governor of Pennsylvania, the Minister of the French Republic, and some other citizens, on board the frigate. After dinner several songs suited to the occasion were sung with great effect, and the following toasts drank:

“ The American and French republics—may they for ever be united !” (A salute of twenty-one guns.)

“ The Rights of Man—may they become universal law !”

“ The republican fair sex”—(that is to say, the fish-fags.)

“ The frigate Embuscade”—(a volunteer by the Governor of Pennsylvania.

“ As the American citizens were preparing to leave the frigate, Citizen Dupont, the boatswain, addressed them in the name of his messmates, in a speech replete with patriotic sentiments, pressed with feeling. The Governor made an appropriate reply.”

This scene puts one in mind of Congreve’s description of a Countess drinking gin in a cellar with a

hackney-coachman. Not that I would insinuate, that Citizen Dupont, or any of his messmates, were blackguards any more than his Excellency, or possessed of less sentiment, "pressed with feeling." I dare say that they were very well met, and if they continued together to this day it might have been a lucky thing for us. From my soul I do not think we should have been worsted if one of Citizen Dupont's messmates had become head hog at trough in poor Pennsylvania.

Cispadanian Republic.—I preserve the following article to be read when it will only excite ridicule.

PROCLAMATION.

The Congress of Cispadana, to the People of Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio.

Reggio, 16 Nivose, first year of the Republic of Cispadana, one and indivisible, Dec. 30, 1796 (old style).

The first stone of the foundation of your infant liberty was laid in the Congress held at Modena last October, thanks to the invincible French nation, which not only was so generous as to restore to you your natural rights, but also to enable you to exercise them in order to secure your future existence. It was in this view you formed the bonds of a friendly confederation which nothing could untie: you also wished for the means of drawing those bonds still closer, in order that the structure, once begun, might rise great and majestic. In fine, you called us to the Congress of Reggio, and we, strong in your commands, were proud of being able and authorized to give our concurrence to an enterprise worthy of the honour of Italy, and which will be the admiration of future ages.

Citizens,

Citizens, the Congress is eager to inform you, that your wishes are fulfilled, and that you are henceforth but one people, or rather one family. The following is the tenour of the resolution :

“ A motion having been made in the Congress to form the four nations into a republic, one and indivisible, in every respect so constructed that the four nations may only form one people, one single family :

“ The Congress having put this motion to the vote
“ with each nation, they have all accepted it.”

The people of Reggio were witness of the publication of this decree, in the same manner as we were witness of their joy. Our brave brethren, who came from the Transpadanian region, to fraternize with us, took part in the universal joy. May they imitate us, since we ardently wish it, and may they form so close an alliance with our republic, that tyranny may henceforth lose all hopes of again enslaving Italy !

It seems as if something would have been deficient in the general enthusiasm, had not our invincible deliverers been present at so solemn an act.

Citizen Marmont, sent expressly by the Commander in Chief to watch over the safety and liberty of our union, assisted at the Congress, and saw in us, and the whole people assembled, brothers not unworthy of the love of his generous nation. He took it upon him to give an account of this glorious event to the Commander in Chief. We could have wished you all to have been present at that happy moment, certain that your joy would have joined in unison with that of your brothers ; but if distance of place deprived us of this double joy, we make you amends for it, by imparting to you that glorious event before your delegates return again to their country. People of the republic of Cispadana, the great epoch is already marked. Reject far from you all ancient quarrels, and that rivalry which was fomented by ambition and despotism. Liberty, equality, virtue, let

these be your mottos. The powerful republic which has invited to the great work of liberty, will protect you, doubt it not, with all her forces. Slavery is flying from these countries. The tyrants to whom you were an object of derision, shudder and turn pale. The eyes of the whole world are fixed upon you, and Italy anxiously expects that you will restore to her that pristine splendour which made her once respected by all nations.

(Signed)

C. FACCI, *President.*

PISTORINI,
MACCHI,
LAMBERTI,
LEONELLI, } *Secretaries.*

SIR,

Philadelphia, April 3d, 1797.

I delay not to acknowledge the receipt of your letter by this day's post, a copy of which I observe published in Porcupine's Gazette; but I hope I shall be excused for replying only to that part of it in which I am immediately concerned.

I beg leave to assure you, Sir, that I had no view in selecting the *speech* of Logan the Mingo chief for recitation, but that of offering a specimen of natural eloquence as an exemplification of remarks which I had formerly made while treating on the subject of oratory.

I had no view in reading the *story* of Logan, but that of offering a necessary introduction to his speech.

I was ignorant of the probability of wounding the feelings of any individual, and have only to regret that I have involuntarily given pain, of which I shall be very careful to avoid a repetition.

I am, Sir, with respect,

Your very humble servant,

JAMES FENNELL.

Luther Martin, Esq. Baltimore.

French

French Marriages.—Citizen Finot, president of the provincial administration of this department, formerly a hussar at Avrolles, and afterwards a member of the National Convention, has found the means of multiplying, by a single alliance (not indeed a very common one), his kindred and family connexions.

He married, as his first wife, the female citizen Baubet, widow of Rose, by whom she had a daughter, now living, named Mary Ann Rose.

The President Finot had by this widow another daughter, who is also still living.

His wife died, and on the 14th of January last he married his daughter-in-law Mary Ann Rose.

The consequence of this marriage is, that the President becomes the son-in-law of his first wife, the father-in-law of his second wife, and the brother-in-law of his own daughter.

Madame Finot becomes the mother-in-law of her sister.

If Madame Finot contributes any little Finots to the republic, Monf. Finot will be both their father and grandfather, and the first Miss Finot will be their aunt and sister.

By the law on the subject of marriage, of the 20th September 1792, article 11, section i. title 4th, marriage is prohibited between natural and legitimate relations in the direct line, between persons allied to each other in this line, between brothers and sisters.

Madame Tallien.—On account of some domestic altercation between the former lady and her husband, she lately forsook him for the more convivial society of Citizen Barras, one of the present Directory. The latter, however, soon getting tired of his conquest, quitted her, in return, for Mademoiselle Contat, of the Theatre François, which preference had nearly cost the other her life; for Madame Tallien was so much enraged and disappointed, that she challenged her rival to

meet her with pistols in the Bois de Boulogne. They actually met, and fired twice each, when the female duellist became at length so much alarmed and intimidated, that their femmes de chambre, who acted as seconds, were obliged to carry them off the field.

— —

Paris Pastimes, and Barras's Ball.—Extract of a letter from Paris, December 6, 1796. Barras gave a ball some few nights ago; such a ball you can have no idea of. Several of your acquaintances were there as well as myself. La C—— danced the whole evening with the son of De V——, who assassinated her husband, her father, and her brother. La de G—— jumped about with M——, who purchased, and now occupies, the hotel of the Marquis de G——, her emigrant husband; and no one could be more sociable than La de la C—— was with F——, who attempted to poison her, and caused her husband and seven of his nearest relations to be guillotined. I should never have done were I to attempt a recital of all the little circumstances that so strongly mark our national and republican character. As I only went to this place to avoid the suspicion of their republican majesties, I left the rooms at an early hour. As I came away, I saw the citizens domestics of the citizen king Barras, occupied in throwing the relics of the dinner through the windows to citizen mob, our sovereign, who were fighting in the street for the purpose of prolonging their wretched existence, amidst the rigours of winter, for a few hours longer; swearing at the same time at Barras and the whole directorial crew. Just by, in front of a public house, in the Rue Vaugirard, I saw three dead bodies naked in a cart, the usual coffin of the French republicans. These were wretched state creditors, M. le Comte de R——, formerly a mousquetaire, with his wife and daughter, who, receiving their interest in mandats, had, in order

der to avoid dying with hunger, put an end to their own existence. A little farther they were dancing in the two opposite houses; and close by was a group of miserable beings in rags, warming themselves at a wood fire made of some barrels which they had stolen, and deliberating whether they ought not to pillage the houses of the venders of wood, who were all aristocrats. At a little distance was a band of thieves occupied in forcing an entrance into a goldsmith's shop, who was calling out "Murder!" but to no purpose; although there was a corps de garde, no doubt accomplices, within a few yards of the spot. Very near to my own door I found a party of drunken men and women dancing la Carmagnole. All this I saw myself; and the same scene, with very little variation, may be seen very night if a person chooses to take the trouble, or run the risk of going out.

They talk here a great deal about Merlin's Review; that is, our Merlin, minister of French justice, who has ordered a review of all the galley slaves and malefactors in the different prisons, whom he means to send on a desperate adventure on board our fleets at Brest and Toulon. As the gallies and the jails have supplied a great number of noble patriots since our dear revolution, Merlin is accused of singular ingratitude to his old benefactors and comrades. You, no doubt, know that several members of the deceased Convention, before they laboured for the happiness of the Republic, had the happiness to labour on board the gallies, and in the prisons, for crimes committed under the reign of Louis XVI. and which that monarch was little aware would be one day called civic. Adieu.

European Articles.—London, 17th February.—Mr. Pinckney, the American Minister at Paris, having received orders to quit the territory of the French Republic, has actually taken his departure accordingly.

ingly. War between these two powers may therefore be considered as inevitable.

We see then that it is understood in London that Mr. Pinckney has been *ordered* away. There is now no excuse left, no room for an apology; America must now show to the world either its spirit or its baseness.

The Neapolitan fleet, which had formerly sailed combined with the British, and had been withdrawn on the conclusion of a treaty of peace with the French Republic, had been completely refitted, and were about to proceed to sea; they consisted of six sail of the line and several frigates. It was understood that they were to join the Spanish fleet.

Indeed it seems pretty clear Great Britain will have to fight her old allies. But if their exertions against her are as feeble as they were for her, she has little to fear from them. This Neapolitan fleet will make very fine Indiamen, and the people on board will furnish the city of London with excellent shoe-blacks; a calling in which the subjects of the *brave* King of Naples are said to *shine*.

A grand conspiracy, in which Tallien and the Spanish ambassador are said to be implicated, has been discovered at Paris.

Buonaparte is at Verona. The Austrians seem to be driven out of Italy, except from the fortress of Mantua, which cannot hold out long.

THURSDAY, 6th APRIL.

Merry, the Della Cruscan Poet.

For Porcupine's Gazette.—MR. PETER, Of all the spectacles that serve as lessons to check the pride of human nature, none is, perhaps, better calculated to produce a lasting effect, than that of fallen genius. With this persuasion it is that I request you to publish the following epilogue, and to tell the public

public at the same time that it is the production of Mr. R. Merry. I compassionate the case of the poor gentleman with all my soul; it is pity to see him thus wither in his prime. It is vexatious to us also, that "the rose that was to adorn our wilder-
"ness," should thus by transplantation become a mere bramble.

However, such is the instability of man, and of all that pertains to him; and when we look back to instances of the same kind, still more striking and awful than that we are now contemplating, if we find not consolation, we shall more patiently submit to the will of fate. When we see the once learned, accomplished, acute, sprightly, and humorous Dean Swift, become "a driv'ler and a show," we repine less at hearing Della Crusca endeavouring to entertain a Philadelphia audience with an awkward imitation of Mary the Cook-maid's Letter to Doctor Sheridan.

EPILOGUE

To the Abbey of St. Augustine.—Spoken by Mr. Harwood, at the New Theatre.

Ladies and gentlemen! the managers are totally at a loss what to say;
They are extremely sorry it has happen'd so, but they have mislaid the epilogue to the play.
The author of it is a modest man, though authors in general are irritable folks,
Yet he is very unhappy about it, because he declares it was excellent, and full of jokes;
That not only the poetry was beautiful, but also that it had a great deal of wit:
Upon my word I thought the poor fellow was going into a fit,
Because he came to me and said, "My dear Mr. Harwood, you seem to be a sensible man,
Will you go forward and speak something on the occasion, the best that you can?"
To which I answer'd, "Mr. Griffin, since you are so pertinacious and explicit,
I will speak one off hand, and I dare say the audience will be too kind to hiss it."

So here I am, though very much alarm'd, just going to begin;
If any of the company are in the lobby, pray desire them to
walk in."

To-night, to-night, you have seen a sick Nun die,
And a Friar stab himself;—"I shall get on better by and by."
O grant your generous favour if it is due,
And cheer our trembling bard—"I think I shall do."
The rose expanding with its leaves so red,
The lily that declines its humble head,
Shall form a wreath for him.—"Now really that was very
well said."

I believe indeed I ought to have mention'd the laurel and the bays;
They, however, will come of course should we obtain your praise.
But I know it is absolutely necessary that I should give you a touch
of the sublime,

Which I will now do, though I find it very difficult to express my-
self in rhyme.

The tragic muse all nations must adore,
Melpomene—"I am afraid you have heard something like
this before."

Her reign extends from Indus to the Pole—

"Now that is capital upon my soul."

She paints the passions, she subdues the heart,
With trumpets, ghosts, the dagger, and the start:

Her power mysterious animates, refines;

"I think I never spoke much better lines."

Great revolutions, convents abolish'd, nuns set free,

War, virtue, honour, glory, liberty!

Lord! 'tis as easy as one's A B C.

I suspect you rather like my tragic manner; if so, I declare

I will give up low comedy, and become a candidate for despair.

How I will mouth the blank verse; how I will groan when I am
dying,

And how I shall split my sides with laughing when I see you all a-
crying!

Well, now I am perfectly satisfied, and look upon it as mere fun
To have been considering how I should begin, till I find I have
done.

So I will only add, that I hope the play may be deemed worthy
your protection,

And if you approve of my epilogue I shall have no objection.

*A Bear and two Negroes dancing round the Liberty-
pole.*—We have received information from Newark,
New-Jersey, that on Saturday last a bear and
two negroes decorated with the cap of liberty, ac-
companied with a violin, danced round the flag-
staff

staff in that town, in commemoration of the victories lately obtained by the French in Italy.

While drunkenness and complexion may plead an apology for them, we have to lament that the colours of the United States, belonging to the militia in that town, were most shamefully prostituted on this occasion.

It is however to be hoped for the honour of the militia, that the colours were procured without their knowledge or consent; if so, they ought in future to be entrusted to a soldier who feels the injuries his country is daily experiencing from the French.

Abominable republican Fraternity.—Norfolk, March 25. On Tuesday evening arrived in town, Captain Worth, of the brig *Two Sisters*, formerly of this place. Captain Worth sailed from Norfolk in the above brig for Leogane. Just to the leeward of Hispaniola was brought to by a French privateer, and ordered on board; when the captain of the privateer offering a paper written in French, ordered Captain Worth to sign it; on his refusing, the pirate drew his cutlass, and swore he would cleave his skull if he did not immediately put his name to the paper; but Captain Worth still persisted in refusing, reasoning on the absurdity of his signing a writing in language he did not understand. The privateersman then turned to the sailors (two Italians), and commanded them to write their names: they could not write; he then forced them, with threats and a drawn sword over their heads, to make their marks at the bottom of the paper. He immediately hailed the brig, informing that she was a good prize, as the men had signed a declaration that she was bound to Jamaica. Captain Worth was carried to Cuba in the privateer. Four days after the brig came in; and on his observing to the picarooning captain that he could not have her tried or sold at Cuba, he was told

told she was already sold ; and soon after a Spanish merchant was put in possession of her. Her papers were then to be sent to Cape François in order for trial. [Execution before judgment with a vengeance !]

French Spy.—The following account of Auguste Lachese is handed us by a French gentleman, who can answer for the truth of it.

Auguste Lachese, who has been arrested and imprisoned in Kentucky, for attempting to detach the people of that country from the government of the United States, to unite it to the Spanish provinces, is not a general, nor a native of France, but an officer of inferior rank, born in Louisiana. He served some time in the life-guards of the King of France. He repaired to St. Domingo to mend his fortune, and the revolution presented him the means. At Jeremie, he made a cruel war on the mulattoes, and carried it to such excess, that the whites, in resentment, expelled him from the town, and he went to Cape François. There he appeared wherever there was trouble. He united with Santhonax and Polyerel to destroy the government, which protected property and the white proprietors, and to exalt the mulattoes into power, who drove him away in turn.

He then came to New-York, and gave himself up to the Minister Genet, who assembled round him none of the best men. This diplomatic Jacobin found him a convenient instrument for his disorganizing purposes, and sent him to the western territory of the United States to excite the people to insurrection against their legitimate government.

N. B. At the Cape he was appointed by Santhonax a captain in Walsh's regiment in the Irish brigade, with mulattoes and negroes.

American

American Liberty of the Press.—Whereas a person called at my house this morning, and told the lad that serves in my shop, that if I published any more pieces about the Governor of Pennsylvania, there was *a party* ready to inflict vengeance on me (or words to the same effect): this is to inform the said *party*, that I will continue to publish whatsoever pieces I please about the Governor of Pennsylvania; that my publications shall be circumscribed by the *law*, and by the law alone; that I despise menaces of every description, and that, let who will be slaves, I am resolved to be free.—The impertinent bearer of the above threat ought to have left his name, that it might have been communicated to the public.

WM. COBBETT.

FRIDAY, 7th APRIL.

American Liberty of the Press.—In yesterday's Gazette I informed the public of the unwarrantable and base attempt that had been made to intimidate me from publishing strictures on the conduct and character of the Governor of Pennsylvania. I have since been given to understand, through various channels, that a knot of villains have *formed a plan* for assaulding me.

After repeating my most profound contempt for these bravoos, and for their employers, and declaring my resolution to persevere in exposing the folly and wickedness of all those whom I look upon as enemies to the government, I shall take the liberty of making an observation or two on the effect that these threats must produce in the world.

Can it be supposed that foreigners will not laugh at our "*unlimited* liberty of the press," when they see a man threatened, in this impudent manner, for ridiculing the conduct of a public officer? If Mr. Pitt were to send a ruffian, to threaten the editor of the

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the

the Morning Chronicle with the vengeance of "a party," or a gang, popular as he is, I much question if he would not be driven from his place by the voice even of his friends. What a pretty handle would such a threat furnish the newspapers of America with! How they would vaunt, and trumpet forth their superior liberty! They would some of them, at least, congratulate their readers on it, as a certain presage of a revolution, of universal destruction, in England. They would tell us, that the people could not much longer submit "*to such oppression*;" and yet they tell us, that the English are slaves! How is this?

A newspaper in England satirizes every man in public life, from the King to the common soldier; it rails against all the measures of Government; it expresses its respect for the nation which is at open war with its own, and even its wishes for the enemy's success; yet no one insults the editor. No rascally fellow in office dares send his runners to threaten him with vengeance. Decency, a sense of true liberty, and a confidence in the equity and efficiency of the laws, prevent any such desperate proceeding.

Let not this comparison be called invidious; every man would have made it for himself. The threat against me is gone forth to the world; it is impossible to recall it, or prevent its being properly commented on, in every country where the English language is spoken, and the liberty of the press is thought a thing of any value.

Neutrality and Impartiality.—When the President's proclamation declaring the situation of the United States to be neutral with regard to all the powers at war, was first made public, it excited the angry passions of every heated advocate for war, and drew upon him the reprobation of many a tedious essayist, whose

whose projects of personal aggrandizement were blasted by a measure as just as it was seasonable. The propriety of that proclamation has been so amply established, and its constitutionality so ably defended, against the numberless attacks directed against it, that no man in his senses now pretends to entertain a doubt on the subject. That it was our duty as well as *interest* to be neutral, has been clearly evinced by the result; we have enjoyed the fruits of it during the course of a war which has half ruined the fairest portion of Europe; and the sacrifices we have sustained, sacrifices inseparable from a state of neutrality, extremely vexatious, have been much more than countervailed by the advantages drawn from our situation. The government has acted uniformly, just, and proper, notwithstanding the charges of American democrats and French ministers; but we cannot say as much for individuals and particular cities. It is not, for instance, very consistent with a state of perfect neutrality, for a neutral people to set their bells a-ringing on receiving news of a victory gained by one of the contending powers over another; yet we have seen repeated instances of this; and once the federal House of Representatives had the culpable weakness to *adjourn* on hearing from Genet that a French army *had beaten their enemy*; when the report was traced, it was found that Genet had *seen it mentioned in a newspaper*, and finally the whole was discovered to be false! Such instances may evince *attachments*, but they are not evidences of *neutrality* properly so termed. At present our partialities are in a *train of payment*; when they will be compensated is in the womb of futurity.—*O tempora!*

Monkey with the Rights of Man.—London, September 15, 1794.—An officer of the customs lately seized a monkey on board a ship in the river, and
 3 being

being asked by what law monkeys were declared contraband, said he found the young foreigner with Paine's Rights of Man actually in his hand.

How tyrannical and cruel! why may not monkeys turn politicians, and fraternize, and give and receive the fraternal embrace? Why not declare them free, and incorporate them with the French Republic?

SATURDAY, 8th APRIL.

The MOON-LIGHT Reflections of CHARLES FOX, during the Christmas Reveys.

'Tis now some *fourteen years* ago
 Since I was Minister—for *show*,
 A *thing* of four months standing;
 Since then, how have I spent my days?
 At hazard, *faro*, or at *quinze*,
 Or on my legs haranguing.

But then, my *FAME*—well, what is that?
 The twirling of a greasy hat,
 Not worth a man's regarding;
 A toast, by drunken patriots given,
 When ev'ry thing's at six or seven,
 A shout round Covent Garden.

My *FORTUNE*, though, alas! 'tis spent,
 Both money had, and money lent,
 Such is my sad condition!
 Thus what I eat, and what I wear,
 With what I drink, and what I share,
 Are dol'd me by *SUBSCRIPTION*.

D——n! there's the thought that stings!
 I who aspir'd to stars and strings,
 To titles and what not,
 Must now stay browsing round *St. Anne's*,
 Without or future views or plans,
 A pauper—and forgot.

Come, *Riot*, then! Come, quickly come!
 With bloody flag, and murd'rous drum—
 Ye great and rich uncase!
 That in this bustling, *lev'ling* world,
 Whilst all are in confusion hurl'd,
 I may *pick up a place*.

, *Buonaparte*,

Buonaparte, the Cut-throat.—Milan, January 7, 1796. The insurrection of Carfagnana, and that in the city of Ferrara, are entirely quelled. The following letter from General Buonaparte to General Rusca, who was ordered to reduce the insurgents to submission, will throw some light upon that event, and upon the ulterior projects of the Commander in Chief.

“ The town of Ferrara, a part of Carfagnana, and particularly the town of Castelnovo, *are in a state of rebellion.* The miserable insurgents have suffered themselves to be seduced by perfidious agents, who are overrunning Italy, to excite the people to revolt, and to involve them in all the horrors of war. You will proceed to Castelnovo with a moving column; you will direct *the chief of the rebels to be shot*; you will send twenty hostages to Milan; you will order the house of the Duke of Modena’s confessor, who is the author of the rebellion, *to be destroyed*; you will erect upon the site of it a pyramid, with this inscription: ‘ The punishment of a priest, who, abusing his sacred ministry, preached revolt and assassination.’ You will assemble the magistrates, the chiefs of the different convents, and all the rectors: you will tell them from me, that as long as the ministers of religion shall be influenced by true principles, as the Cardinal Massei, the Archbishop of Bologna, and the Bishops of Pavia and Modena, who, by their wisdom, and the purity of their morals, recall to mind the first ages of the church, I shall respect them, their property, and their customs, as they contribute to public tranquillity, and to the general good; but when the sacred nature of their ministry shall become, in the hands of disaffected persons, an instrument of discord, and of civil war, *I will destroy their convents, confiscate their property, and punish personally the rec-*

tors and curates of villages, who shall have demeaned themselves ill.

“ You will afterwards proceed to Ferrara, and from thence to Leghorn, where you are to join the garrison of that place, and the moveable column which you will find at Bologna, under the command of General Lanus, to defend the coasts of Tuscany from all invasion on the part of the English. (Signed) BUONAPARTE.”

The Antigallican.—The French are alike celebrated for their skill in making treaties, and *infamous for their perfidy in breaking them*: the observation is of great antiquity, and may be verified by a long list of treaties for the compass of a century, to go no higher.

Their ordinary round of policy and conduct is precisely this; they first scheme out some plan or other of usurpation, which they cannot execute; to effect which they scruple not to commit the most flagrant violations of the most solemn treaties, and the most enormous breaches of faith and amity; in consequence hereof a war ensues, in which they are always in a striking posture well prepared, and give, as well as execute, orders with celerity: their first efforts are often attended with success; this elates them, fills their fancies with exalted notions of their own puissance, and conjures to their eyes *that beloved illusive phantom—universal empire*.

Who, upon reading the above, would not imagine that it was called forth by the circumstances of the present day? It is very probable that the reader has already said to himself, “ Ah, *Peter*, this is dictated by your *English prejudice*.” How will he be disappointed, then, when I tell him, that the paragraphs which so justly depict the perfidy of the French national character, are quoted from a publication,

tion, intituled, "The American Magazine," printed in this city upwards of thirty-nine years ago!

But it may be said, that this character was, perhaps, drawn by an Englishman, though published in America. To remove all scruples founded on this supposition, I will quote the language of one whom every American is proud to call his countryman: I mean *George Washington*. This gentleman, in a letter of his to the Chiefs of the Six Nations, in 1757, gives the following masterly description of the French character:

"Brethren,

"We are very glad to see you, and sorry that such reports disquiet you. The English do not intend to hurt you, or any of your allies. This news, we know, must have been forged by the French, who are *constantly treacherous*, asserting the greatest falsehoods, whenever they think they will turn out to their advantage. They speak well, promise fine things, but all from the lips outward, whilst their *heart is corrupted and full of venomous poison*. The English, your real friends, are too generous to think of using their allies in this manner, &c."

Such was the unanimous voice of Americans about forty years ago; and what has occurred, I would be glad to know, to alter the sentiments it expressed? Nothing. Indeed, with so much truth do these sentiments abound, that the whole which I have copied above, is as applicable to the United States at this moment, as it formerly was to the Six Nations.

MONDAY, 10th APRIL.

I have been informed that it was currently reported, that I have had a most hearty drubbing from some "good republican."

It has been asserted that I was first beat, and then dragged round my shop, &c. and some have gone

so far as to name the good republican that did all this.

Now, I do assure the public, that no good republican, nor any other person, has attempted to strike me; and, which is more, I as positively assert, that no one ever will do it with impunity, unless he attacks me behind or in the dark. If, therefore, there are any gentlemen, who are good enough to feel anxious for my safety, let them be perfectly tranquil. A thousand stories of this kind will get about, and they will die away, as all those hitherto propagated have done. Bache told his readers some months ago, that a Frenchman horsewhipped me: every one knew that Bache told a falsehood; but now Bache tells the public that himself has been horsewhipped, every body believes him.

It is something remarkable, that of so many beatings as I have been said to receive, no particular republican should claim the honour of bestowing any one of them! Numbers extol the gallant action, but each individual modestly declines the glory of it. No one says, I beat Peter Porcupine. It is always some other person; it is every body, and it is nobody.

These reports, however, clearly indicate the generous desires of the "good republicans," as they are pleased to call themselves. When people are very industrious in propagating a falsehood, it is ever to be concluded, that they are actuated rather by their wishes than by their credulity. Far am I from doubting their good will towards me, and all that belongs to me. I dare say, they would with pleasure see my carcass, with those of my wife and children, dragged lifeless into the street: all the difficulty lies in finding an arm to inflict the blow. They are like the mice in council, who, by an unanimous vote, determined that the cat should be hanged:

hanged ; but when it came to the pinch, no one was to be found to put the halter round her neck.

P. P.

Sir John Jervis's Victory over the Dons — We have now to perform the agreeable task of laying before the numerous readers of Porcupine's Gazette, the official account of Admiral Sir John Jervis's glorious victory over the Spanish fleet, off Cape St. Vincent.

When the news of this victory was first published in Porcupine's Gazette, it was treated by some of the other papers as an exaggerated account, if not as altogether a sham. They would allow but a ship or two, at most, to be taken ; and, on Friday last, the Philadelphia Gazette, and the Merchants' Impartial Advertiser, assured us, that a certain Captain from Lisbon, who sailed two days later than the date of the letters containing the intelligence, informed, that no further account of the matter had been received ; which was as much as to say, that there was every reason to suppose the whole a fabrication.—It would be hard to say what makes some of our brethren so unwilling to allow of the authenticity of intelligence favourable to the only country upon earth that America can now call its friend ; while they are ready to cram down their readers' throat every vague report they can lay hold of in favour of those who are at open war with us, all but the name. They are under the influence of modern patriotism, I suppose.

The result of the action between the British and Spanish fleets is much more honourable to the former than it was at first represented. It was stated, that there were only thirteen fighting ships of the line against twenty, but it now appears that the difference was still greater, there being twenty-seven Spaniards against fifteen English ; and it appears, from the Admiral's report, that two of these were in

want of repair; so that the difference was at least one half.

From the London Gazette Extraordinary of 3d March.

Admiralty Office, March 3, 1797.

Robert Calder, Esq. first Captain to Admiral Sir John Jervis, K. B. arrived this morning with dispatches from him to Mr. Nepean, of which the following are copies :

SIR, Victory, in Lagos Bay, Feb. 16, 1797.

The hopes of falling in with the Spanish fleet, expressed in my letter to you of the 13th instant, were confirmed that night by our distinctly hearing the report of their signal guns, and by intelligence received from Captain Foote, of his Majesty's ship the Niger, who had, with equal judgment and perseverance, kept company with them for several days, on my prescribed rendezvous (which from the strong south-east winds I had never been able to reach), and that they were not more than the distance of three or four leagues from us. I anxiously awaited the dawn of day, when being on the starboard tack, Cape St. Vincent bearing east by north eight leagues, I had the satisfaction of seeing a number of ships extending from south-west to south, the wind then at west and by south. At forty-nine minutes past ten, the weather being extremely hazy, La Bonne Citoyenne made the signal that the ships seen were of the line, twenty-five in number. His Majesty's squadron under my command, consisting of the fifteen ships of the line named in the margin, were happily formed in the most compact order of sailing in two lines. By carrying a press of sail I was fortunate in getting in with the enemy's fleet at half past eleven o'clock, before it had time to connect, and form a regular order of battle. Such a moment was

was not to be lost ; and confident in the skill, valour, and discipline of the officers and men I had the happiness to command, and judging that the honour of his Majesty's arms and the circumstances of the war in these seas required a considerable degree of enterprise, I felt myself justified in departing from the regular system ; and passing through their fleet, in a line formed with the utmost celerity, tacked, and thereby separated one third from the main body, after a partial cannonade, which prevented their re-union till the evening ; and by the very great exertions of the ships which had the good fortune to be on the larboard tack, the ships named in the margin were captured, and the action ceased about five o'clock in the evening.

I enclose the correctest list I have been able to obtain of the Spanish fleet opposed to me, amounting to twenty-seven sail of the line, and an account of the killed and wounded in his Majesty's ships, as well as in those taken from the enemy. The moment the latter (although totally dismasted), and his Majesty's ships the *Captain* and *Culloden*, are in a state to put to sea, I shall avail myself of the first favourable wind to proceed off Cape St. Vincent in my way to Lisbon.

Captain Calder, whose able assistance has greatly contributed to the public service during my command, is the bearer of this, and will more particularly describe to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty the movements of the squadron on the 14th, and the present state of it.

I am, Sir, &c.

J. JERVIS.

LIST OF THE TWO FLEETS.

British.	Guns.	Spanish.	Guns.
Victory -	- 100	St. Trinidad -	- 130
Britannia -	- 100	Mexicana -	- 112
Barfleur -	- 98	P. de Asturias -	- 112
Prince George -	- 98	Concepcion -	- 112
Blenheim -	- 90	Conde de Regla -	- 112
Namur -	- 90	Salvador del Mundo	112
Captain -	- 74	San Josef -	- 112
Goliath -	- 74	San Nicholas -	- 84
Excellent -	- 74	Oriente -	- 74
Orion -	- 74	Glorioso -	- 74
Egmont -	- 74	Atlante -	- 74
Culloden -	- 74	Conquestadore -	- 74
Coloffus -	- 74	Soberano -	- 74
Irrefistible -	- 74	Firme -	- 74
Diadem -	- 64	Pelayo -	- 74
<hr/>		San Genaro -	- 74
Total, fifteen ships		San Ildephonso	74
1232		S. J. Nepamuceno	74
		S. F. de Paula -	- 74
		San Yfidor -	- 74
		San Antonio -	- 74
		San Pablo -	- 74
		San Firmin -	- 74
		Neptuna -	- 74
		Bahama -	- 74
		Name unknown -	- 74
		Name unknown -	- 74

Total, twenty-seven ships 2292

SHIPS TAKEN.

Salvador del Mundo	112	San Nicholas	- 84
San Josef -	- 112	San Yfidor -	- 74

—224

Total, four ships 382

Total

Total of killed and wounded on board the British fleet. Five officers, fifty-nine seamen, six marines, five soldiers, killed. Five officers, one hundred and eighty-nine seamen, twenty-one marines, twelve soldiers, wounded—three hundred.

List of the killed and wounded on board the Spanish Ships taken by the Squadron under the Command of Admiral Sir John Jervis, K. B. on the 14th of February, 1797.

San Ysidor, four officers killed, eight wounded; twenty-five artillerymen, seamen, and soldiers killed, fifty-five ditto wounded.—Salvador del Mundo, five officers killed, four wounded; thirty-seven artillerymen, seamen, and soldiers killed, one hundred and twenty-one ditto wounded.—San Nicholas, four officers killed, eight wounded; one hundred and forty artillerymen, seamen, and soldiers killed, fifty-one ditto wounded.—San Josef, two officers killed, five wounded; forty-four artillerymen, seamen, and soldiers killed, ninety-one ditto wounded. Total killed, two hundred and sixty-one; wounded, three hundred and forty-one—six hundred and three.

Note.—Among the killed is the General Don Francisco Xavier Winthuysen, Chef d'Escadre.

J. JERVIS.

TUESDAY, 11th APRIL.

Mr. Murray goes off for the Hague.—William V. Murray, Esq. Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Batavian Republic, left this city on Sunday last in the ship Good Friends, for Amsterdam.

Bank of England, and Descent of the French in Wales.—Extract of a letter from London, dated March 3d, received by one of the first mercantile houses in America.—“The regulation at the Bank bears

bears no resemblance to a stoppage of payment. Payments are still made of small sums, and the commercial people seem not at all alarmed at the adoption of a measure, which ought to be looked upon rather as a preventive than a remedy. Amidst the rumours of invasions, and the fears of some persons, excited by those which have already taken place, it was not proper to leave any thing, particularly an institution of such national importance as the Bank, subject to the influence of that timidity which ever accompanies the possession of riches.

“ It was great pity that the Mounseers who landed in Wales, were not left to the pitchforks of the country people. Taffy would have sent them to a place much fitter for them than an English prison, of which such savages are unworthy.

“ At the moment I am writing this, the Park and Tower guns are firing in honour of the glorious victory obtained by Sir John Jervis over the Spanish fleet off St. Vincent. The latter consisted of twenty-seven ships of the line, many of them of more than a hundred guns, while that of our brave Admiral consisted of no more than fifteen. I believe there never was such a battle fought at sea. The Dons will soon repent of their folly in joining the republicans. We hear something about the King of Naples acceding to the alliance with France and Spain, and it is generally believed that this will be the case. What this foolish King can mean, I know not; his poor fleet would not be a breakfast for us. I verily believe, if the war should continue some years longer, of which there is at present every appearance, nobody will have any men of war worth speaking of but ourselves. All that we have to do, is to remain firm and faithful to ourselves. While we do this, all the world combined cannot hurt us; and when we have rid out the fiorm of war, the riches of the universe will concentrate themselves in our island.

island. You never saw the people so united as they now are. The Jacobins are few; or at least, they dare not show their heads, particularly since the attempt to invade Ireland. Hoche's proclamation, boasting of the aid he expected from these gentry, has roused the resentment of all ranks of people against them: and for a man to declare his friendship for the French cause now, would draw on him the detestation of all that know him.

"The Opposition are quite mum. They do, however, accuse the Minister of having laid his hand on the Bank without cause; but it must be remembered that they also asserted, that he was preparing to resist an invasion without cause."

WEDNESDAY, 12th APRIL.

Language of the two Parties on Mr. Pinckney's Dismissal from Paris.—Volumes have been published on this subject; the two following articles, one from a *Federal*, and the other from a *Democratic* paper, will give the reader an idea of the general language of the two parties.

The Federalist.—As soon as the French discovered that they could not provoke us to make a common cause with them in the war against Great Britain, and that their presumption and insolence only drove the United States into a closer amity with that country, they resolved to consider both nations as their enemies, and to treat them both alike. They never lost sight of this hostile resolution, although it has been moderated, and at times suspended, from a vain hope that they had a party here strong enough to overturn the present government, and to introduce another more propitious; but the mist is now scattered, and they see clearly that all their manœuvres have not only rendered them more odious, but that the friendship of America will turn, in spite of all
their

their efforts, into its natural and ancient channel. This persuasion must render them very indifferent about the contents of the President's last letter to Mr. Pinckney, whenever it comes to hand. I am doubtful whether they will ever deign to give it a reading; but if they do, I believe it will only increase their irritation, and perhaps produce an immediate declaration of hostilities.

There is a certain degree of baseness, from which a man or a nation *may* return to reason and justice; but when they have boldly rushed forward to such an excess of hypocrisy, ingratitude, violence, and perfidy as the French government has manifested towards America, their return is hopeless. They will never forgive us the enormous injuries they have done us, and still less the defeat of the greater wrongs they intended. For should they receive the President's memorial, and assent to the justice of his complaints, they will proclaim to the world their own condemnation, and assume the payment of a debt they are unable to discharge; they must revoke their piratical decrees; cease from plundering; and pay for all the provisions they may want hereafter, either in ready money or a fair exchange. This they have neither the honour nor the means to do; war, therefore, and plunder, are most agreeable to their necessities as well as choice; as these afford a pretext, at least, to disannul a treaty which they say has been a *real disadvantage* to them, and to cancel a debt of twelve millions of dollars that they have never intended to pay. And when we recollect that this line of conduct towards neutral nations, and the United States in particular, is a part of their monstrous project of ruining the British commerce, there can be but little doubt that they will persist in it. If we will unite with them in this abominable design, we may have them as friends; if not, it will be wise to prepare for war.

This

This conduct of our quondam allies, as they are pleased to call themselves, has had a wonderful effect on the public mind; it has dissolved a charm that for five years had bound the good sense of America with more than magic enchantment. We no longer consider the French as an enlightened people contending for liberty; but as the miserable slaves of a few low-bred, unprincipled tyrants, fighting for dominion; perfidious and oppressive to their friends, and pursuing war with a spirit of carnage and plunder disgraceful to the age; invading all the neighbouring states without provocation, and violating every law without scruple: "unappalled by peril, unchecked by remorse, despising all common maxims and all common means," they march straight forward to the first object; which was, to extend the dominions of France, or "*to set fire to the four corners of Europe.*"

It is not strange, therefore, that when our own experience, harmonizing with the testimony of all Europe, has placed this monstrous compound of a government in its true light, universal horror and resentment should arise, and that the general voice should now cry louder for revenge than compensation.

The Democrat.—The news of Mr. Pinckney's being dismissed by the Directory is confirmed. What an awful crisis does this make in the affairs of this country! Yet, awful as it is, it was foreseen and predicted by the republicans the moment the infamous treaty with Great Britain was ratified. They were certain France would never tolerate such an explicit departure from our neutrality, and open violation of our most sacred engagements with her. Solemn as is the aspect of our affairs, they are precisely where a wicked administration have long wished to see them. If war with France was not a favourite object with the President's ministry, why
was

was Jay the greatest enemy France ever had, and who had just libelled the French minister sent to Great Britain? Why was a treaty made by which America sacrificed every thing but its hostility to that republic? Why Government, on all occasions, so partial to the British? Why were Tories every where promoted to office? Why was Pickering's long letter published? Why was Morris so long kept in France? Why was Munro recalled? Why was King, an Englishman at the heart, and a bitter enemy to France, sent to the court of St. James's? Why was Mr. Jefferson opposed? In short, why were a thousand things done which could have had no other object than to embroil us with that nation?

Americans, reflect!—It is time to express to the Federal government, in respectful but firm language, your sentiments on the alarming state of your public affairs. Let the President know there is nothing you wish for so much as peace and friendship with France—nothing you deprecate so much as war with that Republic, or an alliance offensive and defensive with Great Britain. If the British treaty must be the price of this peace and friendship, in God's name let it go: it was founded in iniquity, it was carried by art and corruption, and there is no way of healing our wounded honour, or repairing our violated faith, but in rescinding the articles of that execrable contract, which have given just umbrage to our allies*.

* There never was, I will venture to say, language so base as this held by any party, or any man, in the whole world before. Would one imagine, that these were the sentiments of men professing themselves the supporters of *independence*? Never was there before such a base crew existing in the world.

THURSDAY, 13th APRIL.

Bitter Whigs, Bradford & Co.—The *Merchants' Advertiser* of this morning publishes something that bears the *form* of a letter from Marblehead, stating that the British Admiral (the gallant Sir John Jervis) was, on the 1st March, arrived at Lisbon with his prizes; but the intelligent writer says, that he had taken but *one* three-decker, the other *three* being two-deckers. This trifling deduction from the profit of battle one could bear well enough; but when we hear the *Merchants' Advertiser* asserting, that Jervis (plain Jervis mind) had to encounter *only the van-guard* of the Spanish fleet; when we see this malicious paper attempting to rob the noble Admiral of his glory as well as his title, we cannot help thinking, that it has abandoned that rule of impartiality which was ever to regulate its conduct.

The perverse writer still continues to deduct. He has the assurance to tell us, that there were but twenty-three Spanish ships, though we are assured by the official report to the Admiralty that there were twenty-seven.

The most curious circumstance mentioned in this letter, is, that *Jervis* (to speak in the *fans-culotte* style) should bring the *van* of the Spaniards to action, while the rest of the fleet *could not get up*. Now, it is pretty generally understood, that the *van* goes foremost; therefore, if the Spanish fleet was not sailing backwards, the wind would have brought up the centre and rear squadrons, without any exertions whatever on the part of their crews.

This silly story, invented to detract from the honour of the British fleet, bears a strong resemblance to those that were circulated here after Lord Howe's defeat of the *fans-culottes* in 1794. Several of our newspapers said and swore, that it was no defeat at all on the part of the French, and some of them

went so far as to insist on its being a victory: nor should I be astonished, if the Merchants' Advertiser were to receive a letter by next post, assuring that *Jervis* had run away.

Traitors in Canada.—A letter from Canada, dated March 17th, says, “The Parliament here have not done any thing worth noticing. The Government have taken up several people about Montreal for treasonable practices, &c. &c. One Bisette, a rich tanner near that city, is now in close confinement, and will soon be tried. A French commission was found on him, and it is said there are several others in the same predicament.”

FRIDAY, 14th APRIL.

American Vanity.—The following has been published in all the papers as an extract of a letter from an American gentleman in London.—“It is very important, and at this period more so than formerly, that we should establish peace with the Barbary Powers.

“The exclusion of England from the Mediterranean ports, the present incapacity of France to prosecute commerce, the indulgence of Spain, and the influence of the war on the Italian States, furnish an opportunity for the extension of our navigation that ought not to be neglected. *If we once introduce ourselves we shall never again lose our hold.* This trade is important to the southern as well as the northern States, and it is incredible what freights might now be made by our people, were our colours free in the Mediterranean.

“I am informed, from very good authority, that both General Sir Ralph Abercromby and Governor Simcoe, before they sailed for the West Indies, vi-
sited

sited our Minister Mr. King, and assured him of their disposition by every means in their power to relieve the Americans, and their trade in the West Indies, from the embarrassments to which they have been exposed by the irregularity of some British privateers. Both these officers treated that subject, as well as our complaints respecting searches of American vessels for British seamen, in a very proper manner: General Abercromby had been witness to these irregularities, and lamented them: he will, I am convinced, do whatever lies in their power to remedy them in future.

“ I am much pleased with the manner in which he is represented to have spoken, in the presence of many of his countrymen, respecting our President Washington, whom he expressed a great desire to see, adding, that he considered him to be the *greatest and most perfect character of any man living*. General Simcoe, who is appointed Governor of St. Domingo, for the purpose of preventing the extension of the principles taught there to the English neighbouring islands, has given assurances that he would immediately after his arrival confer with the Admiral, and endeavour to prevent the injuries of which we have complained *.”

Republican Ferocity with respect to Priests.—The Executive Directory, in pursuance of the law of 15 Fructidor, for suppressing religious houses, have is-

* This is about the ten thousandth “ Extract of letters,” *pretended or real*, that I have seen published in the American newspapers, for no other purpose that I can perceive, than that of feasting the already over-swollen vanity of the people. A pretty story this, of getting the trade of the Mediterranean to the exclusion of Great Britain! General Simcoe may indeed have a high opinion of General Washington; but, as to his considering him the *greatest and most perfect* character existing, I am sure it is a LIE.

sued an order requiring all the religious to appear before the municipal magistrates, and give in a declaration of their names, of their age, the community to which they belonged, of the commune in which they propose to fix their residence; of the business or profession they intend to follow, and of their means of subsistence. In default of conforming to this order, the *ex-religious* are to be considered as *vagabonds*, and *treated as such*.—L'ECLAIR.

This severe law was intended to operate principally in conquered countries, as the religious establishments in France were abolished by the Constituent Assembly. It has created great disturbances in Belgium, where the people have strong religious prejudices. A letter from Brussels, dated 16 Nivose, January 5, gives an account of an insurrection in the neighbourhood of that city. A detachment of republican troops had been surprised, and compelled to lay down their arms. The insurgents were dispersed by a body of troops from Brussels of six hundred men, with some cannon.

In other villages there have also been tumults. The inhabitants have assumed the black cockade, and declared they will *exterminate the republicans to the last man*. An armed force is patrolling night and day, to keep the peace and arrest the rioters.—L'ECLAIR.

[What stupid bigots the Flemings are, not to sit easy and quiet under the saddle of French fraternity! What beasts of burden are they, who can prefer their old superstitious establishments, their priests, their monks, and nuns, and *the quiet enjoyment of their estates*, to French republican taxes, contributions, and *plunder*!]

Letters from the head-quarters of the army of the Sambre and Meuse announce, that many of the commissaries have been cashiered for their dilapidations and robberies of every kind.

An account from Bologna, of December 11, states, that the republican constitution was accepted by the Assembly on the 4th of December, by four hundred and fifty-four votes against thirty. The bells of the temple where the deliberations were held, announced this event to the people, and the signal was repeated throughout the city and territory. The Assembly was occupied in choosing deputies to repair to Reggio on the 27th, to unite in council with the representatives of Ferrara, of Modena, and Reggio, upon the common interests of the *Cispadane* confederation. [*Cispadane* means to the southward of the river *Po*: on the hither side of the *Po*, with regard to Rome.]

We shall see in due time whether the Italians can manage a republic better than the French. If they cannot, they may as well rest easy under lords and priests. The old government of France was the *little finger* of despotism, compared with the *thigh* of military government now exercised in that country. Murders, assassinations, and robberies multiply all over France, and even the military are too corrupt or too feeble to restrain these excesses and crimes. This is a statement made by the Legislative Body.

The misfortune is, men are not made *republicans* as they are made masons or knights, by passing through a few ceremonies. It is an egregious error in Europe, to suppose a republic can be founded as men found a manufactory. The people in Europe want the *knowledge* and the *habits* that are essential to the quiet establishment and duration of free government. The duration of even the *form* of a republic is yet problematical in France; for, what is that government which is to be maintained by *disarming the militia, and calling for regular troops to guard the elections*? This is the fact at the present elections in France.

The Irish Conspirator's Complaint.—The following curious piece, taken from the *Merchants' Advertiser* of the other day, and said to be an extract of a letter from Ireland to a friend in this city, may be properly enough thus termed.

“ I embrace the opportunity to congratulate you
 “ on your arrival in a country, the sacred repository
 “ of liberty, and on your escape from one at present
 “ convulsed by party spirit and religious animosity;
 “ that which has been instituted for the good of
 “ society, is here become a curse; merciless persecution
 “ and grim oppression move with rapid strides
 “ over this ill-fated country. Heavens! what
 “ scenes! men heretofore an ornament to society,
 “ independent in spirit as well as property, sacrificed
 “ at the altar of intrigue by the disciples of Mammon,
 “ the junto and their satellites who sway our
 “ counties. But they are the minions of Pitt,
 “ and must obey his dictates.

“ A few days back we had a specimen of ministerial
 “ intrigue in this town, at the election of a member
 “ in the room of Mr. Forbes. The Speaker, John
 “ Foster, exerted his influence by persuasion, promises,
 “ and threats, in favour of his favourite herdman;
 “ but, after a contest of six days, your friend
 “ Ball carried it, to the great joy of the inhabitants.
 “ Mr. Grattan came from Dublin to vote for Mr.
 “ Ball. He was received amidst the acclamations
 “ of a grateful people.”

Remarks.—About a twelvemonth ago, Mr. Grattan
 “ was taken into the Fitzwilliam administration,
 “ and professed himself a firm friend to Mr. Pitt's measures;
 “ and that he was no friend to the French the following
 “ conclusion of a speech of his will prove.
 “ Touch not the plant of Gallic growth; its fruit is
 “ death, though it be not the tree of knowledge.”

—This speech, and the speaker's professions of loyalty
 at the same time, earned him the execration of the
 patriots.

patriots. They called him an *apostate*, and nothing but his double apostacy could have now merited “the acclamations of a grateful tribe of traitors.”

“From the disappointment of the ascendancy on this occasion, I fear new intrigues are on the tapis, and the old farce played by Ralph and Sweeny, in conjunction with their associates, Grimes and Murphy, will be brought on again.

“Those who have in any manner opposed their nefarious schemes, are marked as victims; I hope our *old tried and spirited friends*, Bird, Hamell, and Skelton, will *escape* at present, in compliment to their former sufferings. Linton is mad, and Brabazon pines away, *being haunted with imaginary visions*.”

This kind of visionary madness is very common to the patriots of these latter times. Exactly contrary to all other mortals, they see best with their eyes shut. No sooner does sleep get the better of hunger and the fleas, than they dream of whips, jails, and gibbets. So strong is the impression sometimes produced on their minds, that waking does not undeceive them. If report says true, a very distinguished personage among the imported patriots was, not long ago, heard to bellow forth curses against the street pumps, which his disordered brain had transformed into so many pillories.

“The country presents nothing but a spectacle of wretchedness. A number of counties are declared out of the King’s peace; *persecution is in its zenith*; distrust and jealousy pervades every rank; the *people in a state of insurrection*, the embers of which are only smothered for a time; perjurers, spies, and informers supported and caressed; the dread of an invasion, which a few days ago had been nearly completed; all combined, portend something of a most serious nature.”

Thus this fellow complains of persecution, of the

cruelty of declaring several counties out of the King's peace, in the very same sentence that he acknowledges the people to be in a state of insurrection! This is the true democratic cant. All that tends to oppose their abominable projects, becomes persecution and tyranny.

“ Public papers ere this have informed you of the
 “ arrival of the French fleet in Bantry Bay, where
 “ they rode for seven days; a most dreadful storm
 “ at last came on to blow so hard, they were ob-
 “ liged to cut their cables and put to sea; otherwise
 “ they would have landed, the consequences of which
 “ I leave you to guess. However, a second inva-
 “ sion is in contemplation, and I am of opinion ere
 “ long they will attempt it. All depends on Mantua
 “ and the reinforcements sent to Alvinzi. If Man-
 “ tua falls, the Emperor must conclude a separate
 “ peace, and we are left to oppose legions accus-
 “ tomed to conquer; and policy will dictate to the
 “ Directory, to employ them rather than permit
 “ them to return to the interior at the present
 “ crisis ”

From this we may conclude that the writer of the letter is in all the secrets of the French despots; it might not be amiss, therefore, if “ his *friend* in this city ” would let us know what they intend doing with us.

“ Poor O'Connor lies in Newgate! and the print-
 “ ers of the Northern Star for publishing his letter:
 “ Ministers being heretofore defeated in their at-
 “ tempts on those public-spirited men, are now de-
 “ termined to carry their point. They are confined;
 “ their press destroyed: many others from different
 “ parts are sharing a similar fate. Spies and inform-
 “ ers are the only traffic of moment here at pre-
 “ sent.”

Alas for poor O'Connor!—Apropos: I wonder whether any “ party ” in Dublin ever threatened
 poor

poor O'Connor with "vengeance;" and whether they wrote a *scarecrow letter to his landlord, threatening to destroy his house* if O'Connor was not put to silence. It would be curious to know this, because then we might determine with more precision the difference between the Dublin liberty of the press and that of Philadelphia.

"Flax-seed is a bad speculation this year. There is a vessel arrived at Londonderry from Riga with eighteen hundred hogsheads, and many more are expected. This, added to the present state of the country, leaves it an article of little value. Our staple manufactory is at a stand; indeed there seems to be a total stagnation in every branch of business except lawyers, attornies, and foldiers !!!"

From the liberty of the press, to flax-seed, is a pretty sudden transition; but this is not the only fault in the last paragraph: it wants truth. Lawyers and foldiers are not the only description of persons that find full employment: the hangmen are as busy as bees; and the true reason why flax-seed is in so little demand, is not, as the writer states, the stagnation of trade, but the very urgent call which there has lately been for hemp.

"My friend, you have escaped in good time; I wish I was away likewise, but family duty calls upon me to stay. Government has it in contemplation to prevent any vessel clearing out, having any passengers on board. I hope we shall meet again."—And so I hope too with all my heart; but I hope the meeting will not take place on this side of the water. We want no more of your escaping folks; we have too many of them already. We keep no gallows here, and consequently are at a total loss how to dispose of them.—What this plaintive correspondent means by *family duty*, I leave Mr. Bradford, or any of the *conductors*, to explain. Perhaps the writer may be a sprig of a noble family, and thinks it his duty to

hang dangling over the trunk ; if so, I applaud his filial piety, and may that hand be palsy-struck that would attempt to cut him down !

SATURDAY, 15th APRIL.

EXTRACT FROM LONDON,

A Poem, written by Dr. JOHNSON, well worth a Minute's Perusal by the Citizens of Philadelphia.

———The needy villain's general home,
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.

“ All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel,
His'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import.
Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey :
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a **** ;
All sciences a fasting *Monsieur* knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

“ Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite :
Still to his interest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows ;
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.

“ These arts in vain our rugged natives try, }
Strain out with salt'ring diffidence a lie,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery. }
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend ?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile ;
Exalt each virtue, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a wh—re.

“ For arts like these prefer'd, admir'd, carecs'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast ;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all your heart ;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.”

Ireland's Security.—Grave politicians, hearing of the French invasion of Ireland, expose the wildness of the attempt, by arguments drawn from the nature of the coast, the fortified state of the harbours, and the loyalty of the people. A laughter may assert the safety of the Irish, by stating a circumstance in the natural history of Hibernia. St. Patrick having, in early time, warned all reptiles from his precinct, it must be concluded that frogs were among the number: as they form a very capital article in French diet, an army of ten thousand famished *Monsieurs* would soon make a very slender figure in a country where not one croak can be heard.

MONDAY, 17th APRIL.

FURTHER EVIDENCES OF THE BLESSINGS OF FRENCH
FRATERNITY TO POOR HOLLAND.

*Proclamation of the French Commissioners at the Hague,
27th January, 1795.*

* Egalité
Unité Liberté Indivisibilité
Fraternité

“ The representatives of the people, belonging to the armies of the north, &c. taking into their consideration the wants of the army of the Republic, and the necessity of supplying it with the objects of subsistence, supplies of provision and clothing, of which it has occasion in the countries where it is established, wishing to avoid the means of parti-

* These FIVE WORDS, which grace the head of all their fraternizing proclamations, and possess a magic effect, have never been properly translated: the literal translation of them is, “ One steady object, the LIBERTY which they allow none to share with them, of EQUALITY, plundering FRIEND and foe.”

cular

cular requisitions, and the intervention of subaltern agents, they think it most agreeable to address themselves to the States General, and formally invite them to supply them, *in the space of one month*, with the following quantities, viz. 200,000 quintals of wheat, avoirdupois weight; 5,000,000 of rations of hay; 200,000 rations of straw; 5,000,000 bushels of corn; 150,000 pair of shoes; 20,000 pair of boots; 20,000 coats and waistcoats; 40,000 pair of breeches; 150,000 pair of pantaloons; 200,000 shirts; 50,000 hats; to be delivered, further, within two months, 12,000 oxen. The representatives of the people anxiously expect that the States General will comply with the above request, and do every thing in their power to prevent their fellow-citizens from being troubled with the forms of a requisition, always perplexing to the inhabitants, and that they will use every exertion to complete their contingent. They hope that the *slow form of ordinary administration*, and the doubts of the competence of their authority, which may put some stoppage to this operation, may be carefully SET ASIDE. They have a right to flatter themselves that all the *citizens of the United States* *, and all the constituted authorities, will use the same zeal to second their views, and amicable intentions.

“ Every necessary measure shall be taken to *settle* † for the payment of the above articles.”

In consequence of the preceding modest request,

* This proclamation will form a good precedent for the United States of America, when, by the aid of *domestic traitors*, the French Republic shall have obtained the same footing here which she has obtained in Holland.

† They *settled* for the payment of this property by levying, immediately after, a contribution of five millions sterling on the wretched inhabitants.

the enslaved States General issued, on the very same day, the following proclamation :

“ The States General of the United Provinces to all who shall see or bear these presents; greeting : Give to know that the representatives of the French nation, now in this country, have *intimated* to us, that it is *necessary* that speedy provision should be made of several articles, &c. &c. (enumerating the above catalogue). The above-mentioned representatives have also added, that, instead of following the practice introduced in other countries which their troops have entered, namely, that the requisitions of similar articles have been made, published, and carried into execution by themselves, they have chosen to treat this Republic in another manner, and thereby prove the inclination of the French nation to consider it in the light of *an approaching ally*, and, of consequence, have *begged* of us to effectuate the delivery of the above-mentioned necessaries, &c. Convinced of the *necessity* of taking the most effectual measures for complying with the said requisitions, we have judged that the best and least burdensome method of accomplishing this object, will be for the government to contract for the articles in question, and for the respective provinces to furnish the necessary funds.

“ We doubt not that the inhabitants will be convinced of the absolute necessity of enabling their provincial sovereigns to furnish these necessary funds without the smallest delay ; but we think it necessary to hold up to all, conjunctly and severally, the *distresses* to which they must expose themselves, if they manifest the *least* unwillingness, or even *procrastination* ; for we are intimately persuaded of the serious intention of the above-mentioned representatives of the French nation, that their requisitions *shall be complied with*, at the appointed time, and must therefore mark all, in the most impressive manner,

ner, that they will have themselves to blame if measures of force and violence must be employed to maintain what we wish to see accomplished with the greatest possible order and regularity."

The above is one specimen of that *system of friendship and generosity* which a French hireling in the Aurora has the impudence to say has been the invariable conduct of the French towards Holland. In a future communication, some account will be given of the manner in which the French Republic has lately forced upon Holland a form of government, adapted to the views and designs of France, but so repugnant to the wishes of the Dutch, as to have been previously rejected by their representatives in convention, by a majority of more than three to one, after many days debate.

The King and Washington.—The following is taken from the New-York Daily Advertiser.—When the King was informed of General Washington's voluntary resignation of the Presidency of the United States, the *amiable* Monarch exclaimed, "Well, now that I find he can thus dispense with power, when his duty commands, I must declare he is a *great man* *."

TUESDAY, 18th APRIL.

Jefferson.—Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Georgia, to his friend in this city, dated March 1, 1797.—"There is one piece of information you have given me, which, though not very surprising, has puzzled me a little. The letter from Jeif—n

* I should be glad to know *who* heard the King say this. And I am very glad that the King, who, in 1776, was falsely said to possess every trait that could characterize a *tyrant*, is now called an "*amiable monarch*."

to Madison, which speaks of the *President elect* in the most flattering terms, is perfectly intelligible. But I have not yet clearly made up my mind what Mr. J——'s motives are for accepting the office of Vice-president, to which he has been elected. You appear to have settled the point yourself, and think that he intends to rally the faction round him, and put himself at the head of the French party. Were this not a service of danger, I should think it his intention, as I have no doubt it is his wish. I have no opinion of the strength of his nerves, and I think that he has sagacity enough to discover that this *French faction* is but a *temporary monster*. It has produced calamity and desolation wherever it has appeared. Fortunately for the world, it bears the principles of its own destruction within itself. It resembles the *mammoth* in some respects, which it has pleased God to extirpate. Had that destructive beast been permitted to continue in existence, all animated nature within his reach must have been swallowed up. These monsters have both engaged a considerable share of that gentleman's attention. I am inclined to believe that the publications respecting his character and conduct have given him a great deal of unhappiness, as he must be sensible that he has deserved a considerable part, if not the whole, of what has been said of him. By coming forward and acting a cunning part, he may expect to get rid of a great deal of that odium, which he could not hope to remove by continuing in retirement. After all, it is probable that, when he descends from his mountain and mixes in the world, he will act as I have stated, or as you foretell, according to circumstances. If the French continue their successes (which God forbid!) he will be *pestilentially* troublesome. If they meet with their deserts, (which God grant!) and are brought to their senses, he will flatter, and endeavour to conciliate.

It

It gives me pleasure to learn that *Adet* has not met with the support he expected, and that he appears to be in a state of despondency. The spears of *Ithuriel* routed Satan from the humble condition of a toad. Should the French armies begin again to play their pranks with success, I have no doubt that the same effect would be produced on Mr. Adet; we should see again spring up, "in his own shape, the Fiend."

Nelson in the Battle off Cape St. Vincent.—The Santissima Trinidad, a Spanish ship of one hundred and fifty guns, and on board of which the flag of the Spanish commander in chief, Don Cordova, was flying, struck to the Victory; but as some of our ships were about to take possession of her, five fresh ships of the enemy came up, and carried her off. After the action, however, she was heard of by the British fleet as being in tow of a frigate, and some of the British ships, we understand, were detached in quest of her; so that there was still a chance of her being taken.

Commodore (now Rear-admiral) Nelson, we understand, behaved with the most unexampled enterprise and intrepidity. His pendant was flying on board the Captain of seventy-four guns—he ordered the commander of that ship to lay him on board the *Salvador del Mundo*. This order was instantly obeyed, and the gallant Commodore, at the head of the boarders, was the first to enter the enemy's ship, which he almost immediately carried.

WEDNESDAY, 19th APRIL.

Queen of France defended by Playfair.—It is well known that the sanguinary Convention, in order to stifle all compassion for the sufferings of Marie Antoinette, and finally, to justify the murder they had

had resolved to commit, charged her with every species of criminality, calculated to create disgust and detestation ; nor can it be forgotten, that, in the prosecution of this humane and honourable work, they received considerable aid from a very great majority of the newspapers in America. Think not, gentle reader, that I am going to add to the volumes of calumny that you have heard vomited forth against this ill-fated princess. My intention is to rescue her memory from the opprobrium which has been heaped on it with so unsparing a hand, and with so much injustice ; and, in so doing, to rescue the American press from the disgrace of being the passive indiscriminating tool of popular prejudice.

The following extract is taken from Playfair's History of Jacobinism, vol. ii. p. 125. P. P.

“ To prepare the people for the judgment of the detained representatives, and to divert them from the loss of Valenciennes, the Convention thought proper to gratify their thirst of blood, and its own vengeance, by bringing to the last punishment the unfortunate Queen.

“ Vengeance and savage ferocity were, however, on this occasion completely humiliated by the calm, mild, and dignified behaviour of an injured and insulted princess. Never has the world been witness to a scene where more modest and becoming dignity was displayed by the accused, nor where less regard was paid to decency, truth, humanity, and justice, by the accusers.

“ All Europe had been filled with libels and aspersions against the Queen of France, even in the days of her power and prosperity ; and what the attachment of her friends could never accomplish, the infamous accusations of her enemies effected in a moment. Calumny was silenced, and not a doubt
left

left with respect to the purity of a reputation so often and so unjustly attacked.

“ Neither offers of reward, nor threats of vengeance, had been able to procure one single proof of criminality or vice against the widow of the unfortunate King, whom, in order to find guilty, though a stranger, unprotected and alone, her enemies saw themselves reduced to the necessity of employing the most disgraceful, abominable, and absurd of all expedients ; her infant son was intoxicated, and at the suggestion of that miscreant Hebert, whose name alone brings to mind every thing that is vicious or wicked, the affectionate caresses of a mother to a child of nine years of age were construed by those monsters into a crime, the committing of which would be unnatural, if it were not impossible *.

* “ Hebert published a paper called the *Père du Chêne*, in which oaths, blasphemies, and obscenities, filled up two thirds, at least, of every sentence : it would be necessary to have seen a specimen of that precious morsel, in order to form an idea of the talents of its author, and the refined taste of the Parisian sans-culottes. Well, this same Hebert proposed to bring the young Prince into court, and question him, after having him in a state of intoxication ; not that even then he could be brought to accuse his mother, but questions were to be asked in such a way, that the answers might be construed unfavourably for the mother. This artifice was so glaring, that even the judges of the revolutionary tribunal objected to it ; the spectators, they said, would see through it : an examination was then fabricated by Hebert and some of his companions. Even the satellites of the tribunal found this accusation too abominable and absurd, to which the Queen very properly refused to answer, but by an ‘ appeal to the hearts and feelings of all mothers.’ ”

“ Hebert was the projector of the worship of Reason ; his mistress personated that Goddess of Reason ; but Robespierre’s feast in honour of the Supreme Being did away all this, the despot having previously sent both the oracle and the goddess to the guillotine. Paris was never disposed to be more gay than when the *Père du Chêne* mounted the scaffold ; even the executioner mocked and insulted him, to the great delight of the spectators. Such circumstances lead to a hope, that all sentiment of justice is not yet banished from the minds even of the Parisians, and that the day may yet come, when all the companions of his crimes will be treated in the same manner.”

“ The

“ The Queen of France had long suffered every insult and humiliation which it was possible for her enemies to invent ; and certainly if Frenchmen had retained any of that humanity and feeling which they pretended to possess, the departments and the whole of France would have joined in demanding for her that respect which is due to misfortune, and that justice which is due to a defenceless stranger. Such a step would have been highly honourable. There was no reason for not doing so, as it could have been attended neither with tumult nor danger. But the French nation has shown, that with a superabundant vanity, and pretensions to every virtue, it possesses none ; and that it would be better for defenceless innocence to be in a cavern of robbers in a forest, than to be before the revolutionary tribunal of Paris.

“ As the character, the rank, and the accomplishments of this unfortunate Queen, have inspired her advocates with a warmth of expression that is very natural and excusable, though ill fitted to convince the malicious, it may not be improper to prove, as far as probable evidence can go, that the Queen of France was totally irreproachable on the subject of fidelity to the marriage-bed. This digression, it is hoped, will be excused, when it is remembered that many of those who once flourished in the sunshine of her favour, contributed by their own levity of conduct, as well as by their silence, to support calumnies which it would have been their duty and their interest to contradict ; and when we have the example of whole volumes being written to vindicate the characters of queens, who, though perhaps more beautiful, were certainly not more accomplished, were less unfortunate, and much more liable to reproach, than the daughter of Maria Teresa. It will be a relief to us, after contemplating the horrors

and villanies of men, to dwell for a moment on the virtues of an amiable woman.

“ We ought in the first place to consider, that innocence, unless when the charges are direct, can never be proved by positive evidence ; we must be contented with probable evidence, as the nature of things does not admit of any other.

“ The court of France was in a very corrupted, disorderly state, when the late Queen arrived, and was married to the Dauphin. The example of a king, who in his latter days had given a loose to debauchery, was followed with eagerness amongst a nobility naturally given to the same sort of vice.

“ At that same time Madame du Barry *, raised from being upon the town, in a very inferior style, to be mistress of the King, dispensed the royal favour amongst the courtiers, and of consequence the young German Princess made her entry in the midst of cabals, intrigues, and enemies. Open, amiable, and generous, she soon had friends ; but, innocent and unsuspecting, she exposed herself to the slander of her enemies, from which those friends could not protect her.

“ When, after the death of his grandfather, Louis XVI. began to reign, his simple manner of life, his want of taste for the pleasures and dissipations of the court, contrasted with the love of splendour carried too far, and of gaiety, which the Queen did not attempt to conceal, gave room for the courtiers at Versailles and the people of Paris, so much addicted to scandal, to suspicion, and so much accustomed to find scandal and suspicion justified by the looseness

* “ Madame du Barry conducted herself, however, on most occasions, with a moderation and prudence that did her great honour. The old King was not so prudent as his young mistress, and often not so just.”

of their own conduct, to raise those reports, which, spreading all over Europe, tarnished her character*.

“ The French always judge of others by themselves; it is the failing of their nation, and they did not consider that a Princess, descended from one of the most illustrious and the proudest families in Europe, and who was accused by themselves of having too much Austrian pride, would have been irreparably humiliated and ruined, had she put herself for a moment in the power of any person upon this delicate subject.

“ But levity, and the national character of the French, did not alone contribute to spread and circulate these reports. The Duke of Orleans, and all his adherents and associates, exerted themselves to give plausibility and probability to defamation; and particular circumstances which malignity had contrived, were circulated by unsuspicious credulity.

“ The levellers, who began to wish for that system which they have since seen realized, seized upon this occasion to degrade royalty; the King of France was laughed at and turned into ridicule; and before the revolution began no two persons in the kingdom were so much misunderstood, as to their real characters, as the King and Queen.

“ A mysterious affair of a trick played upon the Cardinal de Rohan, about a diamond necklace†, by some of those fortune-hunters, male and female, who swarmed

* “ The turn of the French for this sort of scandal was so great, that, by becoming universal, it seemed to have rendered their manner of spreading it an affair of course.”

† “ This affair of the necklace was merely a trick practised on the Cardinal, who had been ambassador at Vienna when the scheme of the marriage of Louis XVI. first took place. He had tried rather to prevent the union, and, as he did not succeed, was not in the good graces of the parties after it had taken place. The Cardinals had always been surrounded with adventurers, who pretended to have discovered the art of making gold, and other valuable

swarmed in Paris, in which the Queen had been personated by a Mademoiselle Oliva, who resembled her considerably in features and person, made a noise all over Europe; and as this affair was never properly searched to the bottom and explained, many people believed the Queen was actually one of the adventurers who duped the Cardinal.

“ In France, as the first impression is generally yielded to, things are seldom much examined and compared, otherwise the Queen should either have been acquitted of this, or, if not, acquitted of the accusation of lavishing away millions every week; for if she had such sums at her command, how could any one suppose that a lady, who never showed that she would stoop to play a mean part, should, for the sake of so small a sum, put herself into the hands of her enemies; and, in short, become the associate of half a dozen miseries, who would, probably, finish by dividing the spoils among themselves? This was ridiculous. The story of the necklace * would have been barely probable, if the Queen had been a mean-spirited woman, who had not any means of procuring money to defray her extravagancies†.

“ Such were the causes that operated principally

luable secrets in chemistry: a plan was formed by some of these adventurers to dupe him out of a great sum of money, upon the idea that the Queen wished to be possessed of this necklace, and that if he could procure it he would get into favour at court.”

* “ The value of the necklace was only 1,400,000 livres, or 60,000*l.* sterling, and could not sell for half that sum; it was ridiculous for those same persons, who accused the Queen of giving such large sums to her favourites, to suppose she would go shares with six or seven swindlers for such a sum as this; besides, such a charge required some proof, and none was ever produced.”

† “ Another report was, that she did this to be revenged of the Cardinal. This is, if possible, still more inconceivable, and requires no answer, after the disposition to pardon her enemies, which the Queen had, on so many occasions, both before and during the revolution, manifested. To remember, but not to retaliate, was known to be her maxim with respect to enemies.”

in making injurious reports be spread ; and the Queen, who, though preserving dignity, through which a considerable share of pride could be seen, was good-natured in the extreme, was unsuspecting, familiar, and generous : she had banished from her private societies the stiff etiquette of a court, which seemed the more strange in a Princess who came from a country where court etiquette is carried to an extreme ; this gave a sort of probability to the accusations which were brought against her.

“ The facts, however, were quite different. The Queen was generous, and loved power ; but she had no other means of gratifying those, which were her ruling passions, than by preserving the affection and confidence of her husband ; and it may be asserted, without danger of being contradicted by those who approached these two personages the nearest, that the King was literally in love with the Queen (*amoureux d'elle*) during the whole of their union ; and that, though her turn for expense vexed him to the heart, in other respects she enjoyed his full confidence and esteem ; and it is certain that the Queen made no other use of this ascendancy so obtained over her husband, than to make her friends and those around her happy.

“ Those who imagine that the King of France would have submitted peaceably to any thing that looked like a serious indignity offered, knew nothing of his character*. Like most good-natured, plain, honest men, the King was quite ungovernable when he found people were unjust, or treated him ill ; he

* “ Since the revolution, if the King did not show this disposition, he only acted like other prisoners, who know that ill-humour only doubles the evil ; but when things used to vex him from wilful extravagance or mismanagement, few people were more difficult to keep within bounds. This is often the case with well-meaning men.”

then became unmanageable and obstinate, to a violent degree; and if the Queen had once committed an *irreparable* fault, he certainly would not have pardoned her, and from that instant she would have lost her power over him.

“ Those again, who think that the Queen could ever have been guilty of infidelity without the King knowing any thing of the matter, are still more mistaken. We have observed, that she commenced her career at Versailles in the midst of enemies; and that she never was without such, the slanders which we are refuting is a proof: those enemies never lost sight of her motions; and if the smallest ground had been given for serious suspicions, it would immediately have been turned by them to their advantage.

“ Those who were friends to the Queen *, and who depended upon her bounty, or, at least, who profited of her bounty, were as much interested in watching her conduct, to *prevent* any thing that might destroy her influence and blast their hopes, as her enemies were to *watch for* such an event; so that on all hands the Queen was surrounded with spies, and the sharpest of all spies, those who were looking after their own interest.

Nothing, therefore, would have been so foolish or unnatural in a Princess who had ambition, who knew her dignity and supported it well, though not by stiffness and etiquette, as to have risked all, and run so headlong into a scene of disgrace and humiliation, as nothing could be more impossible than to escape discovery and the fatal consequences.

“ Scandal, supported by envy and self-interest, first robbed the Queen of France of her reputation; and they were facilitated in their enterprise by the

* “ It is a great reproach to many gentlemen who were protected by this amiable Queen, to have permitted suspicions to be whispered that disgraced so generous a friend.”

levity of the age, and by the high rank and prosperity of their victim. A cruel reverse, and the unexampled fortitude, temper, and patience, with which she bore it, have however proved, that she was an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a Princess who knew, on all occasions, how to support her own dignity better than how to punish her enemies *."

THURSDAY, 20th APRIL.

SIR,

In your paper of Saturday I read a bungling though well-meant piece of wit, respecting the starvation the French would have experienced, had they effected a landing in Ireland, supposing that country to be destitute of frogs. St. Patrick's influence did not extend to such innocent animals, and the island abounds in them; but as it extends to all *venomous reptiles*, the French, had they landed, would most probably have met the fate of other animals, equally poisonous, which many of the curious have attempted to introduce into that happy climate, *a sudden death*.

AN IRISHMAN.

Newark, April 18th, 1797.

Madam Tallien.—Paris, March 3.—Madam Tallien has left her husband. The particulars of this falling out of lovers, which our dramatic poets will, as occasion suits them, convert into a tragedy, a comedy, a comic opera, or even a farce, deserve to be re-

* "To all these ought to be added, that if there had been any guilt, her enemies would have found the means of bringing it home on her trial; they had the inclination, and they would not want the means; but this is so evident a vindication arising from the trial itself, that it is not necessary to insist upon it: that the Queen was innocent is clear; the above vindication is meant to show *how she was supposed to be guilty*."

corded. Madam Tallien was surprised by her husband, as she was embracing Madam de F. the wife of an emigrant. Tallien, pursued by gloomy images, accused his wife of being connected with persons who meditated his destruction, and who had even lifted the poniard against him; he dragged Madam Tallien away, and gave himself up to every species of fury, and even of actual violence. Madam Tallien, alarmed, left him, and went to seek an asylum at the house of a woman with whom she was acquainted; placed herself under her protection, and informed her of the resolution she had taken to withdraw herself for ever from those perils. Some of her old friends called there to see her. Fear pursued her, and she every moment thought she saw Tallien madly entering the room, armed with pistols. At the end of two days she was forced to return to her home, to look for some things. Tallien was there in waiting for her: he threw himself at her feet, put a dagger into her hand, and implored her to strike, saying, that he was a monster, a madman; and, in short, calling himself, in his despair, by all those names with which the journalists have long branded him. Madam Tallien repulsed him at first, then wept, and at last was softened into forgiveness. Nothing, it is determined, shall henceforth disturb the felicity of this happy couple.

Such, reader, are the lords of the land of liberty and equality! Such is the morality, such the virtue of the legislators of France! What dismal, woful tales have we not heard of the acts of tyranny brought about by the mistresses of the Kings of France? of this and that poor gentleman whom they caused to be immured in the Bastille? Perhaps a dozen such instances of their influence are to be found on record; while this strumpet of Tallien has already sent scores to the guillotine, and no one says a word about the matter. A people capable of bend-

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ing the neck to the riotous oppression of common whores and their culls, ought never to taste of liberty, safety, or comfort : they deserve to be chained for life, to be treated like beasts of burden.

Tallien and his strumpet seem to be among those who bear a conspicuous part in avenging on the French the murder of their mild and gentle Monarch. May they not spare them ! may they lash them like hounds ! I should not be sorry to see this princess of cut-throats putting a flambeau to every one of their cities. No earthly punishment is sufficient for such degraded, degenerate wretches.

Bradford and Co.—The Merchants' Daily Advertiser of this day has the following curious query : “ Are not the generous prisons of France schools of freedom for hundreds and thousands of her enemies ? ”

This question, addressed to the people of America at this moment, while hundreds of their countrymen lie in the dungeons of St. Domingo and Guadaloupe, is, I think, the most daring outrage that ever was committed on the feelings of a nation.

Such a question is, perhaps, best answered by another, viz. “ Are not the generous prisons, Newgate and the jail of Bengal, most excellent seminaries for the education of the conductors of a patriotic newspaper ? ”

American Magnanimity.—Extract of a letter from a respectable house at Port-au-Prince, dated 27th March, 1797.—“ The Americans are at present “ protected by Government, so as to put them in “ safety on their passages both out and home ; “ vessels of war convoy them off, and there are “ frigates which protect their entrance into your “ ports, and orders are given for a continuation of “ this protection.—Three thousand troops arrived “ at

“ at the Mole on the 21st, and were expected to be sent up against that nest for pirates, Leogane.”

And do the Americans, I wonder, submit to be convoyed by the British ships of war? Would it not be far preferable to fall into the hands of the republicans, be whipped and laid in irons? What free and independent man, what sovereign citizen and citizen sovereign, would demean himself by accepting of protection from “the slaves of the tyrant Guelph!”—Alas! how have the people of this country been amused, deceived, their good sense insulted, for these four years past! Nothing in the annals of the world bears the least resemblance to the infatuation, the sort of voluntary blindness, in which they have been walking.

FRIDAY, 21st APRIL.

Lloyd, Bradford, & Co.—Extract of a letter from Cadiz to a respectable mercantile house in this city, dated 20th February. “ Captain Suter will, no doubt, inform you of the engagement which took place the 14th instant, about forty leagues east of this place. We have as yet learnt nothing of the affair further than that it was the Spanish squadron commanded by Don Joseph de Cordova, composed of twenty-four ships of the line, seven of which were three-deckers, and the English fleet consisting of fifteen ships. It commenced at three quarters past eleven in the morning, and was vigorously kept up till half past eleven in the evening, at which time the Admiral’s ship, the *Trinidad*, a heavy, unwieldy vessel, separated, much shattered, and was towed off by one of the fleet. The Admiral with his principal officers went on board the *Diana*, where he made most vigorous exertions, and, it is said, much injured the enemy.

“ A thou-

“ A thousand conjectures are made here, according to the dispositions of the authors, concerning the event of this dreadful engagement, which, it is expected, will make a new epoch in maritime history, and perhaps destroy the mean opinion in which the English hold the Spanish navy, as well as inspire it with a just idea of its own superiority and ability to conquer, from the goodness and number of its ships, opposed to the valour and discipline which is generally attributed to the English.

“ I am inclined to think the English have been worsted; perhaps I am mistaken: time, however, will determine. Should any further accounts arrive before I close this letter, I will inform you.”

Sir John Jervis's (now Lord St. Vincent's) victory over the Dons does not yet go down with the conductors of the *Aurora* the Second, from which the above is taken. The other day they deducted thirty-eight guns from one of his prizes; and, in order entirely to efface the glory of the day, they not only made a deduction from the Spanish fleet, but made every ship in it sail backwards, following the rudder in place of the bowsprit. Now they conjure up a new tale, by which another ship is subtracted from the strength of the Spaniards, and which completes the attempt at deception: the reader is left to believe that the English were beaten. This is an exact imitation of Bache's account of the Carmagnoles' victory over Lord Howe.

The writer of this “extract of a letter,” which I shrewdly suspect was penned in some dirty hole in Philadelphia, instead of at Cadiz, leaves his correspondent to gather information from the Captain respecting the engagement, telling him that he knows hardly any thing about the matter. We might ask him, if the Captain could tell us about it, why he could not have told him about it also. But, to say the truth, the writer himself appears to have known
a great

a great deal about it; for, immediately after excusing himself on account of want of information, he not only tells his correspondent the name of the Spanish commander, the strength of his fleet and that of the enemy, but mentions the exact hour when the action began, and when it ceased; and even gives a detailed description of it, concluding with an eulogium “on the most *vigorous exertions*” of Don Cordova. The same modesty, I suppose, that induced him to plead ignorance of the affair, prevented him from taking notice of the *four ships of the line* taken by the English. This was left for the Captain to relate; or, indeed, it might be thought a circumstance too trifling to be honoured with a place in an extract of such importance. The writer does, however, say something even about the result of this affair, that he knew nothing hardly about. He thinks (mind, he don’t swear to it) that the *English* have been *worsted*; and tells his friend, that the victory “will inspire the Spanish fleet with a *just* confidence in its own *superiority*!”

To remark on the insolence of such a barefaced attempt to deceive and delude the inhabitants of this city, who are in possession of the official account of this most glorious display of British discipline and bravery, would be useless; but to notice the motive of such misrepresentations is necessary, because they are not, as is generally supposed, to be attributed to stupidity, but to something infinitely worse.

To extol the power and valour of the French and their allies, and to represent Great Britain as in a fallen and feeble state, thereby exciting in the minds of Americans a dread of the former, and a contempt for the latter: these are the objects which the *Merchants’ Advertiser*, as well as all the other sansculotte prints, kept steady in view. The consequence they hope to produce is too evident: an *unconditional submission to the will of the plundering, imperious,*

perious, and impious despots of Paris. That such is the case in the instance before us, the reader need only be told, that the *Conductor in Chief* was the author of the insolent and seditious letter to General Washington under the signature of *Jasper Dwight*.

Mr. Pinckney.—The following reflections, taken from a Paris paper of February 16, are well worth our notice. “Should any European power take it into its head to declare to our ambassador, ‘You are not to my liking; you belong to a party that is opposed to my views; you are a friend to those who have assisted in the forming of such a treaty of alliance and commerce; therefore your government was wrong in sending you to our republic. Quit the country, and go tell those who have sent you, that we wish for a man of principles more analogous to ours; tell them besides, that the new Director (to be chosen in Germinal next) does not please us; that he has not a republican phiz; that he has the look of a man who favours the Bourbon family, and French nobility; that we want one quite Jacobinic, or at least Orleanist.’ I now ask the question, What would the Executive Directory do? What would the two Councils bring forth? Vengeance! War unto death! would be the exclamation of our representatives. We must confound the insolence of that nation!

“The Republic has just ordered Mr. Pinckney to withdraw; is it not to be feared that national pride will require reparations for this insult? No; the Americans *will not* quarrel with us; in order to disappoint the schemes of their natural enemies, the English, *they will know how to dissemble.*”

These reflections, and the confident prediction with which they are followed, fully prove, that the French are convinced that they have injured and insulted us; and that they are equally convinced

we

we do not possess the spirit to resent it. I hope the best; but I am much afraid they will not be disappointed. This is the age of degeneracy.

It is curious to observe also how exactly they have hit upon the cause of our tameness. We shall *dissemble*—that is, *hold our tongues*; put up with every outrage they offer us, suffer our ambassador to be scoffed at, menaced with the guard-house like a drunken foldier; and all this “*to disappoint the English!*”

Absurd, brutishly stupid as this appears, and as it really is, it is nevertheless the motive for submission that the partisans of France, and even some of those who are not, hold out to us. Could we make war on them with success, say they, without the aid of Great Britain, it would be well enough; but to aid her, or be aided by her, must not be thought of: rather than that, let us suffer robbery, insult, humiliation, nay, everlasting disgrace and infamy.

This is the language that the crafty and insidious foe wishes to hear. Only let the French be certain, that you will always keep in this mind, and you will have them on your coast in six months.—Only let them be certain that your prejudice against the British is strong enough to get the better of your own interest and honour, and they will soon strip you of your property, your government, and your independence.

SATURDAY, 22^d APRIL.

Lying American Press.—TAKE NOTICE, GOOD MERCHANTS!—Your yesterday's Advertiser says, “By
“the Aurora, Captain Suter, we have received the
“Madrid Gazette, and other miscellaneous Spanish
“prints down to the middle of February: in them
“we find details of the political and military occurrences of Europe and America, expressed with
“the

“ the same unrestrained freedom as in our public
 “ papers; the letters of Buonaparte and Moreau,
 “ the valedictory address of General Washington,
 “ the proceedings on the introduction of President
 “ Adams to office, and his speech on the occasion,
 “ are among the leading articles; and among the
 “ publications advertised, and critically noticed,
 “ are, *The Utopia of Sir Thomas More*, Har-
 “ rington's *Oceana*, and the *Works of Thomas*
 “ *Paine*, translated from a Philadelphia edition.”

Now, I will not call on you to stare at the Spanish liberty of the press, and the good effects which it is hoped Tom Paine's works will produce among the Dons; all I want you to notice is, that President Adams's inauguration speech, which was delivered here on the 4th of March, was published in the *Madrid Gazette* on or before the 15th of February.

Washington and the Editor of the Leyden Gazette.—From a Boston paper.—The respectable editor of the *Leyden Gazette*, at the conclusion of the address of the late President to his fellow-citizens of September last, inserted in his paper, makes the following remarks:

“ Such is the conclusion of a peace, which com-
 “ pletely places the illustrious Washington in the
 “ rank, not only of the *greatest men of all ages*, but
 “ (what is more) in the rank of the *most generous*,
 “ the *most wise*, the *most virtuous*. The founder of
 “ a great republic by his courage and his military
 “ talents, he has been still more its founder, in
 “ consolidating it by his firm, prudent, and just
 “ administration; by the respect which his disin-
 “ terested character and his enlightened understand-
 “ ing have inspired even in his enemies and his ca-
 “ lumniators (for virtue, however pure, is never with-
 “ out them), in fine, by his personal example, which
 “ has

“ has made him the model of his respectable fellow-citizens.”

As to me, in my arduous career, which the wickedness of mankind has often planted with thorns, in the career of a public journalist, which I have ever laboured “ to render useful to my cotemporaries, it “ is to me a satisfaction which I feel with the liveliest sensibility to have always known in Washington the hero, the legislator, the sage, and the virtuous man *.”

MONDAY, 24th APRIL.

The lying Year of 1794.—The late pitiful attempts made by some of the public prints, to lessen, if not totally efface, the honour gained by the British fleet in their combat with the Dons off Cape St. Vincent, seems to have recalled to the mind of an obliging correspondent the year 1794, ever famed as the æra of falsehood. He has enclosed me an article of news from the Philadelphia Gazette of August 28th, which is curious enough, particularly as it bears such an exact resemblance to the “extracts of letters,” which some of my brethren are now amusing the public with.

* This hyperbolic praise might be excusable in the editor of a foreign gazette, but it was not very modest in the Boston editor to copy it. Astonishing has been the blindness of the world with respect to every thing relating to the Americans and their revolution! It is curious to observe the *conclusion* of the Leyden editor. He was vastly taken up with Washington, but not so much so as entirely to forget *himself*. Washington he proclaims to be the *first* man in the world, and he seems to give us a broad hint, that *he* is the *second*.

News direct from France!—"Captain Bramble has favoured the editor with the following letter :

" Letter from Julien, Member of the Executive Commission of Public Instruction, sent by the Committee of Public Safety to Bourdeaux.

" Brest, 30 Prairial, l'an 2 (18th June, 1794).

" The armed fleet arrived at Brest the 23d Prairial (11th June). Two successive combats took place the 10th and 13th (29th May and 1st June); the English fleet consisted of thirty-four vessels of the line, nine of them three-deckers; and the French of twenty-six sail of the line, three of them three-deckers.

" In three hours seventeen vessels were dismasted, ten English, and seven French. Two English ships of the line, and one three-decker, were sunk. We have disabled one half of the fleet, and damaged the rest. They were seen almost about mid-channel, retreating in the greatest disorder. We are now masters of the sea, and expect in two days to sail with a strong squadron."

This was published without any comment on its falsehood, though Lord Howe's official account of his victory had been published about a fortnight before. This official account of Julien was to balance against that of the British Admiral, and, as the sans-culotte came last, it stood the best chance of belief among the gross of newspaper readers.

Thus it is that the people have been deceived and misled. Thousands believe to this day that Lord Howe gained no victory at all. The newspaper publishers have treated the people of these States (as far as they have been able) just as the Convention has treated the French.

American political Parties.—It is well known that from the first organization of our government, there

has existed a party in opposition to it, and that this party has been continually increasing, by attaching to itself the opposers of the funding and banking system, the mint and naval establishment, the *French zealots*, the restless and ambitious, and, in short, all the disappointed in fortune or politics, the rapacious and discontented of every description; but it has not been so well known, or so generally understood, that the French government has all along co-operated with this party in every measure it has attempted. Though, at first blush, every one must have seen, that, at the commencement of the European war, it was for the interest of France to combine all the commercial part of the world against Great Britain, thereby to weaken her overgrown marine strength, and reduce her naval force; and although the conduct of Genet, Fauchet, and Randolph, gave strong indications that France patronised and fostered the opposition to the administration and measures of our government in every thing relating to the preservation of our neutrality; yet such has been our confidence in the purity and justice of that nation (resulting perhaps from our own integrity), that we have attributed all those proceedings to the enthusiastic zeal of a restless party in France, rather than to suppose that they were dictated by any settled policy of that government, firmly believing that she could not be so lost, not only to a sense of justice, but even humanity, as to sacrifice the interest, peace, and happiness of an innocent unoffending nation to her own ambition. I believe it is still less known, that there has been continually a number of native Americans in Paris corresponding with the malcontents in America, and exerting every faculty of the soul, to excite that government to a co-operation with the opposition here; for no one could, without blushing, suppose that an American could be so abandoned to every sentiment of justice,

justice, integrity, honour, or liberty, and independence. But, shocking to our feelings as it may be, we have been most egregiously mistaken as to both these points.

Though the objects of those called democrats, in America, have been various: some wishing to effect an alteration in the constitution; some desirous of overturning the funding and banking systems; some the mint and naval establishments; others partaking in the sympathetic frenzy inspired by the French revolution, and extending their chimerical views to the regeneration of the world, by revolutionizing all nations, and some attempting to destroy our own government: these, however various in their objects, have all united in measures, and, carrying along with them that numerous class of disappointed, restless, and ambitious individuals, always to be found in every government, formed such an opposition to our Executive, and measures of Administration, as gave just grounds for France to suppose that the sentiments of the great mass and body of the people here coincided with her interest; and that, if this sentiment could be left to act without control, and was not checked in its operations by our Executive, America would at any time be ready voluntarily to abandon her neutrality, throw herself into the scale of France, and unite with her against the commercial strength of Britain. At an early period, a swarm of speculators from America, like a numerous flock of vultures collecting round a massy carcass destined for their prey, resorted to Paris, to seize on the immense quantities of floating property in that country, occasioned by the revolution. Success equalled their enterprise. They acquired vast sums, and became deeply interested in the French revolutionary funds. In proportion to their interest thus situated, have been their zeal and anxiety for the establishment and permanency of the French government.

ment. This anxious zeal stimulated them on to employ every artful intrigue to influence that government to interpose her artful sway in directing the policy of ours. As many of those speculators were men of talents as well as wealth, and as France was flattered by her own interest as well as those appearances in America; it is not surprising that she should be wrought upon to add her influence to the faction here. This you may be assured was the case. A triple alliance between the opposition in America, the American speculators in France, and the French government, was early formed for the purpose of throwing America into the scale of France, and making her a party in the war; and as the only obstacle in the completion of this object was supposed to be the Executive, their whole artillery has been uniformly levelled against that great fortress of American liberty, peace, and independence. From the joint influence and intrigues of this combination have originated all the clamours against British influence, British bribery, and British gold; the calumnies against the President, the proceedings of Genet, erecting of democratic societies to censure the measures of Government, persecution of Mr. Hamilton, conduct of Randolph and Fauchet, all the noise about Jay and the treaty, &c. &c. &c.; all of which was evidently calculated to raise the jealousy of the people; while pedagogues were declaiming, and hiring scribblers and printers continually publishing inflammatory pieces to increase that jealousy, and inspire the same enthusiasm as reigned in France. Whoever will recollect that at the commencement of the European war our Executive assumed a neutral ground in respect to all the belligerent powers; and will take a retrospect of occurrences, will at once see that all the measures of Administration have been invariably directed to a scrupulous observance and support of that neutrality; while on the other hand,

hand, every measure of the opposition has been uniformly directed to a violation of it, or to the destruction of the Executive itself, on which its support has essentially depended.

It is true that the Madisonian system was not so directly levelled against the Executive; but it went to a direct violation of our neutrality in respect to Great Britain, and to counteract the measures of the Administration. It was to cut off all commercial intercourse, and consequently all supplies from this country to Great Britain, while that intercourse, and those supplies, were to be continued to France, and consequently the whole turned to her advantage in prosecuting the war against England. Before this, however, the ministry of England, apprized of the faction here, the intrigues of Americans at Paris, the co-operation of France with that faction, and the object in view, were undoubtedly alarmed, and seriously expected that our government would be thrown into the balance against them; consequently begun their depredations, determined to secure what advantages they could from our commerce before they should be totally deprived of it. Those depredations on our commerce were, therefore, the effects of the co-operation of the French government with the opposition in America; while those depredations furnished the pretext for that opposition to bring forward a system which would at once have attained their end, the violation of our neutrality, and consequently a war with Britain.

Those commercial regulations brought forward by Madison, and supported by a majority in Congress, joined to the conduct of Genet, and the spirit discovered by the people at that time, brought matters to a crisis, and rendered the treaty with England absolutely necessary to avoid a war. The treaty, therefore, which has been so much cursed, is chargeable upon those persons who curse it: but the treaty it-

self has never been, either to them or the French, an object of dislike in any other point of view, than as it checked those proceedings, and prevented the accomplishment of their end. The serious and astonishing evils pretended to arise out of the treaty, both with respect to France and America, and of which so much has been said, never yet existed any where but in the noise that was made about it, and that wholly with a design to work up the public prejudice to such a pitch as would prevent its ratification, or justify a violation of it after it should be ratified; either of which would effect the same purpose as those proceedings which the treaty put an end to. I believe that last winter, when the public sentiment was so clearly expressed on the side of the President, and in favour of the treaty, the French government would have given over the pursuit, and, for a time at least, would have left us at peace, had not our own unprincipled citizens stimulated the French government on to make new exertions. There were at that time in Paris a man of superior talents from Boston, and several Carolinians who accepted commissions under Genet, all of whom were deeply interested in the French revolutionary funds; and, if possible, more zealous in the cause of France than the French themselves. Those Americans, with many more, rendered themselves very conspicuous by every species of censure against the President, and measures of Administration; and having formed an acquaintance, they acquired an influence over many members of the French Directory. They echoed there the doctrines of the democrats here, insinuated that our Executive was still under the British influence, and desirous of forming a strict alliance with that nation; that the treaty was entered into for that purpose; and that unless a rupture could be effected between Britain and America, the latter would be totally lost to France; and that they must
hereafter

hereafter calculate upon America as offensively united with Britain against her.

These insinuations coming from a quarter so respectable in the view of the French court, and contradicted by no American there, had the desired effect. A plan of operation was settled. The system of terror, by which France heretofore governed her internal affairs, was to be adopted in respect to her foreign relations. She was to speak in a high and commanding tone; to complain aloud of the British treaty; accuse us of ingratitude; proclaim her own magnanimity and justice; while she took care at the same time to intimate her terrible power, and the vengeance she had in reserve for her finally impotent enemies. Thus many a letter has been written from Paris to America, giving an account of the resentment of that nation to the treaty, and the measures of our administration; when the only design was to create and keep alive that resentment here. And many a letter has been written from America to Paris, representing the evils of the treaty, and resentment of the people to it here, with a design to encourage that government in the prosecution of her noble plans. As the President was supposed to be pledged for the support of our neutrality, and inflexible to all their manœuvres, he, of course, became the bulwark to be destroyed. Tom Paine was therefore set at work under the auspices of the French government, to attack his private as well as public character: the Paris speculators and American democrats were in all their writings to censure his conduct; and Adet was to act as occasion should require.

When Tom Paine's efficacious pamphlet was fully charged, Adet's note to the Secretary of State cocked and primed, and the terrible decree of the Directory prepared, the whole was to burst forth like thunder from conflicting storms, while the lightning of their

navy dashed in ruin on our commerce. This, it was supposed, would at once distract and confound us; and you may depend upon it, that they even contemplated an alteration of our constitution, and the introduction of a Directory here instead of a President, in order effectually to establish their influence over us hereafter. These things are not the effusions of my over-heated imagination; nor do they depend on appearances only for their support. I have been favoured with the perusal of letters from Europe, written by a faithful servant of the public there, which demonstrate and prove those facts beyond all contradiction; and the originals would be published, was it not for the apprehension of exposing that public servant to the rage of an unprincipled faction in a foreign court, and depriving the public of his services in future.

The terrible explosion has taken place; the pamphlet of Paine, the note of Adet, and the decree of the Directory, and thunder of their navy and privateers upon our commerce, have been all discharged, and, thank God, have all had a directly contrary effect from what was intended. Our magnanimous hero in war, firm and unshaken patriot in council, the father of his country, is not driven from his office; but, loaded with the gratitude of our citizens, and crowned with unrivalled honours (in comparison of which, royalty sinks into contempt), calmly retires; while the measures of his administration meet with universal applause, and will stand as a pattern for nations yet unborn. His successor has not only a comprehensive but minute knowledge of all the intrigues of this hypocritical court of France; and this their policy, instead of confounding, will be turned upon their own heads, and excite that just and general indignation, under which the sycophant creatures must sink into contempt. I have
before

before noted that the British depredations, and consequent treaty, were chargeable upon the opposition in our government, American speculators, and the co-operation of the French court; and from what I have now stated, it is equally plain that the depredations we now suffer from France are wholly imputable to the same speculators, and our democrats here. The whole of our difficulties are, therefore, the fruits of their patriotic labours. As our revenue depends on commerce, and that commerce is laid prostrate by the intrigues and policy of those flaming, but false patriots, it is become absolutely necessary to resort to other sources of revenue; and a direct tax, which those French partisans have been for years advocating, and which they would have long ago adopted, that the people might feel what they paid, in order that they might attend to the expenditures, is the only expedient which now presents itself; but now, when they have rendered it necessary, those very champions for direct taxes, those friends of liberty and zealous patriots, will be the persons to fling every possible embarrassment in the way, and the last who will vote for it. This is however only matter of opinion, and future facts must prove the truth or falsehood of the assertion. We have a bill now before the House, reported by the Committee of ways and means for the purpose. We have not yet entered upon the discussion of it, and it is of course unknown how the members will vote: but I presume that the chief, with many of his party, will find some specious pretext to vote against it; and my brother S—— I know will negative it if in his power. While we could get along without direct taxes, they were advocating the measure, and wishing to adopt it; but now that it becomes necessary, and they believe the people, from a conviction of that necessity, would submit to the payment, they will oppose it.

Thus

Thus you see their consistency, and will judge of their designs.

I am Sir, with much esteem,
your friend and humble servant.

TUESDAY, 25th APRIL.

Echo on the Schuylkill.—SIR, I was an unbeliever of the story of a wonderful echo on the banks of the Schuylkill, until, in company with a friend, I received the following answers to my several questions.

Quest.—What is the employment of Governor Mifflin?

ECHO—*tippling.*

Is it true that he is governed by one Dallas?

ECHO—*alas!*

I suppose that, in compliment to the French, we shall celebrate the 14th instead of the 4th of July.

ECHO—*you lie.*

We are surely under obligations to our dear allies.

ECHO—*all lies.*

What is the object of a modern patriot?

ECHO—*riot.*

What are the present pretenders to democracy.

ECHO—*O! crazy.*

What is the proper aliment for such democrats?

ECHO—*rats.*

On ship-board, what did the printer of the Aurora?

ECHO—*roar "ab."*

What does he at sight of young Humphreys?

ECHO—*freeze.*

What does he at the success of Porcupine?

ECHO—*pine.*

For what does Citoyen Munro pass?

ECHO—*ass.*

What have we cancelled by the insolence of Adet?

ECHO—*a debt.*

Republican Honesty.—On the capture of St. Martin's the inhabitants signed a capitulation (without defence), to retain their property, on swearing allegiance to the Republic, and disarming themselves: but
their

their effects were nevertheless confiscated, and all those sent in chains to Guadaloupe who had not briefs of citizenship before the French revolution. The inhabitants were subjected to an excessive tax, and robbed of their negroes. A number of the natives were exiled.

Rights of Man exercised at Wiscasset.—Wiscasset, April 1, 1797. On Wednesday morning last, between two and three o'clock, the gaol here was opened by an armed force, and three persons liberated who had some days before been arrested on *mesme process*, and for want of bail were committed. The process was at the suit of Mr. Trueman, on whom they committed a most outrageous trespass the last summer, in the town of New-Milford. The mob was about two days in collecting, and it is suggested that they principally came from the upper settlements of Sheepgut and Damariscotta ponds, and that their number was between two and three hundred. They appeared well armed, and suitably provided with axes and bars to pull down the gaol, if they could not otherwise effect their purpose. At the point of charged bayonet they demanded of the gaoler the liberation of the prisoners, to whom he was forced to comply. The number that surrounded the gaol was between fifty and sixty; but it was said there were two large parties at a small distance: one of them, about fifty in number, it seems was stationed in the road between the gaol and settlements, and the other at some distance from the gaol on the opposite side. No doubt they came expecting to find an armed force to oppose them; which would have been the case, had it not been satisfactorily ascertained, that their numbers were so great as to overpower an inconsiderable guard, and that bloodshed would have ensued. Indeed no guard military could legally have been called out to defend the gaol by

by force of arms, without a special order from the Sheriff, or one from two Judges of the Supreme or Common Pleas court—which could not have been seasonably obtained. Another consideration, however, had weight; most of the rioters were actually known, and will no doubt be eventually apprehended, and held to answer for the abuse of the constitution and laws, although for a while they escape.

It was reported on Tuesday, that the rioters had dispersed, and gone home. Many persons from the settlements before alluded to, were here during the greatest part of the day, and I conversed with several on the subject of their lands, advised them, especially such as lived out of incorporated places, to apply to Government for redress, and suggested the possibility of relief heretofore digested between us.

French Influence in America.—*France: Council of Elders.* In this assembly a debate took place on the 23d of last November, respecting imposts, during which the following remarks fell from Dupont;

“The Americans have scarcely any means for making payment for our wines, brandy, and silk, except their rice, fish, and tobacco; and tobacco is the most considerable article they can offer us. Will they not be dissatisfied to see us treat their principal staple with this financial severity, and Punic infidelity?

“At what moment are we inviting upon ourselves these charges? at the time when Washington is retiring from public life, and his successor is to be named, as the depositary of the executive power.

“*Two parties divide that republic*, as is the case with other republics. One is attached to France by gratitude for her services; the other is attached to England. The latter obtained the advantage,

“ by two votes only, in the discussion on the treaty
 “ of commerce with England; and *this was owing to*
 “ *a political error of our own government.*

“ But the triumph of the English party, relative
 “ to the treaty, has rendered the French party *more*
 “ *popular*, and affords a strong hope of seeing the
 “ future President, the successor of Washington,
 “ *chosen from among the citizens who are known as the*
 “ *friends of France.*”

This extract is well worthy of attention. *Dupont* cautioned his colleagues against laying an additional impost on tobacco, not because he had any objection to the exercise of such “Punic infidelity,” but because it might operate to the disadvantage of France in our *choice of a President*. Just as if he had said, “Don’t let us lay this impost now, when the Americans are going to choose a new chief magistrate. They are divided; one half of them for England, and the other for France: there is every reason to hope that Washington’s successor will be chosen from among those who are known as the friends of France; let us, therefore, stop till this important election is over, and then we may safely do what we please.”

Such is the language of *Dupont*, and such the contemptible opinion he entertained of the people of America. But the most curious part of the harangue is that in which he observes, that the *two votes*, which decided the fate of the *British treaty*, were lost by “*a political error of the French government.*” A morning paper asks, “What can this mean?” What it *means* is as clear as what it says; and both are equally humiliating to every American that has the least anxiety for the honour of his country. The French have so long talked of these States as their provinces, and of the people as their slaves, or at least as their tools; their insolent language is grown so familiar to our ears, that it has in some measure

measure lost its effect with respect to us ; it has ceased to rouse us to resentment, and even to excite surprise :—but let us suppose for a moment, that they were to hold this language towards any other nation ; let us suppose that *Dupont* were to tell the Divan that the Parliament of Great Britain had determined to continue the war by two voices only, and that the loss of these two voices “ was owing to a political error of the French government.” Suppose we were to behold the members of a foreign legislature, thus counting the votes of the *House of Commons* ! and exclaiming, “ *We have lost it by two, and that was our fault :*” were we to behold this, I ask any sans-culotte printer in America how many pages he would fill up about *bribery* and *corruption* ?

So much for *Dupont*’s speech ; now for a word or two of *Master Dupont* himself. The *Minerva* of New-York calls him “ a *respectable* member of the legislature of France.” The epithet *respectable*, applied to any one of the guillotine legislators, who are now plundering the commerce of this country, argues a pretty high degree of complaisance in the editor of an American newspaper ; but when we recollect who the complimented person is ; when we recollect that this *respectable* member is no other than that very *Dupont* (surnamed *the infamous*), who first mounted the tribune to call on the Assembly *to hurl down the altars of God*, and who first openly pronounced in the same tribune, that there was “ *no God in the world* ;” when we hear this plundering legislator, this daring blasphemer, called *respectable*, and that too by a man who is an advocate for neither plunder nor blasphemy, we cannot help fearing that the manly tone of indignation is fast giving way to that of a cringing hypocritical complaisance.

WEDNESDAY, 26th APRIL.

Buonaparte's Correspondence with the Pope.—Paris journals of the 4th and 5th arrived yesterday; they bring an account that peace is concluded between the Pope and the French.

The following are the official letters published by the Directory on the subject of the peace concluded between the Pope and the French Republic.

Buonaparte, Commander in Chief, to the French Executive Directory.

“Head-quarters at Tolentino, 10th Ventose, Feb. 19.

“I shall send you immediately the ten standards which we have taken from the Pope in the different actions we have had with his troops. You will find annexed the copy of a letter which the Holy Father has written to me, and of my answer.

(Signed)

“BUONAPARTE.”

“DEAR SON—*Health and Apostolic Benediction.*

“Desiring to terminate amicably our differences with the French Republic by the retreat of the troops which you command, we send and depute to you, as our plenipotentiaries, two ecclesiastics, the Cardinal Matty, who is perfectly known to you, and M. Calleppi; and two seculars, the Duke Don Lewis Braschi, our nephew, and the Marquis Camillus Massimi, who are invested with our full powers, to concert with you, promise, and subscribe such conditions as we hope will be just and reasonable, obliging ourselves, under our faith and word, to approve and ratify them in special form, in order that they may be valid and inviolable in all future time. Assured of the sentiments of good will which you have manifested, we have abstained from removing any thing from Rome, by which you will be persuaded of the entire confidence we repose in you.

We conclude by assuring you of our perfect esteem; and in giving you the paternal apostolic benediction.

“ Given at St. Peter’s in Rome, the 12th February, 1797, the twenty-second year of our pontificate.

“ PIUS, P. P. VI.”

Buonaparte, General in Chief of the Army of Italy, to his Holiness the Pope.

“ Head-quarters, Tolentino, 1st Ventose, fifth year.

“ I ought to thank your Holiness for the obliging things contained in the letter which you have taken the trouble to write to me.

“ The peace between the French Republic and your Holiness is just signed. I felicitate myself on being able to contribute to your personal safety.

“ I entreat your Holiness to guard against the persons who are at Rome, who are sold to the courts the enemies of France, or who suffer themselves to be guided exclusively by the passions of hatred which the loss of territory constantly engenders.

“ All Europe knows the pacific inclination and the conciliatory virtue of your Holiness. The French Republic, I hope, will be one of the truest friends of Rome.

“ I send my Aid-de-camp, Chief of Brigade, to express to your Holiness the perfect esteem and veneration which I have for your person, and to entreat you to confide in the desire which I have to give you, on every occasion, proofs of the respect and veneration with which I have the honour to be your most obedient servant,

(Signed)

“ BUONAPARTE.”

THURSDAY, 27th APRIL.

“ *The Sons of France and America,*” at Charleston.—
We learn from Charleston, under the date of April

10, that the French privateer the *Gruper* was lying off the bar of the harbour, and had there brought to, and overhauled, an American vessel, Captain Almy, of Rhode Island, which vessel, in consequence of the conduct of the privateer, had been very much injured, and had very narrowly escaped total destruction. The Charleston editor concludes a long account of this business with the following very *spirited* observation :

“ It is expected, that a proper investigation of this
 “ business will take place, and that our merchants
 “ will be made perfectly acquainted with the pro-
 “ priety with which privateers, fitted out in our own
 “ ports, shall go and lie in wait for our vessels off
 “ our own bar, to capture them.”

REMARKS.—The humiliating day of retribution is come ! Why should not privateers fitted in the port of Charleston lie off the bar to capture American vessels ? It is just. Privateers fitted out from that port in 1793, partly manned, if not owned, by Americans, made a piratical war on the commerce of Great Britain. By this the French were taught what they might venture to do : villany seldom misses its reward in the end.

Besides, how can the people of Charleston have the face to complain of the conduct of the “ sons of France ?” For four long years we witnessed the shameful, the odious testimonies of approbation which this city bestowed on the revolutionists. Every one of their base and bloody actions was applauded : but now, behold ! their seizing an American vessel off the bar, is expected to be *inquired into* !

At Charleston, on the 6th of February, 1794, be it known, and be it remembered too, that the *Republican* Society (not the *Democratic* Society) celebrated the anniversary of the alliance between France and America. This society of Americans paraded at the

hotel of a Citizen Harris, whence they sent a deputation to invite the Citizen Consul of the French Republic, and Citizen Captain Branzon and Lieutenant Langlois of the republican sloop of war *Las Casas*, to join them. From the rendezvous the whole republican tribe marched, or rather stalked, in procession, to the city-hall; and this place of their destination proves, that, if the corporation did not assist at the festival, they approved of it.

There is something at once so base and so ludicrous in the circumstances of the feast, that I cannot help repeating them just as they stand in my commonplace book of *fans-culotism*.

First in the procession came the president of the society, supported by the Consul of France, and the citizens officers of the sloop of war.

The cap of liberty, carried by the secretary, supported by two citizen members.

The treasurer of the society.

The members of the society, two and two.

Arrived at the town-hall, an oration was delivered by Citizen Stephen Drayton. The whole then returned to Harris's hotel, drums beating and fifes playing *ça ira*. Here dinner was prepared; the flags of the sister republics were displayed from the balcony; the dinner-room was decorated with laurel, and the flags joined together. Over the president's chair was placed the cap of liberty.

Among the favourite toasts were, Citizen Genet, Citizen Madison, the *fans-culottes* of Great Britain and Ireland, and the guillotine. One toast in particular it is worth while to recall to memory at this time: "May the *enemies of republican Frenchmen perish, in whatever clime they may be found!*"

After the toasts were over, the liberty cap was placed on the head of the president, and then alternately on the head of each member, accompanied with three cheers and *ça ira*. After being returned

to, and worn by, the president some time, the cap was presented by him to the crew of the *Las Casas*. "And thus," says the Charleston paper, "glided the hours away of this feast, which was made by congenial souls to commemorate the happy day when Frenchmen joined the sons of America to overthrow tyranny in this happy land." Impudent, stupid miscreants! Beshrew me, but it glads my heart to hear that their viper-like aspersions have at last met with their reward. Would to heaven that their dear brothers, "the sons of Frenchmen," would strip them of their very skins!

But the grossest foolery of this festival remains to be noticed. "In giving this relation," continues the gazette, "it may not be improper to mention a circumstance that brought the *tear of joy* into the eyes of all present, from the *extraordinariness* of it. In the room of festive mirth, and about the close of the evening, were two boys, not exceeding ten years of age, and nearly of the same size; the one a native of France, and belonging to the sloop of war *Las Casas*, the other a native of America; both rather handsome than pretty. They had amused themselves for some time behind the president's chair, by joining in the choruses of the *Marseilles* hymn; when, to the great surprise of the company, they spontaneously exhibited a striking, and it is to be hoped a just, emblem of the genius of each people in their respective characters. They mounted each on a chair, and enfolded themselves in the colours that were displayed in the rear of the president; the American in those of the French Republic—the little *fans-culotte* in those of America; and when they had so done, they chanted in an animated manner, the favourite chorus of *ça ira*."

I leave the foreign reader to guess (those of this country know but too well) what a state of insatuation,

ation, of stupidity, of debasement and ferocity, a city must be sunk to, that could suffer itself to be amused with such exhibitions as these: *ça ira*, the carol of the lamp-post, the death-howl of the savages of Paris, chanted by two children to a company of Charlestonians, drew from their eyes *tears of joy!* When the world shall have recovered from the ferment into which it has been plunged by the infernal revolution of France, and the historian shall have leisure to record the instances of folly and wickedness it has produced, Charleston in South Carolina will not be forgotten.

To return to the subject of the seizure: once more I say it is just. I wish "the sons of Frenchmen" would not only capture their ships off the bar, but in their harbour, and from the edge of their very wharfs. They "expect that an inquiry will be made into the matter." Upon my word, I see no occasion for any inquiry at all. They themselves waited for no inquiry to toast destruction "to the enemies of republican Frenchmen, *in whatever clime they might be found*;" and I therefore cannot conceive them entitled to any inquiry now. It is the dear "sons of Frenchmen" that seize their vessels, and that's enough; let them ask no questions. To please these "sons of Frenchmen," they toasted "Confusion to William Smith," their member in Congress, the ornament of their State, and, at that time, almost the only man in the United States who had the courage to attempt to stem the destructive tide of French principles and French influence that was overwhelming us: they vomited forth this toast, without waiting for an inquiry, and therefore let them now swallow their injuries and their disgrace in silence.

Regicide Festival.—From a Paris paper, called the *Eclair*.—He who kills his fellow-creatures is called a homicide, he who kills his father a parricide, he who selects a king for his victim a regicide, and he who strikes a tyrant a tyrannicide.

It was yesterday that those who killed Louis XVI. regicides according to some, tyrannicides according to others, met to celebrate the memorable day of their triumph, and to swear an eternal hatred to royalty. I did not partake of their transports of joy; I was not present at their festival.

The people have sanctioned the republic. I respect their will; but I do not call him a tyrant who, until the 10th of August, was a legitimate king, who, on the throne, was the mildest of kings, and, in private, furnished an example of the virtues.

I blame no one. I love and respect the majority of our present representatives; but I declare this, that if the voice of the people had given me a seat in the legislature, I should not have consented to take, on the 21st of January, the oath that was yesterday taken by both Councils in the church of Notre Dame.

I should have dreaded that this oath, taken on that day of eternal mourning, would be considered as an assent to the sentence pronounced by the National Convention on the last King of the French. I had rather die a thousand deaths than subject myself to such a suspicion.

If I can trust appearances, the majority, nay, I will go so far as to say, all the Parisians unanimously, are of my opinion. All the shops were yesterday open, the artisans employed, and the Catholic temples filled with a greater number of the faithful than on ordinary days. More than one fervent prayer was, without doubt, addressed to Heaven in favour of him whose death was celebrated. The avenues to the cathedral were deserted. Curiosity itself, which so powerfully sways the mul-

titude, seemed yesterday to have lost its charm, and no longer to allure the wretched inhabitants of Paris.

How many perjuries were yesterday committed throughout the whole extent of the Republic! What a burlesque ceremony that of an oath taken by the French in the eighteenth century!

O Jupiter! exclaimed a Roman, treat me like this sow I am going to immolate, *if I break my oath*. But thou destroyer of altars, where is the security for thy promise? Who will punish thee for thy perjury? thy heart full of impiety? Didst thou not say long ago, *there is no God*? I know that thy pride, thy corruption, has misled thee, and thou wilt one day find the avenging God whom thy perversity now denies. In the interim, a madman must he be who trusts the deceitful words thou hast just pronounced. To which of thy oaths art thou desirous that I should give credit? to that of 1796, or to that of 1793, or to that of 1791, or to that of 1789?

Priestley and Jefferson.—At a late meeting of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, the new President produced a large bone, supposed to be the claw of some lion, which must have been twice the size of the largest lions of Africa. With this monstrous bone before him, and *Volney* on his right hand, and *Priestley* on his left, he delivered to the astonished society a very learned discourse on the size of the beast whose claw was exhibited. It was remarked by a member present, that when he saw the worthy President thus supported by the *wind* and the *air*, he could not but portend some tempestuous weather to the United States. The association of these extraordinary characters certainly exhibited a triumvirate of *atheism*, *deism*, and *nothingism*, full as curious as the lion's paw.

American

American Tameness.—Extract of a letter from London, dated March 2.—“The affair of the Bank, which caused such alarm at first, has within this day or two lost its terrors. Confidence is again re-established, and there is no doubt but the wisdom of the Minister will preserve it unimpaired. We were thoroughly persuaded that a war would take place between you and France; but Mr. King, on whom we waited this morning, gives us every assurance that there is not the least danger of any such event.”

The above extract is given as it was handed to the editor, but he does not think proper to let it go before the public unaccompanied with an observation, that the passage respecting France and America seems very problematical. Every one, at least every one who has any thing to lose, wishes for a continuation of the blessings of peace; but then this must be secured upon honourable terms to give any man of spirit satisfaction; and who can point out a probability, or even a possibility, of doing this at the present moment? When we look at France and the despots who govern her; while we see the impossibility of their paying for what they have plundered, and while the contemptuous treatment of Mr. Pinckney furnishes such incontestable proof of their intention to continue their depredations, their pirate-like warfare; while things are in this state, to assert with confidence, that *no rupture will take place*, is, I hope, counting too much on the tameness of America*.

* We have now [1799] seen, however, that *it was not counting too much*; we have seen, that the people of America can bear any thing and *every thing*, that comes from a “sister republic.” That inflexible spirit, which has been looked upon as the leading characteristic of republicans, has never made its appearance in the councils of the United States. Insult after insult, injury after injury, have been pocketed with the most philosophical *sang-froid*.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

*From the Norfolk Herald.**Norfolk, April 20.*

British Consul's Office, Norfolk, Virginia, April 18, 1797.

GENTLEMEN,

I beg you to insert in your next Herald, the enclosed copy of a letter I have just received from Captain Murray of his Majesty's ship Asia.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN HAMILTON.

Messrs. Willet & O'Connor.

(COPY.)

Asia, Hampton Roads, April 17, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

Enclosed is a copy of an advertisement found in an American paper; permit me to request you will find some means of publicly contradicting it, or of assuring the public that it did not come from me; as I would by no means have it believed, that the Captain of a British man of war was capable of insulting any enemy whatever, particularly in such a gasconading manner.

I am, with sincerity,

Dear Sir, yours, very faithfully,

(Signed)

ROBERT MURRAY,

*John Hamilton, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's
Consul, Norfolk, Virginia.*

(COPY.)

Hampton Roads, March 14.

Advertisement Extraordinary.

LIES SKULKING in or about the harbour of Norfolk, a little gasconading commander, dressed in a blue coat with a brick-duff facing, a high cocked hat decorated

corated with a knob, such as is frequently seen on the bridles of coach-horses, of red, white, and blue riband. He is very much *bloated* from having been long *wind-bound*, and has lately contracted an unconquerable fondness for *port*.

Whoever will discover the said Gascon, so that he may be brought before one of his Majesty's frigates, shall receive a handsome reward from the

CAPTAIN OF THE ASIA.

Extract of a Letter from Norfolk, dated 21st of April, 1797.

“ You will see by the public papers that we are like to rival you in the dramatical line. Yesterday was performed our new farce of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. The principal character, Captain *Modersty*, which was performed with a vast deal of sea-faring simplicity, set the whole house, boxes, pit, and gallery, in a roar of laughter.”

Seafaring Delicacy.—CAPTAIN MURRAY's solemnly ridiculous disavowal of the *Advertisement Extraordinary*, which every one looked upon as a mere spurt of wit, and which, *therefore*, no one imputed to him, has drawn on him the disgraceful commendations of all the sans-culotte newsmongers in this country, who only about nine months ago honoured him and his father with the appellation of *freebooters*, and who still call his sovereign the *Royal Brute of Britain*. Let Captain Murray congratulate himself on having deserved their applause; as to the author of the *Advertisement Extraordinary*, he would shun it as he would a tri-coloured cockade or the knife of its wearer.

The democratic printers call it “an *insulting advertisement*, intended to *wound the feelings* of Commodore Barney.” They are very tender-hearted grown lately. They forget, surely, that the noble-spirited Commodore bound an American Captain
hand

hand and foot, and swung up our flag reversed under that of France, and that they *justified* him too; justified an American who, acting under a foreign state, made war upon the defenceless commerce of his own country, came into its ports with the avowed intention of prosecuting his base unnatural warfare, and even insulted the Congress by repeatedly appearing in their hall, dressed in the garb of his infamous calling.

This is the man whose *feelings* are not to be *wounded*! This is the man whom Captain Murray is as cautious of offending as the Indians are of offending the devil. I hope it is not for the same reason; but I must confess that I tremble for the reputation of a British commander, when I hear him applauded by the sworn enemies of Britain: it puts me in mind of Buonaparte's encomium on the "*respectable General Provero*."

FRIDAY, 28th APRIL.

French Consul at Boston threatens to prosecute the Printers.—Boston, 20th April, 1797.—“The undersigned Consul of the French Republic in Boston, declares, that the piece published in this day's *Centinel*, 30th Germinal (19th of April, 1797, O. S.), under the title of ‘An Extract from a Pamphlet now in Circulation in France, published by Order of the Directory, and addressed to the People, signed Hoche,’ is absolutely false; that the government of the French Republic never avowed, but incessantly withstood, the principles which this despicable writer supposes them to pursue. In those countries that have been conquered by the victorious arms of the Republic, religion, persons, and property have been invariably respected.

“ The undersigned proposes to take the order of his government for prosecuting the authors of this false publication ; a publication which it would be needless to demonstrate the absurdity of.

“ The good citizens despise erroneous opinions, that may spring from party spirit and hatred towards a republican form of government ; but if, under pretence of the liberty of the press, the community were to tolerate the insertion of false pieces, given as authentic ones, these forgers would perhaps soon emit bank bills under the self-same cloak*.

“ MOZARD.”

Jefferson and Freneau—When a certain *printer* set up his paper in Philadelphia, entitled the *National Gazette*, a certain quondam *Secretary* sent it to sundry agents in the United States in foreign countries with a recommendation of it as a *patriotic paper*, which would enable the agents to see both sides of the question, representing thereby this *National Gazette*, which was always filled with abominable lies and abuse against the Federal Government, as one side of the question, in opposition to the acts of that Government of which the panegyrist of this paper was himself a member.

Dollars stamped with the King of England's Head.—Our readers have been informed that the dollars, which are now issuing from the Bank of England, bear a stamp of King George's *head* on the *neck* of the King of Spain : upon this subject a correspondent observes, that he has no objection to the mode of supplying the city with specie, but thinks that by all means his Majesty's *foot* instead of his head should have been stamped on the neck of his enemy ; and,

* It may not be amiss to observe, that nothing more has to this time [1799] been heard of this prosecution.

indeed,

indeed, it must be confessed that the *Most Catholic* ally of the French *Atheists*, in their war against the *successor of St. Peter*, would look very well if portrayed with the addition of this badge of honour.

The Wonder of American Patience.—The little runaway Scotchman, Callender, wrote a pamphlet against Peter Porcupine last summer, which he entitled “The Wonder of American Patience.” This title, as the pamphlet has no use for any, I now beg leave to transfer to the following accounts from Charleston, of April 4. Translated from the State Gazette. From “Le Patriote Français,” of the 3d:

Address to the French and American Patriots.

REPUBLICANS,

Dragged by some amateurs to the theatre of Charleston, we did not presume, that a just sentiment of indignation would there afflict our minds, and cast a gloom over the agreeable ideas which we had previously formed of the entertainment. Recalling to our memory the French theatre at the capital (Paris), we communicated to each other our remarks on the difference of declamation, of taste, of gestures, and intrigues; we admired even our constancy in hearing expressions which the greater part of us could not understand, when Placide with his rare talents came forth to rouse us from this lethargic stupor.

But how great was our astonishment, in the Lock and Key, to learn that the actor J. W. sung, with an affected enthusiasm, the high exploits of an English frigate, the sole aspect of whose flag had put to flight three French frigates; and that *a blind populace*, with excessive and thrice reiterated plaudits, demanded the repetition of the same couplet, *whilst they had their eyes fixed upon us*. Reason and pity, much less than anger, determined us to depart; and we laughed together at the absurd and rude affront which had just grated

grated our ears. We said then : Is it then these people should feign to be ignorant that at all times the English have not dared to measure themselves with an equal force of the French, and that nothing but treachery and superior numbers have ever afforded them some success ? Should they have forgotten that Admiral Byng, beaten by Galissoniere, and flying before Mahon, had been beheaded, because he boldly said to the Council that sat on his judgment, " Cite to me a single instance, when the English navy with an equal number of vessels vanquished the French navy, and then I will allow that I was a coward. But if the fire of the enemy, and the decayed condition of my squadron, though it had been superior in numbers, have forced me to yield the field of battle to him, why should this be charged as a capital crime against me ?"

It is necessary here to relate the disgrace wherewith this ambitious and pillaging nation has loaded itself at Toulon, Tiberon, and Dunkirk. To enlightened and impartial persons we leave the care of drawing herefrom just conclusions, and pronouncing on future events.

But you, American Englishmen, removed two centuries from the belligerent and political career of the world, shall ingratitude be your portion ? Will you suffer *much longer*, that in your halls of public exhibitions, on your theatres, malevolent persons shall make their efforts to revile the French nation ? you *who, without her, would still groan under the oppressive and tyrannical yoke of the despot* who apparently wishes to rule this day over your country. Open your eyes, and, like freemen, repulse from you a nation, that by the means of a *crafty, perfidious*, and to you disgraceful *treaty*, wished to reduce you again into slavery.

As for you, sound part of the United States, our allies, our brethren, whose standard, *glorious* by the
aid

aid of *our arms*, still waves in the republican Senate of France, *redress* through *your energy* the wrongs of your fellow-citizens; inspire them at this critical moment with sentiments worthy of a regenerated people. Tell them, if necessary, France, torn by an intestine war, has gloriously combated against seventeen European powers that had coalesced against her. The greatest part of them have been vanquished, several others have demanded peace from her, which she generously granted them; England sues for it, and will soon be forced to subscribe thereto. Teach them further, that the French Republic, now founded on a solid basis, is going to be the preponderating power, that she will balance the equilibrium of nations, whom she will compel by her clemency, by her laws, and by the wisdom of her government, to pay her the tribute of admiration. Ah! if reasons so just, and motives so powerful, do not bring them back to the level of their means, then add this last admonition to them, "*Fear, indignant France will make you feel the weight and effect of her resentment, and plunge you again into that nothingness, from whence she has raised you.*"

As for you, slovenly buffoons, and all of you who are their partisans, ignorant applauders, receive as a reward of your zeal the public contempt, which you have so well deserved, and to which *we devote you* through life.

GR. ME. of the French part of the island of St. Martin's; and the other French republicans, passengers on board the corvette *La Lourde*.

REMARKS.

To observe on the ignorance and cant that runs through this impudent publication, would be useless: it comes from republican fans-culotte Frenchmen, and that's enough. It is its abominable insolence,
and

and the clear indication that it contains of the spirit and intention of the French, that is to be attended to.

I assert, and I defy any one to produce proof in contradiction to my assertion, that no nation, no city, no assemblage of persons on earth, calling themselves free and independent, were ever so insulted as the people of America, in divers parts of the Union, have been by this horde of new-fashioned savages : but I really think that Charleston has had the preference in the distribution of their fraternal favours ; not unmeritedly, without doubt. Oh ! the glorious free and *independent* Charlestonians ! They cannot applaud a good song without being menaced by the dear “ sons of France.”

What liberty we should enjoy, if the French could so fraternize with us, as to get us to join them in the war ! then it would be glorious work indeed. If the sanguinary, red-headed crew of a privateer take upon them to remonstrate and to threaten us, and that too merely for applauding a song, what might we not expect from a republican general, with ten thousand blood-hounds at his heels, and his aid-de-camp, Guillotine, at his elbow ? Then we should taste of the blessings of *equal* liberty in its purity. They would no longer be offended with our songs, because they would not suffer us to sing or speak in any language but French. They would fall out with the very cut of our faces, and would twist our good level English-looking features into the baboon promineney of their own.

“ Fear, *indignant France* will make you feel the “ weight and effect of her resentment, and plunge you “ again into that *nothingness*, from whence *she* has “ raised you !” If the captain or crew of an English vessel had published a threat like this, how soon would their blood have stained the pavement of Charleston ! Yet the raggamuffin “ sons of Frenchmen”

men" are not only permitted to depart unmolested, but their threat, lest the whole world should not hear of it, is translated and *very politely* published in a paper of the insulted and humiliated city! Let us then no longer talk of the meanness of the Kings of Spain and Sardinia, of the voluntary debasement of the Queen of Naples, or the hypocritical, fear-inspired professions of the Pope; to find instances of the degeneracy of the present age, we need not go beyond the limits of our own territory.

SATURDAY, 29th APRIL.

Grattan.—The alarm respecting the Bank has once more given life to the *reformers* of this kingdom. Grattan, who got extremely well satisfied with the present state of things as soon as he got into office, and who became as discontented with it the moment he was displaced: this versatile *Cerberus* heads the pack. It is to be hoped that the Government will not be compelled to give him another sop: a bayonet would suit him much better.

Political Retribution.—A Paris paper of the 2d March, says, that "the King of Spain is preparing for a journey into Catalonia, where there are *discontents*, as there are also in Navarre. The Cortes, or States, of the latter province having recently assembled, sent to Madrid deputies who returned without being able to obtain an audience, and that the consequences to be apprehended were serious."—[That's right, Most Catholic: it will teach you what it is to become the *friend* of the *murderers of the head of your family*.]

Sardinia.—"The Court of Turin has sent orders to the Viceroy of Sardinia to furnish the French in Corsica with every thing the Commissary Miot shall require. The Chevalier de Purora has been appointed

pointed Minister of Foreign Affairs by the King of Sardinia, instead of the late Count Graneri.

“ Our advices from Genoa, dated February 9, state, that the King of Sardinia had just caused his brother, the Duke d’Aoste, to be apprehended, on a charge of having had a share in the conspiracy ; of having sought to put himself at the head of the discontented Nobles, for the purpose of seizing on the city and citadel of Turin, and of intending to declare himself Regent of the kingdom.”

All this is right too : he who hugs the traitors of other nations to his bosom, and gives them all the aid in his power, ought to be betrayed by his own subjects and family. Certainly nothing can be more just.

Corfica.—“ Some bloody disturbances have taken place in Corfica, owing to the levying of recruits for the French army. The mountaineers cut down the trees of liberty, and nothing but the marching of troops against them, and other measures of the most exemplary rigour, could reduce them. Several of the chiefs of the insurgents, including four priests who had taken up arms, have been shot.”

Very just. The Corsicans want *more liberty* than the British Government allowed them, and now they have it. They drove their own King from his territory, that they might become a *sovereign people*, at the point of the bayonet.

Cispadane.—“ The congress of the Cispadane Republic lately discussed the question, whether there should be any mention of the Catholic religion in the new constitution ? No sooner had the people heard of this, than a great tumult ensued, the multitude crying out, that they would rather die than suffer the holy Catholic religion to be abolished.—*The French dragoons dispersed the mob.*”

THE MOB ! And do you hear a republican newspaper call the sovereign people of regenerated Cis-

padane a mob? The editor was certainly drunk, or dreaming about some monarchical state.—But, only observe how soon the troublesome sovereign was satisfied, upon sight of the flaming sabres of the sans-culottes! These French dragoons are excellent constitution-makers. Their logic and eloquence never fail to produce conviction.

Tuscany.—“ The Grand Duke of Tuscany, it now appears, some time ago sent the Marquis Manfredini to General Buonaparte. The result of their conferences was the following convention :

“ 1. The Grand Duke engages to pay 800,000 livres to defray the expenses of the French garrison at Leghorn.

“ 2. General Buonaparte promises, in the name of the French Republic, to withdraw the 160 French troops which are at Leghorn; and the Grand Duke engages to pay on the day they shall begin their march, 1,200,000 livres more.”

This wretched Duke was the first Italian prince that gave encouragement to the advances of the French. It was strongly suspected, that a considerable portion of the plunder of the French nobility and clergy went to purchase his friendship and connivance; and the five Kings are now addressing him in the language of Hamlet: “ *Thus we squeeze you, sponge, and you are dry again.*”

Sans-culotte Foolery in America.—SIR, At the same time that I do not intend to justify the conduct of a violent Jacobin party, which has long existed in *Charleston*, yet it would be withholding justice from those who are entitled to it, not to inform you that a majority of the inhabitants of that city have never approved of the transactions published in your paper.

Trusting in that change in the public mind which they knew must soon be accomplished by such infamous proceedings, and dreading to involve the city

in bloodshed and conflagration, by any violent mode of showing their reprobation; they too long suffered this party to outrage common decency: the evil has now cured itself, and the public mind is undergoing in that city a very rapid change. The unfortunate permission to sell French prizes brought here a number of privateersmen; and they, enlisting on their side all the worthless and discontented, kept the city for some time nearly in a state of terror.

Though it cannot be denied that very scandalous scenes have been the consequence, still it must be allowed that Charleston has not been alone the theatre of them. Scenes quite as indecent have been exhibited in other towns, where there were no gangs of armed buccancers to terrify the peaceable citizens—witness *Boston*, where the Governor of the State, decorated with a red cap, drank on board the *Concorde frigate*, “May France give law to all the world!” witness *New-York*, where the French flag was exhibited for years in the public coffee-room; witness *Baltimore*, where the militia turned out to compliment the renegade Barney; in short, witness *Philadelphia*, where a few days ago a civic feast was given to celebrate French conquests; and then it must be confessed that Charleston is not more deserving of reproach than her sisters: as an evidence that the majority of the respectable citizens of that place never approved or countenanced those transactions, it may be added that they have twice since re-elected their member, who, whatever may have been his other offences, has never been accused of sacrificing his country to French influence.

A Native of Charleston.

Neutrality of America, in a Letter from a French Gentleman at Baltimore.—The following is a literal translation of the French letter which I publish in this day's Gazette.

“ SIR, “ *Baltimore, April 14, 1797.*

“ It is surprising that Peter Porcupine, who lets no opportunity escape him of exposing in a forcible manner the true situation of this country, with respect to the belligerent powers, should silently pass over the following reflections on the manner in which the Americans observe their pretended neutrality.

“ It is very astonishing that while we see all the newspapers of the United States abound with complaints of the numberless captures continually made of their vessels by the French Republic, in a manner so unjust, so piratical, so inhuman; that at the same time in which we hear those exclamations we should see so striking a contrast present itself to our eyes. Americans, read the following reflections: silence your clamours, and answer! For what purpose do these privateers arm in your ports? Is it not to take your own ships, and that even at the entrance of your own bays and rivers? For nothing else, and you know it with certainty; and nevertheless you suffer it! What, can nothing then rouse you from your fatal lethargy? You complain that you are pillaged, and that you are basely and even barbarously mal-treated: this is a truth which has no need of proofs; and yet at this moment that I am writing, your pretended friends are only busied to give fresh ones to your brothers, your husbands, your children, in spoiling them cruelly of their goods; and robbing them of that property which you have confided to their care and industry. And you suffer that ships should be armed among you, destined only for robbery and your ruin! For the public is not ignorant that such and such a ship, which is arming under their eyes, is really destined only for privateering: every thing demonstrates it: the construction, the transactions on board, the manner

manner of out-fitting, the conversation, the purchases of small arms made in town, &c. &c.—all this is concealed under the pretence that they are going for Guadaloupe, the Cape, or other ports; while every body knows that the true destination and only design is a cruise; a number of passengers also (a crew of French, and even American sailors); that in going down they purchase cannon, powder, &c. &c. in the creeks of the bay. To whom is such a conduct to be imputed? To yourselves, Americans.

“ For it is necessary that a merchant should lend his name at the Custom-house to clear out the vessel, and it is more than probable that he himself is chiefly interested. What are we to think of this?—If an honest man should express too freely his opinion, or take the smallest step which might displease a certain party; to be drawn in a cart, tarred and feathered, followed by a thousand blackguards, and the huzzas through the streets, would be his fate. We should hear nothing but the cry of War! war! and yet it is but three years since it was said, England will be careful not to provoke America. She would feel the effects of the wrath of a free people, should she affront them. Yes! it is exactly three years the second of May next, that a mate of Baltimore was led about, tarred and feathered, with an inscription placed on a board at the head of his cart—“ *American pirate.*” Americans! those who now are commanders of privateers to pillage you, are they better citizens? Whether the Government can, or not, hinder those clandestine armaments, so ruinous and dishonourable to you, I say not; but exist they certainly do; and what opinion, think you, must foreign nations conceive of you, when they see you conduct yourselves thus, in a manner at once so contrary to the laws of neutrality, and derogatory to national dignity? Upon whom shall fall the odium such a conduct excites?

“ Last week a schooner sailed from the Point at Baltimore, on a cruise : it is asserted, and with great probability, that Barney has commissioned her. At this moment there is another in dock, just ready to set sail ; and some merchants, who expect their vessels, escaped from the pirates of the islands, expressed yesterday their fears ; saying, This privateer goes out next week, and perhaps will capture my ship, which I positively expect at the same time.—These are realities : but which, however, will not strike so forcibly as some puffed-up phrases of a wretched Gazetteer, whose only aim is to rouse the minds of the people with impoisoned vapours, which tend to their misery.

“ Americans, you lately enjoyed the esteem of foreign nations ! Take care lest you lose, for ever, so precious, so honourable a situation. You have not a moment to lose in your endeavours to avoid so shameful a reproach as that of no longer deserving it.”

French Impudence, Ambition, and Perfidy.—Mr. PORCUPINE, If any thing vain or impudent from the pen of a Frenchman could surprise, I should have been astonished yesterday at reading “ An Account” in the United States Gazette, “ of the naval Powers of Europe ;” written by a French citizen, who calls himself one of the Bureau of Commerce at Paris. You know these gentry have a wonderful talent at disposing of all things on this earth to their own liking.

In estimating the maritime force of France, Spain, and Holland, he represents the strength of their respective fleets, as it appeared on their navy lists, at the commencement of the French revolution ; he makes no abatement whatever for what Jack English has had the good fortune to destroy and take from them since that period. We are sensible that these nations cannot at the present time equip for sea one
half

half the ships he mentions ; and that, united with Denmark and Sweden, they are not able to oppose Great Britain alone, suppose she had not a single ally.

But what particularly engaged my notice, was the superlative modesty of this Frenchman. He proposes a confederacy of these States, " something like the armed neutrality of 1731," for the purpose of destroying what he calls the " colossal power of England on the ocean ;" and this he endeavours to prove would be the " interest of every naval power of the second order," and the " only means of emancipating the ocean from British tyranny."

How stupid must that man be, or how easily duped must he think all others, that could seriously bring forward such a proposition to the nations of Europe ; at the very time, when the enormous ambition of France justly excites an universal alarm by her rapid and extensive conquests, and her humiliating requisitions from the conquered ! One would imagine this crazy Frenchman thought that his republic had a divine right of acting the devil all over Europe, and that tyranny, plunder, fraud, and oppression, were no crimes in the *sans-culottes*. I defy him and any other man to mention a single state, within the reach of their arms, and they have extended wide, the liberty-loving despot of Prussia excepted, that has not had the strongest reasons to curse and dread the power of France.

I will not say any thing of the United States of America : every day's intelligence is a new lesson on her breach of faith, her piracies, and insults ; and seems to point, as with the finger of Providence, to the wisdom and the necessity of swearing against her an everlasting hatred.—If I had a son, I would take him, as Hamilcar did Hannibal, and make him swear at the altar of God an irreconcilable enmity to this faithless and ambitious race.

Y.

MONDAY, 1st MAY.

Paying for being shot at ; or, a remarkable Instance of republican Justice.—From New-York we hear that the sloop John, Enoch Lee master, arrived on Thursday from Curaçoa in thirty days, informs, that on his outward-bound passage he was taken by a French privateer called the Coquan, out of Guadaloupe, between St. Kitt's and St. Bartholomew's, carried into St. Martin's, and detained two days to search for English property ; but finding none, after breaking open all letters, chests, and vessel's hold, and obliging him *to pay for shot the privateer fired at him*, they permitted him to depart. He likewise informs that there were four sail of American vessels there that were brought in as prizes and condemned. While in Curaçoa, the French privateers brought in four others, and it was expected that they also would be condemned, their papers being sent to St. Domingo for trial.

Hanging for Self-defence.—The Boston Mercury says that the brig General Warren unfortunately fell into the clutches of the "ferocious" French. She was captured and carried into St. Eustatia. The Captain was retained on board the privateer, and conducted to Guadaloupe. Soon after her arrival at Statia, information came down that she had been condemned, and also an order for her sale, together with her cargo. Common adventures were seized, and disposed of with the rest of the property. The vessel was purchased by the Captain.

The William, Strong, of Portland, being taken by a French privateer, two officers and six men were put on board to conduct her into port. The Americans finding a favourable opportunity for the recovery of their property, rose upon the vessel, and in the ensuing struggle killed the two French officers.

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The next day she was again taken by another French privateer, and carried into Porto Rico. *It was supposed the Americans would be hanged* *.

French Spies in London.—London, February 28. Friday Godie, one of the Prince of Wales's cooks, was brought up from Crichtel, and underwent an examination at Carlton-house, on the charge of having held secret correspondence with the French; when the charge appeared to be founded. He was sent down in a post chaise to Yarmouth, to be conveyed to Hamburgh, and from thence sent in a neutral vessel to France.

Tauraude, the pastry-cook, a German by birth, is put on board the Sandwich man of war, lying at the Nore, in order to serve as a seaman.

It is said to be the intention of his Royal Highness to discharge all the French persons employed in his service.

Last Saturday, seventeen French Jacobins were ordered by Government to quit the kingdom, who have lately deserved this punishment by their conduct and speeches. Among them is a very dangerous fellow, who was one of the most zealous promoters of the pillage of the hotel of Castries.

Remarks.—Each of these miscreants should have been hanged at once. The English Government continue to play the same silly game that they have been playing all the war: the machinations and villanies of the devil they oppose, or rather they assist, with their stupid adherence to long-established custom. In the present instance, however, they have gone beyond their usual lenity. Spies are, by the law of

* What excites the most indignation is, that this *supposition* is treated as if it were nothing extraordinary. The poor humiliated nation looks on without daring to express its anger, if, indeed, it feel any.

nations, punishable with death; and whatever respect and deference might be thought due to the Prince, no supposed partiality of his for a rascally pastry-cook ought to have been suffered to give encouragement to the most dangerous of all enemies. Until more rigorous measures are taken, until the French are met upon their own ground, combatted in their own summary and destructive way, England will continue to be harassed with alarms, plots, and conspiracies.

Jean de Brie and the Regicide Legion.—Milan, February 12.—The following are the particulars which appear in the last letters from Turin, relative to the conspiracy formed against the King of Sardinia.

The conspirators were numerous, and were dispersed in every quarter of the capital, in order to seize the most important post, in the moment of the explosion, to deceive the people as to the real cause of it, and to influence the multitude to their own purposes; and they had emissaries throughout Piedmont to give a similar impulse there.

Their leaders, who were charged with carrying into effect the great attempt, resorted to the chapel where the King was accustomed to hear mass; they were, on a signal agreed upon, to sacrifice some inferior victims, to seize the person of the King, and to make him on the spot sign an order to deliver up to the conspirators the citadel of Turin and some other places.

Fortunately the chief of the conspiracy, who was to have given the signal, failed to be at the rendezvous at the appointed time; and Government, apprized of the conspiracy, took its measures to overturn it.

The leader, we will not say of the conspiracy, for perhaps that important person is yet unknown, but the conductor of the executive part of it, was named Trombetta. He has long been notorious for pro-
fessing

feſſing ultra-revolutionary principles, which rendered him a ſuſpected perſon in Piedmont.

We are aſſured that the Executive Directory of France informed the Sardinian Ambaſſador, that this Trombetta gave himſelf out to be the agent of the French Republic, immediately applied to the Miniſters to know if they had any individual of that name in their ſervice, and they received an aſſurance that his name was utterly unknown to them.

Trombetta, or thoſe who had given him the falſe title of an Agent of the Republic, are evidently enemies to the good underſtanding which ſubſiſts between the Republic and the King of Sardinia. The Executive Directory, we are credibly informed, have ſignified to Count Balbe the Sardinian Ambaſſador, how much *they are penetrated with indignation and horror* at the news of this conſpiracy.

Remarks.—What ! the murderers of the King of France and the Queen of France penetrated with *indignation and horror* at the news of a conſpiracy againſt the “Despot of Sardinia !” The buſt of *Brutus*, one of the aſſaſſins of his beſt friend Cæſar, and that of *Ankerſtrom* the aſſaſſin of the King of Sweden, now grace the halls of theſe uſurpers : it is well known that they celebrate the anniversary of the aſſaſſination of Louis XVI. and that they obliged the whole nation to repeat annually their oath of *mortal hatred to royalty* ; and yet they have the abominable impudence to pretend to be ſhocked at a conſpiracy againſt the poor ſilly quondam King of the Savoyards !

It will perhaps be ſaid, that the *five Kings* might really be alarmed for the ſafety of their brother monarch ; if this be the caſe, they are greatly reformed ſince they have been on the throne. One of them, *Jean de Brie*, was the very man (or rather monſter) who firſt propoſed to raiſe a corps of *twelve thouſand regicides* for the purpoſe of murdering the

the several princes of Europe ; and another of them, *La Croix*, was President of the Assembly at that time.

To leave no doubt on the reader's mind respecting this fact, I here add an extract from a Paris paper called the *Thermometre du Jour*, dated 28th August, 1792.

National Assembly. Presidency of M. La Croix.

M. Jean de Brie, at the close of an energetic speech worthy of a Brutus or a Scævola, proposed to raise a Theban legion, to be called the legion of twelve hundred, whose sole business should be *to seek to effect the death of hostile generals in chief, and that of kings*. The determined men composing this legion of tyrannicides were to be maintained all their lifetime at the expense of the state, and the pension of two thousand livres (about a hundred pounds sterling a year) to be granted them, was proposed to be continued to their families *to the third generation*.

After this I leave the reader to judge of the *horror* these fellows must feel at a conspiracy against the life of a king.

TUESDAY, 2^d MAY.

Tories unjustly reprimanded.—MR. PORCUPINE, I find that poor John Bull and his friends the *quondam* Tories are still the butt of sarcasm and ill-nature ; but what some years ago was the general *ton*, has of late been confined principally to the Jacobinic Gazettes ; which are equally employed in defaming the constitution and government of the United States. To insult a nation that is now warring against that devouring monster the Republic of France, and to vilify that class of citizens who have always been distinguished by their attachment to subordination and order, is quite natural to such papers as the *Aurora* and *Argus* ; and to them I should be
glad

glad to see the ill-natured task assigned; slander from them is the stamp of merit. But the Editor of a paper, who wishes to contribute to the support of law and government, which are now every where attacked by the fiends of anarchy, contradicts his own principles when he gives publicity to such effusions. Impartiality has been the profession of most, and perhaps the intention of some Gazetteers; in common cases it is right, but there are particular circumstances in which it is improper.

I have been led into these thoughts by perusing a late publication in the Gazette of the United States, which the writer calls an "Interesting Parallel," or a comparative statement of the conduct of Great Britain in 1774, and of France in 1796, towards this country. In the name of common sense and good manners, what analogy is there in the two cases, or what resemblance in the two governments? At the former period we were British Colonies, bound to the parent state by the ties of gratitude and the obligations of moral and political justice. We had never denied the relation, and only disputed about the *quantum of obedience*. From her we derived our existence, our knowledge of liberty, as well as our spirit to defend it; we had progressed from infancy to manhood, from imbecility to strength, under her fostering care and protection. This created a considerable obligation; and although the claims she set up were inadmissible, we owed her much—every well-informed American will still acknowledge it; but what do we owe the present Government of France? Nothing. Has it the smallest claim even to our respect and good will? No. By a series of crimes unequalled in the annals of the world, it merits universal detestation, and particularly from the United States of America, which it has robbed and insulted without even the shadow of a provocation.

Our

Our sons will blush that their fathers even called such an abandoned and faithless people allies.

It would degrade the regency of Tunis or Algiers to be put on a level with the French Republic; they are neither so bloody minded nor so perfidious. It is therefore indecent, as well as unjust and impolitic, to compare the most respectable nation and freest government in Europe, with such a band of robbers and assassins. With the bloody daggers in their hands with which they murdered their too benevolent King, our great ally, the rebels first demanded the debt we owed *him*, which they received to the last sou; and then they set about plundering and cajoling us alternately for four years, in order to manifest their ingratitude or contempt, I don't know which. When we sent an ambassador to complain of their insults and aggressions, they spurned him from their presence with indignity, and threatened him with a *corps de garde*, if he did not leave their territory without a hearing.

Should the five Beys and their Mamelukes persist in this atrocious system, or refuse to make compensation for their piracies, we must either resolve instantly to do ourselves justice by an appeal to arms, or give our honour and independence to the winds. In case of a war, I leave any man to judge whether we could promise ourselves success without the aid of a powerful naval ally; and whether, when we have so much at stake, it is prudent wantonly to abuse the only nation on earth which has the power and inclination to assist us. For although it is the interest of this nation to support the independence of America against all invaders, it is possible she may not respect it properly, when she sees that we cease to value it ourselves.

Should France be foiled in the present arduous contest before she discharge her debt to America, we must pocket the loss; but should she be victorious,

rious, (which God forbid!) the same ambition that has impelled her to desolate Europe for an extension of territory, will lead her across the Atlantic. The millions she has already plundered are not sufficient to pay the *mighty debt we owe her*; and I am really afraid the liberty *she gave*, she will think she has a right to resume; or, to use one of her own bold figures, to “reduce us to our ancient *nothingness*.” The democrats have often affected a mighty concern about liberty and the rights of man, in case the allied powers should destroy the Republic of France: Kings, they said, would not suffer an honest republican to breathe. But I would now ask them, or rather any rational being who is not a democrat, what is to become of the rights and independence of nations, their privilege of governing themselves, should this Republic one and indivisible prevail.

But I am still more displeased, if possible, with the writer's injudicious attempt to place that class of citizens who during the American war were distinguished by the name of *Tories*, on a level with the frenchified Jacobins. The former class comprises many of the most respectable characters in the United States; men who, at this time, are among the most zealous advocates for our happy constitution and government. If they erred during the conflict of independence, it was from an excess of attachment to the peace and prosperity they enjoyed under the ancient regimen, and an aversion to the dangers of a revolution. They are now equally satisfied with their present state, and as sincerely deprecate a change. Not so with the turbulent democrats; they are never content but when the reins of government are relaxed, and a door is open for bustle and confusion. Order is their bane, and law their terror. These two classes are as diverse as light and darkness; and, although it is impossible by any abuse whatever to unite them in projects inimical to the

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the State, it is possible *by a series of undeserved insults* to disgust, and to render men passive spectators, who would otherwise be powerful, alert, and zealous friends.

Mirabeau's Slander against the English, circulated by Bradford.—Among the numberless efforts that have been made by the Americans in the pay of France, and by the renegade traitors from Great Britain and Ireland, to degrade the character of Englishmen in the eyes of their descendants, the following malicious piece, taken from a paper that *calls itself* the “Merchants’ Daily Advertiser,” is, I think, one of the most scandalous. This paper is noted for *extracts of letters*; accordingly the present most vile effusion is said to be an “Extract of a Letter from the *famous* Mirabeau, to his friend Champfort the poet.”

London, Nov. 10, 1794.

“No, my friend, I am not at all an enthusiast of
 “England; I am now acquainted well enough with
 “that island to say, that if her constitution is the
 “best known in the world, its administration is
 “the worst that exists; if an Englishman is the
 “best, freest man in society, *the English nation is the*
 “*most enslaved on earth*. I believe still further, I
 “believe that, speaking individually, we are far
 “superior to them, if we admit with most writers,
 “that men owe a great deal to the influence of cli-
 “mate, and even with the English writers, that
 “the soil which produces wine and immense
 “variety of other delightful productions, is superior
 “to that which gives to its dull inhabitants *only*
 “*coarse beer and pit-coal*. Men therefore must be
 “more or less affected by the influence of the cli-
 “mate, in their physical, as well as in their moral
 “constitution. I shall not say, like M. de Lauragais,
 “that the English have no other ripe fruit than
 “roasted

“ roasted apples, and nothing polished but their
 “ steel; yet I do not believe them possessed of any
 “ thing that can justify their ferocious pride. But no-
 “ thing demonstrates more the advantages of liberty
 “ than that the little of it which the English enjoy,
 “ by one or two of their laws, has raised, to the first
 “ rank, a nation so little favoured by nature. What
 “ cannot good laws effect, if, however imperfect and
 “ defective the English constitution is, it has been
 “ able to save, and will yet save from destruction
 “ *the most corrupted people on the earth?* What would
 “ be the effect of a good constitution on any nation,
 “ if a few laws have rendered so powerful and rich
 “ a people ignorant, superstitious, stubborn, avaricious,
 “ and faithless? What would be ours, if we enjoyed
 “ a little more civil liberty? 'Tis wonderful, my
 “ friend, for a man who thinks and reflects upon
 “ the nature of things, but it is a problem for others.
 “ We are perfectly ignorant of what concerns Eng-
 “ land. This is not the time to give you a detail of
 “ our prejudices in favour of that country; but *I*
 “ *am making notes*, which will convince you that we
 “ French people believe a great many things which
 “ only exist in the eulogiums we have bestowed on
 “ them.”

Remarks.—Now, admitting this not to be a fabri-
 cation of the brace of infamous villains who con-
 duct the Merchants' Advertiser; admitting it to be
 extracted from a letter written by Mirabeau, whom
 those people call *famous*, and whom all honest men
 call *infamous*; admitting it to be the product of this
 half-rogue half-madman's brain; let us see what sort
 of a man he was, and whether, like the officious repub-
 lishers of his extract, there be no particular circum-
 stances of his life that will account for his hatred of
 the English laws.

Playfair, in his History of Jacobinism, vol. i.
 p. 111, says, “ Mirabeau, whose whole life had been
 VOL. V. Z a history

a history of crimes, of blunders, and of misfortunes, whose name was considered as a reproach, and whose company was shunned by every man who had money or reputation to preserve, made himself conspicuous the moment that the usual order of society began to be inverted. The son of a man of fortune and of letters, he had a good education; but very early in life showed dispositions which obliged his own father to solicit as a favour a *lettre de cachet* to put him in prison. From one crime to another, and from debt to debt, he had passed the greater part of his time in different prisons. In England [now for the reason of his animosity against the English laws and constitution], in England, where he came for a little while, *he got himself into a scrape with justice*, by which he got into Newgate, and narrowly escaped being sent to *Botany Bay*, or to the *hulks at Woolwich*."

Such was the "famous" scoundrel whose slander against the English and their government is now submitted to the perusal, and intended to influence the opinion of Americans. May the country I love ever be an object of execration with the *tenants of Newgate*, whether *they write* letters, or whether *they publish them*!

WEDNESDAY, 3^d MAY.

A new Mode of paying Debts.—A few days ago, a gentleman called on a person in Boston for the payment of a note. The debtor replied, seemingly with as much joy and exultation as if he had paid the notes, "O! blast it," says he, "I am *shut up*!"

French Colonists at Charleston defended.—SIR, In your *Gazette* of the 20th of March, is a letter signed *Americanus*, which in my opinion has been inspired by so rancorous a disposition, and so little regard

regard to truth in its author, that he has indiscriminately passed sentence on all the refugees from St. Domingo, without once reflecting that, with the same propriety, one would be authorized to judge of the people of the United States by Brigadier Barney's apostacy, by the conduct of some American captains, who, after the conflagration of Cape François, taking advantage of the unhappy situation of their passengers, have fairly betrayed them into the hands of the Bermuda and Providence privateers, for a share of what these unfortunate people had saved of their properties, and the proceeding of many a merchant on this continent, who has sent gunpowder, concealed in flour-barrels, to the mulattoes and negroes at St. Domingo, for purposes best known to himself.

These, Mr. Porcupine, being near the truth, if not absolute facts, don't you think that *Americanus*, before he sat down to make such an illiberal and gross abuse of the press, ought, christian like, to have first removed the beam from his own eye, lest the sin should lie at his own door?

Americanus's Frying-pan is one of the thousand tales spread on the cause of the conflagration in Charleston in June last; and it may, by the same reason, be attributed to some schoolboys, who were in fact playing with squibs close to the very street where the fire broke out; nay, I have heard several people swear that Mr. Pitt was the incendiary; and I believe, after all, that it was as accidental as the conflagration in May, which happened through the carelessness of a black woman.

As for any other conflagrations since, the incendiaries have been convicted and punished; and I defy *Americanus* to quote a single instance of the French *colonists* having had any hand in such horrid deeds.

That some of the people, indiscriminately called
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French,

French, have been disorderly throughout the United States, I don't deny; but at St. Domingo, as on this continent, the population was a mixture of all nations, and I even safely say, in this respect, that no true French colonist has ever given his benefactors any cause of complaint.

I shall add, that the St. Domingo refugees in this town were not among its citizens who hung the British King, his Ministers, and others, in effigy; and that at Savannah they did not meddle, in the least, with the burning of Mr. John Jay and one of the Senators in Congress of that State; on the contrary, Mr. Porcupine, they have always behaved in a decent and quiet manner, and proved themselves to be the friends of a government, under whose protection they have enjoyed that tranquillity which they had so long looked for in vain, and which *Americanus*, without any provocation, seeks to trouble anew, by his ungenerous sortie against them.

It was not, perhaps, enough for him, that these inoffensive and industrious refugees were witnesses of the murder of their nearest and dearest friends, themselves driven from their homes by fire, sword, and proscriptions, persecuted even in this land of neutrality by the agents of those execrable villains, who, under the cloak of equality and humanity, have partly destroyed, partly invaded their properties, persecuted both by friends and foes, and most iniquitously outlawed by the savage *Directory*, are now most of them reduced to want, misery, and despair; but *Americanus* must still, after such a series of unheard-of misfortunes, come forward to brand them with the infamous appellation of *cut-throats*.

This recalls to my mind the fable of the old lion at the point of death.

I am, yours, &c.

One of the St. Domingo Refugees.

Major

Major Grose and Margarot—The following letter was addressed by Maurice Margarot to Major Grose, immediately on the arrival of the former at Sidney Cove.

To Major GROSE.

May it please your Honour,

Brought a prisoner to this colony, in consequence of a sentence of transportation passed against me by the Lord Justice Clerk of the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland, and approved by his Britannic Majesty; I, with all respect to those officers who here act in his name, claim the restoration of my freedom—freedom, the common birthright of Britons, and to which I feel myself entitled, inasmuch as I conceive my sentence to be fulfilled on my arrival here—that sentence being transportation, not slavery; the latter unknown to our laws, and directly contrary to the British constitution, as it was established by the revolution of 1688, which placed the present family on the throne, for the immediate purpose of more effectually protecting British freedom. It would, therefore, not be doing justice to my countrymen, when cheerfully undergoing a long exile for their sakes, were I silently to suffer in my own person so great a violation of their charters.

Unused to the more refined language of a courtier, I must entreat your Honour not to be offended at the plain manner in which I here express myself; this case applies not to me alone, but to every Briton; for if the executive power can make one slave, it may make all so. Your Honour will then, I hope, perceive the absolute necessity I am under of making such my constitutional demand; and as Lieutenant Governor of this colony, you will, I trust, officially and publicly restore to me my freedom.

Should it, notwithstanding, prove otherwise, I must take the liberty, whatever personal danger may impend, to enter a formal protest against a refusal, which I apprehend may be supported, but am certain cannot be justified by those to whom the executive power has been committed.

With the greatest respect, I remain

Your Honour's most obedient humble servant,

MAURICE MARGAROT.

Major Grose's Answer.

MR. MARGAROT,

I have received your letter of the 29th instant, which I suppose is written for the purpose of discovering with what patience I shall bear any seditious remarks you may hereafter see fit to entertain me with.

I hope, Sir, for your own sake, our correspondence is to close here: that instead of the *President of six thousand persons, whom you boast to have harangued*, you will now consider yourself as the *convict*, from whom humility is expected, and to whom very little ceremony will be used, if the least propensity to disturb the peace of this place is ever discovered.

There is every inclination on my part to accommodate your unfortunate situation, as far as it consistently can be done. But this I have some idea *does not answer your purpose* so exactly, as if you were able to *complain of fetters and severe treatment*; if this is at all your desire, it is easy to be furnished with *materials for a very long letter*. For you may rest assured, I have not the smallest doubt, neither shall I have the least hesitation of forcing as much
good.

good order from you, as from any other prisoner in the place.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant, &c.

FRANCIS GROSE*.

O'Carey's Bull.—An evening paper of yesterday, published by one Carey, an Irishman, asks several questions concerning the conduct of Great Britain during the American war, and, amongst the rest: “Did *she* not violate our *women*?”—Paddy is no natural philosopher.

Cure for Sans-culotism.—Charleston (S. C.), April 14.—FRENCH VICTORIES would, not long since, have caused joy in the hearts of Americans; they are now *sources of sorrow* to America as well as to Europe, groaning under the oppression of her arms. The contest is no longer for *liberty*, but *plunder*.

This observation is just, but it comes too late: it is like devotion inspired by the yellow fever. When the French were *plundering* other persons, and other nations; when they were seizing on the property of their own nobility and clergy, and extending their robberies to Savoy, Brabant, and the United Netherlands, their actions met with the most unqualified

* How it must grind the soul of the haughty and insolent Citizen Margarot to be obliged to say “*Your Honour*” to an officer of King George! Mr. Grose’s answer must, one would think, have bereft the scoundrel of his senses. Would to heaven that all the British and Irish *patriots*, that have unfortunately escaped to these States, had gone, with their beloved President, to augment the population of Botany Bay!—When Sir Joseph Banks named this place, he could hardly flatter himself that it would ever become the receptacle of such eminent personages as President Margarot and his subalterns. It will make a delightful republic in a few years.

applause ; but now we begin to have a just sense of the baseness and cruelty of their pillaging warfare. Men seldom think right till they begin to *feel*.

French Fraternity.—Yesterday arrived the brig Maria Wilmans, Captain Gardner, twenty days from Guadaloupe. A gentleman who came passenger in the Maria Wilmans has handed the following information :

That he took passage in the brig Lady Walterstorff, of Philadelphia, bound from Demarara to Philadelphia ; that on the 5th March said brig was taken under the lee of Martinique, by a French privateer, and sent into Basseterre, Guadaloupe, the captain, supercargo, and people, with himself, taken out, and kept on board the privateer thirteen days ; and when they arrived in Basseterre, they found the said brig Lady Walterstorff and cargo condemned, and most of the cargo taken out and sold, without either captain or supercargo being present, or having any opportunity of making any claim: mate and people of said brig immediately sent to prison ; and although the captain used all the endeavours he could to get them out, he could not obtain their enlargement, nor even permission to see them before he left the island.

[*Here follow the names of eleven vessels carried into Guadeloupe.*]

The mates and people of those condemned vessels are all put in prison, and sent on board flags of truce to be exchanged with the English. An instance of this happened while at Basseterre, of a number of Americans being sent off in an English flag of truce, to Martinique, among whom were some of Captain Gutterson's people, of the Lady Walterstorff, and Captain Peck's of the Susanna, and in two days
after

after they were sent back again to Guadaloupe, *because the English would not receive them in exchange**.

THURSDAY, 4th MAY.

Jefferson's Letter to Mazzei.—From the Paris Monitor of January 25.—Florence, January 1.

Letter from Mr. Jefferson, late Minister of the United States in France, and Secretary to the Department of Foreign Affairs, to a Citizen of Virginia.

This letter, literally translated, is addressed to M. Mazzei, author of *Researches, Historical and Political*, upon the United States of America, now resident in Tuscany.

“ Our political situation is prodigiously changed since you left us. Instead of that noble love of liberty, and that republican government, which carried us through the dangers of the war, an Anglo-monarchio-aristocratic party has risen. Their avowed object is to impose on us the *substance*, as they have already given us the *form* of the British government. Nevertheless, the principal body of our citizens remain faithful to republican principles. All our proprietors of lands are friendly to those principles, as also the men of talents. We have against us (republicans), the *Executive Power*, the *Judiciary Power* (two out of three branches of our government), *all the officers of government, all who are*

* “ Our plan is *commerce*, and that, well attended to, will secure us the peace and friendship of all Europe ; because it is the interest of all Europe to have America a free port. *Her trade will always be her protection.*”
PAINE’S COMMON SENSE.

“ Let Independence be our boast,
“ Ever mindful *what it cost.*”

HOPKINSON’S SONG.

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seeking offices, all timid men who prefer the calm of Despotism to the tempestuous sea of Liberty, the British merchants, and the Americans who trade on British capitals, the speculators, persons interested in the Bank and public funds. [Establishments invented with views of corruption, and to assimilate us to the British model in its corrupt parts.]

“ I should give you a fever if I should name the apostates who have embraced these heresies ; men who were Solomons in council, and Sampsons in combat, but whose hair has been cut off by the whore of England. [In the original, *par le catin d'Angleterre*, probably alluding to the woman's cutting off the hair of Sampson, and his loss of strength thereby.]

“ They would wrest from us that liberty which we have obtained by so much labour and peril ; but we shall preserve it. Our mass of weight and riches is so powerful, that we have nothing to fear from any attempt against us by force. It is sufficient that we guard ourselves, and that *we break the Lilliputian ties* by which they have bound us, in the first slumbers which succeeded our labours. It suffices that we arrest the progress of that system of ingratitude and injustice towards France, from which they would alienate us, to bring us under British influence, &c.

(Signed).

“ THOMAS JEFFERSON*.”

Thus

* This letter is mentioned to be addressed to a *Citizen of Virginia*. To understand this, it is necessary to know that Mr. Mazzei came from Italy to Virginia before the American revolution, purchased land, and settled at or near Montecello (Mr. Jefferson's residence), where he planted a vineyard. Mr. Jefferson was his intimate friend, during whose administration, as Governor of Virginia, Mazzei was sent by the State of Virginia on a mission to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, but was taken by the British and carried into New-York, where he found no difficulty of accommodating his sentiments to his company.

While

Thus far the letter; to which are subjoined, in the French paper, the following remarks:

“ This interesting letter from one of the most virtuous and enlightened citizens of the United States, explains the conduct of the Americans in regard to France. It is certain, that, of all the neutral and friendly powers, there is none from which France had a right to expect more interest and succours, than from the United States. *She is their true mother-country, since she has secured to them their liberty and independence.* Ungrateful children, instead of abandoning her, *they ought to have armed in her defence.* But if imperious circumstances had prevented them from openly declaring for the Republic of France, they ought at least to have made demonstrations, and excited apprehensions in England, that at some moment or other they should declare themselves. This fear alone would have been sufficient to force the cabinet of London to make peace. It is clear that a war with the United States would strike a terrible blow at the commerce of the Eng-

While Mazzei was a prisoner in New-York, the British General Phillips and the Hessian General Riedesel, who as prisoners of war had been quartered near Montecello, obtained leave to go to New-York, when the situation of his friend Mazzei was particularly recommended by Mr. Jefferson to General Phillips, and Mazzei was released. While at New-York he dined with both these generals. With Riedesel Mazzei was for absolute monarchy; with Phillips for a mixed monarchy, as in Virginia he had been a choice republican.

Since he returned to his native country Italy, he has continued to correspond with his Virginia friends. And as the French Republic have marched their troops into Tuscany, and acquired an ascendancy and control in that as in every other neutral state within their reach, Mr. Mazzei's republican feelings have been excited anew; and in a fit of fraternization, and to promote the kind views of our dear sister republic towards the United States, and probably also from the vanity of showing his countrymen, France, and Europe, that he was the correspondent of the *great luminary* of the western world, he has now published his friend Mr. Jefferson's letter.

lish,

lish, would give them uneasiness for the preservation of their possessions on the American continent, and deprive them of the means of conquering the French and Dutch colonies.

“ Equally ungrateful and impolitic, the Congress hastens to encourage the English, that they might pursue in tranquillity their war of extermination against France, and to invade the colonies and the commerce of England *. They sent to London a minister, Mr. Jay, known by his attachment to England, and his personal relations to Lord Grenville, and he concluded, suddenly, a treaty of commerce, which united them with Great Britain more than a treaty of alliance.

“ Such a treaty, under all the peculiar circumstances, and by the consequences it must produce, is *an act of hostility against France*. The French government, in short, has testified the resentment of the French nation, by breaking off communication with an *ungrateful and faithless ally*, until she shall return to a more just and benevolent conduct. Justice and sound policy equally approve this measure of the French government. There is no doubt it will give rise, in the United States, to discussions which may afford a *triumph to the party of good republicans, the friends of France*.”

“ Some writers, in disapprobation of this wise and necessary measure of the Directory, maintain that in the United States the French have for partisans only certain demagogues who aim to overthrow the existing government. But their impudent falsehoods convince no one, and prove only what is too evident, that they use the liberty of the press to serve the enemies of France.”

* There seems to be a mistake in the original, in this passage, or we mistake the construction.

Translator.

Rev.

Rev. Mr. Abercrombie's Letter to the O'Careys.—

What I am now going to lay before my readers will confirm the truth of all I have ever said respecting the IMPARTIALITY of our sans-culotte newspapers; and will furnish an ample proof of the detestable disposition of the editors.

On the 28th ultimo, the following paragraph appeared in a paper called the "*Daily Advertiser*," published by a fellow of the name of *Carey*, an imported patriot from Ireland:

"An episcopal priest in this city, well known from his sudden metamorphosis into one of the clerical order, after having been disappointed in a cashiership, it is said has turned one of Peter Porcupine's news boys. He has been employed in running about among his neighbours and parishioners, soliciting subscriptions for Porcupine's Gazette! What an employment for a *divine*! Whether he receives a *subsidy* from the Editor, or from the Editor's patron, his own conscience, if he has any, will sufficiently explain. A disciple of the Messiah being thus employed verifies the adage, *tempora mutantur!*"

This base attack has brought forth a reply from the clergyman who was the object of it, and which reply was (as the reader will see presently) *refused a place* in the paper which contained the slander.

To the Printers of the Daily Advertiser.

It is with great reluctance that I again address the public through the channel of a newspaper; but the unmerited calumny contained in your paper of Friday last extorts a reply.

The author first reproaches me with being "suddenly metamorphosed into one of the clerical order, after having been disappointed in a cashiership."

That I was one of the candidates for the cashiership of the Pennsylvania Bank previous to my obtain-

ing orders in the year 1793, is true, and a circumstance I never wished to conceal. My motive for the application will, I trust, not only justify it to every ingenuous mind, but exculpate me from the imputation of insincerity in the adoption of the clerical character, or of being compelled to assume it by unavoidable necessity.

The early religious impressions which my mind happily received from the precepts and example of an affectionate and pious mother, aided by her earnest wishes that I should dedicate myself to the church, naturally induced in me a predilection for that profession from a state of childhood. With that view I was educated, and after having graduated at the College in this city, and arrived at the age of admission into holy orders, I should have applied for them had the episcopal authority existed in this country, or could I have obtained permission to go to England for that purpose, which I solicited from the Executive Council. All hope therefore of being gratified by a regular admission into the clerical order, agreeable to the principles of the episcopal church, being thus extinguished, and not being able to foresee how long the war between Great Britain and this country would be continued, I was subject to the painful necessity of directing my attention to some other employment. The mercantile profession appeared the most eligible, and I accordingly engaged in it. But being *imposed*, its exercise became daily more irksome, though considerably relieved by the indulgence and activity of a valuable and intimate friend with whom I was associated. At the expiration of twelve years I determined to withdraw from an occupation which I could no longer pursue with the least degree of comfort, and exchange it for one which might be more tolerable, although any one but the clerical, however great its emolument, would have been a painful drudgery. The cashiership of the

Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania Bank being then vacant, I offered myself as a candidate, and was (luckily on my own account) unsuccessful. A similar fate attended soon after my application for the same appointment in the Bank of the United States, and for the treasuryship of the Mint. Having made these exertions, which duty seemed to require for the support of a large and increasing family, and being disappointed in them all, I thought myself at liberty, and indeed directed by Providence to engage in the exercise of that profession, which an uninterrupted and ardent desire from infancy had in a peculiar manner attached me to ; although the slender provision which it offered appeared, upon principles of human prudence, decidedly to prohibit such a step. Relying, however, upon the sincerity of my intention, and the protection of Heaven, I made known my desire to the bishop and clergy of our church, and was received by them in the most friendly and affectionate manner.

The following extract from the Bishop's sermon at my ordination, which he kindly permitted me to transcribe at the time, will confirm the truth of the foregoing narration, and, I trust, shield me from the obloquy contained in the Daily Advertiser.

“ In admitting to ordination it has been matter of special care with us not hastily to give encouragement to the passing from secular employments to the ministry. In the present instance we have been relieved by our knowledge of the candidate's being educated with a view of this object, of the unsurmountable impediments which occurred at the time of his reaching the age for orders, and of the predilection he hath ever since entertained for a profession, the prospect of which he had reluctantly relinquished. These circumstances, with the declaration which the solemn occasion requires of him, and added
to

to all, his past life and conversation, make us rely on the rectitude of his intentions."

As to the charge of "having been employed in running about among my neighbours and parishioners soliciting subscriptions for Porcupine's Gazette," I can only say that it is an absolute falsehood, that I never have solicited a subscription from any individual, and, as far as I can remember, have never proposed to any person to subscribe to Mr. Cobbett's paper, although, had I done so, it would have been an insufficient ground for the accusation of having made it my employment, much more for that of my "receiving a subsidy from the author, or the author's patron;" which base insinuation is too contemptibly malicious to merit a reply, or even a contradiction.

Undisturbed by such feeble though venomous assailants, I shall, in all matters of an indifferent nature, continue to do as I please, nor shall the scurrility of such pretended patriots ever in the smallest degree influence my conduct. They may tell the world as often as they think proper, that I was once a merchant, and that I "solicited a cashiership;" but these are things of which I shall never be ashamed; and they whose friendship I value will never esteem me the less, because such characters are, on these grounds, my enemies. And as I do not censure those who choose to read Markland and Carey's paper, or who even solicit subscriptions for the support of it, so I hope those gentlemen and their paragraph-writers * will indulge me in the privilege which I think myself entitled to, of reading what

* An application was made to me to subscribe to the Daily Advertiser, which I refused to do, being already a subscriber to two other papers; and in a few days after, the paragraph now under consideration appeared in the said paper.

newspapers I please, and even of recommending them, if I am so inclined, to the perusal of my friends.

JAMES ABERCROMBIE,

One of the assistant Ministers of Christ

May 1, 1797. Church and St. Peter's.

MR. FENNO,

The above was intended for Carey and Markland's paper only, and offered to them; but as Mr. Carey refused to publish it unless I would suppress the note, I am under the necessity of handing it to another printer.

J. A.

These, reader, are the people that talk of their moderation and impartiality! Here is a gentleman, a clergyman, a man of talents, of untainted reputation and undoubted piety, an ornament to the church, and an honour to his country; against this gentleman a newsmonger suffers his paper to become the vehicle of the most foul and most atrocious slander; and when the injured party comes to defend himself by a simple and modest narrative, in which not one untruth or violent expression is to be found; when he comes with this paragraph of self-defence, he is told that it is inadmissible, unless he will expunge a circumstance, the most material of his relation, as it at once accounts for the real motive of the infamous publication to which he replies!—Talk about the liberty of the press indeed! Where is it? I would be glad to know—I defy any one to produce me an instance of such glaring, such unjust partiality in the conduct of any printer not of the degraded sans-culotte tribe.

It never was my intention to take notice of any thing contained in this poor crawling paper, which came into the world with death written on its front; I will, however, to-morrow, just give the public the history of the wretched publication; promising

at the same time never to answer any thing it shall in future contain against me. I know the object of the poor editors well enough, and will therefore take good care to defeat it. I hate every thing that favours of equality, and shall carefully avoid introducing into the parlour what is destined by nature to reside in the garret and the cellar.

FRIDAY, 5th MAY.

O'Carey's Paper.—I yesterday promised to give some account of the *impartial* newspaper, which has rendered itself infamous by giving publicity to slander, and refusing to publish the injured party's reply; but, previous to this, it may not be improper to trace the base insinuations against the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie back to their source.

So long ago as the month of April, 1794, this gentleman had the honour to be abused by the democratic or French faction. In a sermon, preached on Easter-day, he took an opportunity of cautioning his audience against the danger of adopting the horrid tenets of the French atheists. This was called an *unprovoked attack on a great and magnanimous people*.

From an extract of the sermon, which was afterwards published in the papers, it appeared that the French were alluded to in no part of it, except in the following elegant passage: "Let us put
 " on the whole armour of God, and resolutely stand
 " as Christian soldiers in the breach which the insolence of deism, and the insidious delusions of a
 " false philosophy, have lately made in the walls of
 " the sanctuary. Let us vigilantly guard against
 " the introduction of that shocking tenet, which is
 " now, alas! the fashionable, though fatal doctrine in a nation, who once gloried in the name
 " of Christians, but who, having extinguished the
 " light

“ light of the blessed Gospel, in mercy given to conduct them to eternal bliss, now grope in the dark, and madly conceive that the actions of the present life shall at the close be forgotten in everlasting sleep.”

This seasonable exhortation was not, it seems, allowable in a land of liberty. It brought repeated attacks on the preacher, and, among the rest, one concluding with these remarkable words: “ Ecclesiastics, beware! The feelings of Americans are irritable, and they will not hear their *French brethren* traduced with impunity!”

This so exactly resembles the language of the French cut-throats, at the time they were preparing to murder their priests, that I am almost astonished Mr. Abercrombie should have lived to see himself abused in the *impartial Daily Advertiser*.

When I came to write the *History of the American Jacobins*, the insolent invasion of the liberty of the pulpit naturally presented itself; and it was accordingly noticed in the following manner:

“ As I have more than once observed, that the democrats aped the regenerated French in all their follies, and in all their crimes, as far as they were able, it will be understood, that they made a boast of being atheists or deists, as the Convention changed its creed. When the faction of Danton seemed to preponderate, and members exclaimed against the ‘ aristocracy of Heaven;’ when the infamous Dupont exclaimed, ‘ Oh! shame, legislators of the universe! you have hurled down the thrones of kings, and you yet suffer the altar of God to remain!’ The democrats made an open profession of atheism. But when *Robespierre* obtained the ascendancy, and ordered the Convention to decree that there was a *Supreme Being (Etre Supreme)*; then did our good sans-culottes burn incense on the altars of deism, with as much devotion as the ragged

groups of *St. Marceau*, and the whores and bullies of the *Palais de l'Egalité*."

It has been often observed, that, however widely atheism and deism may differ in theory, in practice, that is, in their effects, they are nearly the same : so it happens now ; for whether they professed the opinions of Danton or those of his bloody successor, they still testified the same hatred of the Christian religion, and persecuted with every insult they durst offer, all those who had courage enough to stand forward in its defence.

The first assault of this kind was on the Reverend Mr. Abercrombie, of the episcopal church, Philadelphia. This gentleman had preached a sermon, warning his congregation against the contagion of French atheism and deism. For this instance of becoming zeal in the discharge of the most imperious of all duties, he was attacked in the public papers ; accused of *bigotry*, of being *an enemy to the cause of liberty* and of the *French people*. There was not a worthy man in the city, who did not feel an indignation against the authors of this unprovoked calumny, and who did not regret, that the injured clergyman should see the necessity of answering it. Dreadful times indeed are those, when the servants of the Lord are brought to the bar of the public, for daring to obey the commands of their Master ! for daring to defend him against those who brand him with the name of cheat and impostor * ! At the same time that we are recording the violences of the clubs against Christian institutions, truth requires that we should confess, that but too many of

* About the same time that this insult was offered to Mr. Abercrombie, a paragraph appeared in the Philadelphia Gazette, published by one Brown, containing a list of eminent men who had arisen on the "democratic floor," and concluding with "*Marat, St. Paul, and Jesus Christ*."

the clergy appeared either contaminated with French principles, or cowardly enough not to attempt an opposition to their progress. All that can be said in defence of such men is, that they feared to offend their congregations, on whom they were totally dependant for support. This is surely a very weak defence; but I am afraid it is one that must often be made, where the pastor is removable at the pleasure of his flock.

But there were others who were not merely passive; who were not ashamed to mingle in the bacchanalian orgies of the civic festivals held to celebrate the successes of atheism over the religion of which they professed to be believers, and of which they were teachers. Among these the *Rev. Citizen Prentiss*, of Reading, Massachusetts, and the *Rev. Citizen Doctor, Mr. Knight*, of New-York, claim the scandalous pre-eminence.

It was Mr. Abercrombie's manly opposition to the truly infernal tenets of the French that first brought on him the abuse of *Oswald and Bache*, and the other hirelings of France; and it is his steady perseverance in that opposition that has now procured him the honour of being slandered in the *beggarly Advertiser*, which was preferred to the faded and fallen *Aurora*, as not having a character for falsehood so completely established.

So much for the motives of the writer of the paragraph. The printers knew well the falsehood and malicious intent of it; but were induced to give it a place, as clearly appears from Mr. Abercrombie's note, *out of revenge for his refusing to subscribe to their paper!* Had they admitted it in adherence to their *promised impartiality*, they would certainly have admitted the reply. This is truly a decent way of raising contributions on the public: "Here, subscribe to my paper, or I'll traduce your character." Is this *liberty of the press*?

This paper has exhibited a complete specimen of *patriotic* meanness from its abortive entrance into the world to the present time. It was not to appear, till several weeks later than it really did appear; but the death of Brown, that awful event that for several days spread a gloom over the city, served only as a stimulus to the industry of Carey and Markland, who seized what they imagined to be the lucky moment for picking up the subscribers of the Philadelphia Gazette. This did not, however, succeed. Their papers were thrown into the people's houses in vain; in vain did they place their children at the corners of the streets to distribute their quack-like proposals, and in vain does their mendicant collector now go from house to house with their God-bless-your-honour petition.

Had a person been accused of having solicited subscriptions for a poor half-starved paper like this, indeed, some credit might have been given to the tale; but who will believe that my Gazette, which has as many thousands of subscribers as O'Carey's has hundreds, stood in need of a solicitor? I never yet asked for a subscription, even in my own shop: the O'Careys, on the contrary, are guilty of every meanness that interested servility can invent. The other evening they asserted that I must be paid by Britain, because my Gazette and Censor were so *cheap*; when, no longer ago than yesterday, their mumper, in order to prevail on a person to quit my paper for theirs, told him that theirs was *much cheaper*!

This Daily Advertiser, without advertisements, has once changed its abode already, and, if I am not much mistaken, it will ere long make its final exit. It is got under the hands of the famous *Doctor Morpheus*, whose medicaments have reduced the poor Aurora to her last gasp, and who will dispatch his present almshouse patient in the course of a moon at farthest.

Jefferson

Jefferson chosen by the French for President.—The letter, published yesterday from the Minerva, and imputed to Mr. Jefferson, has given rise to a difference of opinion among the democratic printers. The conductors of the partnership newspaper in Front Street swear bitterly that it is absolutely impossible Mr. Jefferson should write the letter, while Bache, as if by way of a death-bed repentance, candidly confesses that he does not doubt of its authenticity. The upright conductors of the Merchants' paper say, that there is not the least earthly resemblance between the Federal Government and that of Great Britain; but Bache declares, with his friend Tom Paine, that they are alike both in form and substance.

How these differences are to be reconciled I know not. I think the merchants in partnership with Bradford would do well to appoint a committee (agreeably to the articles) to wait on Bache, and get matters adjusted. The papers must act in concert, or all is ruined.

But, whatever may be the opinions of Bache and the conductors, respecting Mr. Jefferson's principles, it appears that the French are unanimous on the subject. The following extract from the *Nouveau Journal des Journaux*, of the 27th January last, speaks the general sentiment of the French nation :

“ On écrit de Philadelphie que M. Adams sera
 “ probablement nommé Président des Etats-Unis.
 “ Le bonheur des Etats-Unis et les intérêts de la
 “ République Française trouveroient dans M. Jefferson un agent plus zélé ; c'est un sage, un philosophe à qui les maximes du Gouvernement Anglais ne sauroient convenir.”

Translation.—We hear from Philadelphia, that it is very probable that Mr. Adams will be elected President of the United States. The happiness of the United States, and the interests of the Republic, would find a more zealous agent in Mr. Jefferson.

He is a sage, a philosopher, who could not be brought to adopt the maxims of the English Government.

Adet and the Almanac-makers.—The complaint of the French Minister, Adet, to the Executive of the United States, against an almanac-printer, for inserting his name in a manner he did not like, is not so unprecedented as it is ridiculous. In Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV. we find, that the French once exhibited a complaint against the Dutch, on account of a medal which was struck in Holland, simply expressing the glorious deeds of that republic, without containing any kind of reflection against France, or any other nation; and that, notwithstanding the States General ordered the medal to be broken, in order to appease the French, yet they affected to consider it a just cause of war, and with an immense army overran Holland, and reduced the Dutch to the brink of destruction. Thus being predetermined to wage war, it was indifferent what was the pretext: the printing of an almanac, or the impression of a medal, may be made to excite resentment, and produce chastisement!

SATURDAY, 6th MAY.

Talleyrand a Spy.—The following is taken from the Boston Mercury, and is said to be derived from an authentic source.—“The Bishop of Autun, who
“resided some time in this country, under the name
“of Talleyrand Perigord, has informed the Directory of France, that they need not regard the
“United States any more than the State of Genoa,
“or Geneva; as our divisions have weakened us
“down to nothing in point of strength and exertion
“as a nation; and that there would probably soon
“be a revolution here, which would tend to throw
“us

“ us entirely into the French scale ; as the partisans
“ of France were increasing, and would soon turn
“ out of the Government all the Washingtonian
“ party, all of whom were in the British pay.

“ In this information he was joined by almost all
“ the Americans who were before in France, or have
“ since gone to that country.

“ In the mean time, the French party on this side
“ of the Atlantic are continually exciting the
“ French Government to acts of hostility against the
“ United States ; and are so desperately determined
“ to destroy the British treaty, as to be willing, for
“ the accomplishment of that purpose, to risk our
“ independence, and even our national existence.”

That the apostate Talleyrand was a spy in this country is evident from his being afterwards received with open arms by the very men who had proscribed him. But I have a word or two to say about this atheistical bishop. First he set up as a *merchant and dealer*, at New-York, till he had acquired what knowledge he thought was to be come at among persons engaged in mercantile affairs ; then he assumed the character of a *gentleman*, at the same time removing to Philadelphia, where he got access to persons of the first rank, all those who were connected with, or in the confidence of, the Government. Some months after his arrival in this city, he left a message with a friend of his, requesting me to meet him at that friend's house. Several days passed away before the meeting took place : I had no business to call me that way, and therefore I did not go. At last this modern Judas and I got seated by the same fire-side. I expected that he wanted to expostulate with me on the severe treatment he had met with at my hands : I had called him an apostate, a hypocrite, and every other name of which he was deserving ; I therefore leave the reader to imagine my astonishment, when I heard him begin with complimenting

plimenting me on my *wit* and *learning*. He praised several of my pamphlets, the New Year's Gift in particular, and still spoke of them as mine. I did not acknowledge myself the author, of course; but yet he would insist that I was; or, at any rate, they reflected, he said, *infinite honour* on the author, let him be who he might. Having carried this species of flattery as far as he judged it safe, he asked me, with a vast deal of apparent seriousness, whether I had received my education at *Oxford*, or at *Cambridge*! Hitherto I had kept my countenance pretty well; but this abominable stretch of hypocrisy, and the placid mien and silver accent with which it was pronounced, would have forced a laugh from a Quaker in the midst of meeting. I don't recollect what reply I made him; but this I recollect well, I gave him to understand that I was no trout, and consequently was not to be caught by tickling.

This information led him to something more solid. He began to talk about *business*. I was no *flour-merchant*, but I taught English; and, as luck would have it, this was the very commodity that Bishop Perigord wanted. If I had taught Thornton's or Webster's language, or sold sand or ashes, or pepper-pot, it would have been just the same to him. He knew the English language as well as I did; but he wanted to have dealings with me in some way or other.

I knew, that, notwithstanding his being *proscribed* at Paris, he was extremely intimate with Adet; and this circumstance led me to suspect his real business in the United States: I therefore did not care to take him as a scholar. I told him, that, being engaged in a translation for the press, I could not possibly quit home. This difficulty the lame fiend hopped over in a moment. He would very gladly come to my house. I cannot say but it would have been a great satisfaction to me to have seen the *cir-*
devant

devant Bishop of Autun, the guardian of the holy oil that anointed the heads of the descendants of St. Louis, come trudging through the dirt to receive a lesson from me; but, on the other hand, I did not want a French spy to take a survey either of my desk or my house. My price for teaching was *six* dollars a month; he offered me *twenty*; but I refused; and before I left him, I gave him clearly to understand that I was not to be purchased.

I verily believe that, had I had any *flour* or *precious confessions* * for sale, I might have disposed of them to good account; and even my pamphlets, though Bradford calls them *dirty water*, I think I could have sold to Bishop Judas for more than *one shilling and seven-pence halfpenny* apiece.

There is no doubt of there being at this moment hundreds of honest missionaries among us, whose sole business is that of spies. They are flying about the country in every direction; not a corner of it will they leave unexplored. They are now much better acquainted with the sentiments of the people of the Union, and know more exactly those who are to be counted upon in case of a war, than either the Federal Government or State Governments.

Letombe to Mr. Fenno. — Consulat Général pres les Etats-Unis. Philadelphie, le 15 Floréal, an 5^e de la Republique Française, une et indivisible (4 Mai, 1797, V. S.).

MONSIEUR,

J'ai lu dans votre papier d'hier le paragraphe suivant:—"Orders are issued by General Rigaud, said to be in consequence of advice from Mr. Adet, suspending all ancient debts due to Americans; and there is no probability of reversion."

* See the New Year's Gift.

Jamais le Citoyen Adet n'a donné de pareils ordres au General Rigand ou a tout autre. Le fait qu'on impute à cet ancien Ministre Plenipotentiaire est faux, et vous devez à la vérité et à vous même, Monsieur, de la démentier dans votre Gazette.

Je vous prie, Monsieur, d'agréer mes salutations.

Le Conseil Général de la Republique Française

pres les Etats-Unis,

Mr. JOHN FENNO,

Chestnut Street.

LETOMEE*.

Weights

* The devil himself cannot surpass these Frenchmen in impudence; their ancient minister plenipotentiary, Peter Anthony, threatened the United States with the vengeance of the *terrible Republic*, because some of our a manac-makers did not give France *la précedence* of Great Britain, in the arrangement of the ministers, consuls, &c. The Consul at Boston threatened the editor of the Centinel with a prosecution, for publishing the savage Hoche's address to his hungry, shirtless legions, to animate them with the prospect of the roast beef and guineas of Old England; and their Consul-general now calls on Mr. Fenno to contradict a paragraph of news inserted in the Gazette of the United States, which had passed through two papers, before it appeared in his.

This diplomatic citizen seems to think that the reputation of his masters is insulted by the paragraph in question, when I will engage that nine Americans out of ten, that read the papers, believe it is substantially true. Indeed, so fully are the creditors persuaded of it, that few of them expect ever to receive sixpence in the pound, of either ancient or modern debts. Whether Peter Anthony ever gave orders to the copper-faced general or not to suspend payment, is quite immaterial: nobody doubts, however, that he has received such orders, because we all believe and know, that the *regenerated* government is quite capable of such a trick. A highwayman, in the very act of robbing a traveller, might with as good a grace give himself airs, and bluster about his honesty, as this pillaging, plundering republic. Indeed I think the comparison is rather unfair against the knight of the roads; for there have been many of that class, who, after a lucky expedition, have paid some of their debts with honour; but this monster of a republic seeks to sponge off all hers, both new and old, by thrusting her creditors into chains and dungeons.

But what provokes me most in this application is, its unparalleled audacity. At a time when nothing but a degree of patience, that borders on pusillanimity, ensures any officer of the Republic

a safe

Weights and Measures of the Sans-culottes.—The equalization of weights and measures being accomplished throughout the territory of the French Republic, the classification of terms has been adopted as follows:

In measures of length.

10	metres make one decametre.
100	one hectometre.
1000	one kilometre.
10,000	one myriametre.

In land measure.

10	acres make one decare.
100	one hectare.
1000	one kiltare.
10,000	one myriate.

In measures of capacity.

10	litres make one decalitre.
100	one hectolitre.
1000	one kilolitre.
10,000	one myrialitre.

In weights.

10	grammes make one decagramme.
100	one hectogramme.
1000	one kilogramme.
10,000	one myriagramme.

The metre is, in English measure, 3 feet 3 inches 708 line. The acre is 10,000 square metres, 107,623,043 English square feet.

The litre is equal to 1766 pints Winchester measure, or 2081 wine measure.

The gramme is 2lbs. 8 ozs. 5274 drachms avoirdupois.

a safe residence in our country, to offer such a heftoring attack on the freedom of the press! What! when we are plundered, cheated, kicked, and spit upon, shall an insolent officer come forward with an instrument in his hand, and a *s'il vous plait*, citizens, be so complaisant as to let me gag you?

Regicide

Regicide Festival.—Great alterations are expected to be produced by the elections. The different parties are straining every nerve to secure a triumph; they work day and night; write, print, talk, cry, swear, and lie; act the atheist, the saint, the moderate, and the jacobin: and all this, oh wretched France! is *purely for thy good*.

If the public opinion of the day may be looked upon as the thermometer of the primary assemblies, their choice will not be very favourable to the present government, and still less so to the *governors*; but it is presumed, and not without reason, that these latter intend artfully to create some menacing tumult, in order to have a pretext for strengthening their own hands, and diminishing the liberty of the press.

On the morning of the 21st January, the day when the people were summoned to swear "*hatred to royalty*," there appeared an excellent epigram in a paper called the *Quotidienne*, saying, *that the people were so lavish in their hatred of the Directory and Representatives, that they had none left for royalty*.

The fans now most in fashion are ornamented with *five* candles, or sometimes five flambeaux, with this inscription: "*L'economie exige que vous en eteigniez quatre*"—"Economy requires you to *put out four* of them."

This is a safe way of publicly declaring that *one king* is better than *five*.

MONDAY, 8th MAY.

Adet decamps.—Citizen Adet has made his exit from the American stage. He went off very quietly, and is said to have shed tears at being forced to leave his faction at the last gasp.

If the British cruisers are not all asleep, we shall probably have another bale of *precious confessions*.

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY, 9th MAY.

An Election Scene.—After being an eye-witness to a scene which was exhibited in this village yesterday, I can neither doubt the influence of *Fauchet's mint*, nor that even Americans (though I hope their number may be few) are susceptible of corruption.

When the poll was opened in the *village of Troy*, a number of the supporters of David Hopkins, with the *French* or tri-coloured cockade on their hats, formed themselves into a body, with Dr. Samuel Gale at their head, and marched from or near Ashley's tavern to where the poll was held.

A report was circulated in the morning, that these cockaded sons of *equality* had made a declaration (or rather *bound themselves under a curse*) that any elector who voted against their favourite candidate should be knocked down: it was also reported, that these *French* Americans had denounced some particular characters who were obnoxious to them—but whether it was owing to the insufficiency of their numbers, or that they were checked by the more respectable citizens, together with the magistrates, who abhorred their conduct, fortunately, except scurrility and abuse, no violence was offered.

The most clamorous among the cockade club were the aforesaid Doctor Samuel Gale, a Laurence Dorset, and a certain John Stillwell—Those less noisy were, Samuel Gale, jun. Anthony Goodspeed, an Englishman, whose name is Lynsing, and a fellow by the name of Bennom, with several others of *still* less note.

The *projectors* of this *Jacobin club* did not appear among the actors of this seditious drama; but although they kept behind the scene, they are well known, and will be properly attended to in due time.

Americans! see to your rights, be watchful, be vigilant;

vigilant ; for there is a *nest of traitors* in the bosom of our country ; but publish it not in the *Argus*, let it never appear in the *Aurora* or *Citizen Bache*, lest the enemies of America rejoice. *Albany Gazette.*

French Cruelty and Spanish Perfidy.—Captain Jones, arrived here on Saturday, from Porto Rico, brought home several of his unfortunate countrymen who had been taken by the French, and robbed of every thing they possessed. From the collected information of Captain Jones and his passengers, it appears, that the ship William, Captain Strong, of Portland, on his homeward-bound passage from Grenada, was captured by a *French privateer* with a *Spanish crew*, and the captain and all the crew taken on board the privateer, except the mate, and one seaman, returning two officers and seven Spanish sailors to take charge of the ship ; shortly after the privateer had left the ship, the Spaniards on board menaced the two Americans, who, not fond of brooking the insult, and irritated by their cowardly behaviour, repelled their insult by severe reproaches. The affair becoming serious, the mate ordered the boy, an American, who belonged to the privateer, to take the helm, and himself and company armed themselves as well as they could, the mate with an axe. The two officers then interfered, and the bloody affray began—one of the officers was killed by the mate with his axe, and the other severely wounded and hurt, with most of the Spanish sailors. The affray continued for the space of four hours, when the crew agreed to give up the ship to the two Americans, provided they would grant them the long-boat, and provisions sufficient to proceed to the nearest French port : this was agreed to ; but before they had got ready to embark, another *French privateer* hove in sight, took possession of the ship, and carried her into *Porto Rico*, where the two Americans were imprisoned, and

and put in irons, to be sent *like malefactors* to St. Domingo ; where it is supposed they *will suffer* death, not for an outrage of the laws of humanity, but *for bravely defending themselves against assassins*, greatly superior in point of numbers and weapons.

Captain Jones would have found means to have rescued these unfortunate men, had he been able to have remained a night longer in port ; but several British ships of war appearing off the coast, he was apprehensive of an embargo being immediately laid, and put to sea.

Such, Americans, is the treatment your countrymen receive from the *generous* French and the *magnanimous* Spaniards !

WEDNESDAY, 10th MAY.

A Report on the Law of Divorces in France.——

Favard.—You have directed a special commission to examine the expediency of suspending, until after the discussion of the civil code, every demand in divorce, founded on the simple allegation of temper and character.

“ It is a rule,” says Montesquieu, “ derived from nature, that the more the number of marriages is diminished, the more are those which exist corrupted ; the fewer people marry, the less fidelity in the married state ; as, when there are the most thieves, there are most thefts.”

The union contracted by two married persons ought not to depend on the caprice or libertinism of one of them. The civil connexion is of too sacred a character to be sported with at pleasure. If, unhappily, circumstances exist which render a separation necessary, there is strong reason for authorizing a divorce.

You know that the Constituent Assembly, which

was composed of learned men, durst not approach the question of divorce.

The Legislative Assembly authorized a law of September 20, 1792, which at the same time determined the causes, the mode, and the effects. But at what time was this important act passed? On the verge of their dissolution, and in the evening sitting. The law was adopted, without giving to the discussion all the extent and reflection which it demanded; and, in one word, if that is not improper, it is an act passed *in extremis*, of which the National Convention seems to have been only the faithful executor.

Among the singular dispositions of this law, I will content myself with reporting that relative to the particular point now under consideration, which is, article 3.—“That one of the married parties may obtain sentence of divorce, upon the simple allegation of incompatibility of temper or character.”

Thus a husband dissatisfied with his wife, or a wife with her husband, calls together the parents or friends, who present themselves before a municipal officer. The applicant for a divorce says only, that his humour is incompatible with that of his partner. The tribunal has not even the right to make him render an account of the reasons of that incompatibility: it is charged against the party, and that is sufficient. If the applicant persists in his declaration to each of the three articles specified in the law, the tribunal prepares a process verbal of non-conciliation, and the public officer pronounces the divorce, on the sole representation of three process verbals of non-conciliation.

Here, in two words, are all the formalities observed for four years past, by married people, who seek divorce; and you know the scandalous abuse which has been made of this mode of divorce.

All good men are agreed, that if divorce can be maintained at all on the ground of difference of temper, at least this mode requires great modifications, since the cause is often rather imaginary than real, and the practice has hitherto produced nothing but very ill effects.

I will not enumerate the incalculable evils it has produced; I will not relate to you that more than twenty thousand married persons owe to that law their disunion, and that they now bewail its existence. You would burn with indignation, if I should present to you a faithful picture of the victims which libertinism and lust have amassed together in France, under the operation of a law which had for its object to render marriage more happy and respectable, by rendering the parties more free.

Here is a young woman, whose beauty and virtue have attracted and excited the desires of a libertine, who has sought a connexion, which he breaks the moment his passion has abated, and who thus consigns to the humiliation of being abandoned, a person of whom he was not worthy.

There you will see a husband for a long time happy, now weeping over the loss of a wife who was dear to him, who is no longer any thing to him, and whose children are no longer objects of her cares. To what is this misfortune to be ascribed? To the intrigues of some other man, without morals, who has seduced her, and to the facility of breaking a connexion, which the parties formed for life.

Further, it is lust which breaks this connexion—generally fickleness.

Citizen Legislators, be not deceived. You have not a moment to lose, if you wish to put a stop to this detestable abuse which is made of divorce for difference of humours. It is repeated to you constantly in the mass of petitions which are addressed

to you, "That we see every where married persons who, forgetful of their duty and their honour, trample under foot all decency, violate all laws and the most sacred obligations, abandon their families without remorse to gratify their shameless passions—in short, that it is time to lay some restraint on this species of depravation."

I might add, that libertinism is not the only vice which has abused this law of divorce ; ambition has more than at one time, or in one manner, made use of it to evade the effect of another law—I mean that on succession. It may be well to cite an example that is within the knowledge of one of the members of your commission.

A young woman married, with the assurance of receiving the estate of a grand-aunt. The law of the 17th Nivôse intervened, and deprived her of the prospect. The parties obtained a divorce by collusion—the project was executed—the husband then married the grand-aunt, aged 82 years, who gave him all her estate by contract of marriage, as the law permitted her to do. The old woman soon died, and the young widower again married his former wife*.

What must we think of the law of divorce, which thus causes a shameful traffic to elude other laws? Is it not to demoralize marriage thus to sport with it? What father but must tremble when he gives his daughter to marriage?

All these considerations have made a deep impression on your committee, who unanimously advise a suspension of the law of divorce for incompatibility of temper.

[The reporter then discusses the point, whether the suspension should have a retroactive operation, or

* No speculating tricks can go before that.

only a future one : he urges an immediate decision, and in the course of his observations cites from a memorial of a woman on the subject, the following passage : “ Whatever may be the consequence,” she writes, “ the day in which the law against divorce shall replace that monster my husband in my bed, shall be the last of his days—I will poniard him. But the moment I do this, my father, my mother, who dwells with me, and myself, will bear to our bosoms a subtle poison, which shall baffle every effort of relief.” [The Council *frowned* with horror.]

She must indeed be a monster, who can write what I *cannot read without horror*.—Monsters are rare, but it is not rare to observe, that passions once unchained never can be reduced to bounds.

Circular Orders from Government against arming, to the Collectors of the Revenue.

Treasury Department, April 8th, 1797.

SIR,

The depredations to which the commerce of the United States is at present exposed, have given rise to a question, which being of general concern, is, therefore, made the subject of a circular communication.

The question is, Whether it be lawful to arm the merchant-vessels of the United States, for their protection and defence, while engaged in regular commerce ?

It is answered, that no doubt is entertained, that defence, by means of military force, against mere pirates and sea-rovers, is lawful. The arming of vessels *bona fide* engaged in trade to the East Indies, is, therefore, on account of the danger from pirates, to be permitted as heretofore ; but as the arming of vessels destined for European and West India commerce, raises a presumption that it is done with hos-

tile intentions against some one of the belligerent nations. and may cover collusive practices inconsistent with the act of Congress of June, 1794, unless guarded by provisions more effectual than have been hitherto established; it is directed that the sailing of armed vessels, not *bona fide* destined to the East Indies, be restrained, until otherwise ordained by Congress.

Information has been received that some vessels are arming by strangers for the purpose of capturing the vessels of the United States. The utmost vigilance on the part of the collectors to prevent the progress of this evil is enjoined; where there is reasonable ground to believe that vessels are equipped for the purpose of being employed against the commerce of this country, they are to be arrested, and the circumstances stated to this department.

I am, very respectfully, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

OLIVER WOLCOTT, Jun.

Gambling-houses.—Richmond, April 29. Thursday night last, the magistrates, together with the serjeant and constables of the city, divided themselves into different parties, and went to several gambling-houses, and seized upon the implements with which they were then playing. The proprietors of the tables were indulged till yesterday, to get security for their appearance at the next court; and the tables, together with a great variety of implements, were taken by the constables yesterday morning to the market house, and burnt, in the presence of a very numerous assemblage.

[This is a very good match to the article under the London head. Wherever the French go, there will vice and immorality prevail. Neither England nor America knew any thing about the swindling game of Faro, till since the emigrants from France.

Their accursed revolution has done more towards corrupting the world than any other event ever did.]

Dreadful Instance of Party-spirit.—Fayetteville, April 29. Extract of a letter from a Gentleman in Pittsborough, Chatham county, to a gentleman in this town, dated the 20th of April, 1797. "The mere talk of a war with France has already shown its baneful efficacy. Two brothers, by the names of Thomas and Richard Riddle (stimulated by the effects of liquor), turned out the other night in single combat, the former espousing the cause of the French, the latter on behalf of the Americans. The former, the most inebriated, stabbed the latter with his knife in various places, two of which were very deep: he was immediately apprehended and put in gaol. On the following day, finding that there was no reason to be apprehensive of the wounds being dangerous, the prisoner was released. As soon as his frenzy abated, and having considered of the unnatural action which he had committed, he immediately forwarded money to his brother to pay the surgeon, his wife to attend him, and afforded him every assistance in his power.

[We have heard of republicans whose zeal for their country led them to punish with death, the disaffection of their nearest relatives; but it was reserved for these degenerate times, the ENLIGHTENED eighteenth century, the age of reason, of liberty, and equality; it was reserved for this blessed age to produce a monster, base and bloody enough to stab his brother, because he preferred his own country to that of its enemy.]

Remarkable Occurrences.—A late newspaper article mentioned that the Georgian legislature had ordered certain mortgages and titles to lands under their own grants

grants to be burned, which they discovered had escaped a former legislative bonfire.

About the same time a man was killed in Georgia by a negro. The murderer being pursued, was overtaken, and immediately burnt alive by those who apprehended him.

Not ten days ago we read, that Captain Cowell of Boston had turned privateersman under a French commission, and made prize of a Boston vessel.

These circumstances have been mentioned in the newspapers without one word of comment.

A stranger to America, reading these articles, and remarking this silence, would have a strange opinion of the *justice*, *humanity*, and *patriotism* of Americans.

A Lexington paper, of March 25, relates the following unhappy affair, which took place on the Saturday evening before, in Lincoln county (Kentucky), near the court-house. Two neighbours, the one of the name of Cutton, the other Hackney, had some difference about a small sum of money owing from one to the other. Hackney picked up a sharp-pointed shoe-knife and stabbed Cutton in the breast, who died in a few seconds. Hackney was taken up and committed to gaol, ironed, and strictly guarded.

The same paper says, "On Tuesday night last, the Indians killed a man at Collins's on the Wilderness road. There were but two men at Collins's, one a brother of Captain Collins, the other a man hired to clear land. Collins being at a house about a mile from home, on his return, when he had got within a few steps of the house, heard the Indians (two in number) cock their guns, but supposed it to be the hired man intending to frighten him: the Indians immediately fired; but he, still supposing it to be the hired man, rushed up and threw the tail of his great-coat in their faces; by this time he discovered them to be Indians; he sprang into the house, and fastened the

the door. The Indians immediately fell to work with their tomahawks, and soon cut down the door, on which Collins ran out between the two Indians. He received a stroke on one shoulder with a tomahawk, which however did him no injury; but after a close chase of about two hundred yards, made his escape by taking to the woods, where he lay all night, and returned next morning to the house from whence he came the over-night, and got four men (two of whom were travellers) and returned home, where they found the hired man killed, and mangled in a most horrid manner, and their guns carried off.

THURSDAY, 11th MAY.

Republican Candour.—From the Aurora of May 9.—The Captain of a schooner arrived in this port from Norfolk, which he left on Tuesday last, informs that Captain Barney's frigates were ready for sea when he sailed, and would probably depart soon in the face of the British squadron, relying upon their fast sailing.

The same Captain confirms the intelligence contained in an extract of a letter from Norfolk, which lately appeared in the Aurora, respecting the shelter given by one of the British vessels of war to three deserters from the fort. The English commander is said to have refused giving up the men, on the ground, that, as they were Irishmen by birth, he had the best right to them.

To what lengths the British mean to go in their career of insult and injury is difficult to determine; we hope this last instance of aggression is their *ne plus ultra*. To this they have come by regular steps. *Nemo fuit repente turpissimus*. They first impressed American citizens of British birth. This they found men in our councils to vindicate. They next,

as

as in the instance of the Squirrel, having impressed American citizens in the face of protections. brought them into our port, and there kept them in confinement. They then, as in the instance of the same vessel, openly recruited in our territory by public advertisement; and have lately at Norfolk avowedly received and protected American deserters, and encouraged indeed their desertion by the temptation of a large bounty. *Quousque tandem?* We shall not be long subject to these indignities. We understand that Administration have taken decisive steps to vindicate the American character, thus insultingly trampled on in our very ports.

D I A L O G U E.

A. Pray, citizen, ought deserters to be restored?

Bache. No.

A. There are three British deserters concealed in my ship. Their captain came to demand them. Shall they be given up to him?

B. No, to be sure.

A. They are natives of the United States.

B. How dared the tyrant enlist them?—Give them up!! I'd see his heart's blood stream first.

A. But I mistake. It is three natural-born subjects of the King of Great Britain that have deserted from the service of America.

B. Oh ho! That alters the case.

A. They have taken refuge on board a British ship.

B. That is quite a different story.

A. Ought the Captain of the ship to give them up?

B. Ought! he must, he shall.—This aggression, it is to be hoped, is the *ne plus ultra* of insult and injury. We shall not be long subject to these indignities.—Zounds and blood and thunder!!

A. Aye—and what do you say to the Captain of the

the Squirrel's offering a reward to his deserters to encourage them to return to his service ?

B. Why, it is infamous ; it is recruiting in a neutral country : it is contrary to justice ; it is contrary to the law of nations ; it is an insult upon our sovereignty ; it calls for vengeance.

A. But, friend Bache, you forgot that you inserted not long ago, repeated advertisements from Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo the Spanish envoy, encouraging deserters from the service of his Catholic Majesty to return to their allegiance.

B. Oh ho ! That is quite a different story. There every thing was proper and regular and natural. Why, man, the supplementary law passed by Congress for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States, contains a proviso that entirely justifies the Chevalier Yrujo ; but that does not apply to a British officer, you know. That is another story : that is another story.

P. L.

Admiral Vandeput.—The merchants of the United States will unquestionably present an address of thanks to Admiral Vandeput, for protecting their commerce from the depredations of Commodore Barney's squadron ; which still continue cannon-bound at Norfolk.

BOSTON CENTINEL.

[The merchants of the United States, and the King of Great Britain too, would be much more obliged to the Admiral if he would go off on a cruise, scour the coast along, and leave one frigate, or two at most, to watch Barney. Every body that I converse with seems astonished at, and ashamed of, the inactivity of this squadron. While the Carina-gnoles are playing the devil all around us, nine or ten British men of war lie sleeping in our roads. What is the use of bravery or discipline, if not employed ? A favourite toast with General Howe's officers was "A glorious war, and a long one."—I hope the latter part of this toast is not again become fashionable.]

FRIDAY,

FRIDAY, 12th MAY.

A curious Climax of Lies and Vanity.—Madrid, February 21.—News has been received of the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cordova, consisting of twenty-six sail of the line, having met with the English squadron of nineteen sail of the line off Cape St. Vincent. A battle was fought. When the advice-boat was sent away at midnight, the battle, which commenced at eight in the morning, continued with obstinacy, and every thing presaged the defeat of the English. Six English merchantmen from the East Indies, very richly laden, and which were convoyed by the British squadron, have been taken into our power, and arrived at Cadiz. An English frigate, taken by another Spanish ship, is also arrived at Cadiz. Two ships belonging to the Philippine Company, which, without being acquainted with the declaration of war, had accompanied several English ships, having been informed of the war by American vessels, separated from the escort, and are arrived safely at Teneriffe. Their cargoes are valued at five millions of ducats.

[In this account the Dons show some little regard to truth and modesty: but two days afterwards the news fell into the hands of a Frenchman at Aranjuez, and he gives it the French dress, as follows.]

Aranjuez, February 23.—The English fleet of sixteen sail of the line, three of which are three deckers, and several frigates, commanded by Admiral Jervis, came up with the Spanish fleet near Cape St. Vincent: the latter attacked the former on the 16th Pluviose, with an audacity worthy of great praise. The English remained firm, and on both sides a battle was fought with an obstinacy to which the present age, perhaps, affords no parallel. From the 26th
both

both sides fought incessantly; on the 30th, the day when the last advices were sent away, they were still fighting; at that period more than fifteen sail on both sides were disabled, and it is said two of the English ships were sunk. The Spanish ship *Trinité* lost 430 men, made water in all parts, and would have been taken by the English if they had not been so disabled: a frigate took her in tow, and brought her back to Cadiz.

Paris, March 11.—The official part of the Redacteur contains the following article: “The current report of an English envoy having arrived at Paris is without foundation. The particulars which are related respecting this envoy are equally false, and no less circumstance has occurred able to give the colour to this erroneous humour.”

Among the non-official articles of the same journal we find the following paragraph: “The ferment produced in London by the Bank having stopped payment, has reached the utmost pitch. The strength of the Opposition is increasing in the same proportion as the difficulties augment which the British government has to encounter. The circumstance, that all the English newspapers, the last of which are of the 27th of February, arrive so late, offers an additional proof of serious commotions being on the point of breaking out in England, which seem to announce the approaching downfall of her government, which perhaps will soon only be mentioned as an instance of past and punished arrogance.”

The Marquis del Campo, ambassador from Spain to the French Republic, received yesterday from Madrid a courier with the news of a decisive victory obtained by the Spanish fleet over the English fleet: the circumstantial detail will, no doubt, soon be published. It is, however, already certain, that *three ships of the line have been TAKEN, and three others*

SUNK. The rest of *Admiral Jervis's* squadron had fled, and were *closely pursued to the coast of Portugal!*

The combat lasted for several days, and was supported on both sides with an obstinacy of which there are few examples in history. The prodigies performed by the Spanish marine recompense it for the unjust disdain which had been heaped on it. The English, according to their custom, endeavoured repeatedly to cut through the Spanish line; not being able to succeed, several of their ships were surrounded. *The glory of our allies* is the more precious to us, as it is not foreign to our nation itself. Men who have *long* done honour to the French marine, *aided the Spaniards in their triumph.* The dispatch from the cabinet of Madrid observes, as a very remarkable circumstance, that the celebrated *Albert de Rions* fought by the side of the young and brave *Cordova*, and that ten or twelve French emigrant officers either commanded the Spanish ships or served on board, and contributed much to the victory.

This *victory*, joined to the financial crisis to which England is at this moment brought, *must greatly accelerate a peace.* We are still very *mal adroit*; and our diplomacy will be as badly directed as it has hitherto been, if peace should not be made before two months, and that on the most honourable conditions.

Other advices state, *that the whole English fleet* has been *driven on shore* near Cape St. Vincent.

[And thus the climax is topp'd.] "A *Frenchman*," said Mr. Windham (who seems to be the only man in England that entertains just notions of the French), "a *Frenchman*," says he, "must change his nature before he can speak truth." Every one will now, I believe, be convinced that Mr. Windham was right in his opinion of our *dear allies.*

After this, what dependance can there be put in any thing that comes through the vile channel of Paris?

ris? To believe them in future would argue us as stupid as their slaves, without the apology of their vanity.

SATURDAY, 13th MAY.

Bradford and Lloyd.—One of the most alarming of the innovations of the British, while we were under colonial government, was the plan proposed by Governor Hutchinson and Oliver, for the introduction of a class or distinction in Massachusetts, under the denomination of *Esquires*, who alone should be eligible for civil functions; the discovery of that *plot*, in the celebrated correspondence, developed the designs of *tyranny* more effectually than the stamp act.

In such a republic as this, men should by every fair means be legally *prevented from becoming exorbitantly rich*. In an assemblage of rich men, where there is a *natural aristocracy* which evermore has or makes a separate interest from that of the people, persons of this description are apt to acquire a dangerous influence. It is a fact, that there is a *coach-maker* in a certain city of these States, who for some years past has been under the necessity of quitting his business, merely for professing himself a strict *republican*, and a friend to the *equal political rights of mankind!!!*

Remarks.—Master Lloyd's merchants must differ very much from merchants in general, if they would be pleased with a law to *prevent them from growing rich*. But Lloyd pays his court to the most numerous class of his subscribers (or rather his partners), and it is pretty well known, that it is not composed of either *Esquires* or *Merchants*.

As to the coach-maker, I should suppose there must be some mistake; for if he is so *strict a republican*, and such a staunch friend to the *equal rights of mankind*,

mankind, it is more than probable that he left off a business, which consists in making machines which are destined to the exclusive *convenience of aristocrats*; machines of absolute *inequality*, since they place men above one another, and cause some to be carried, while others are obliged to walk; it is, I say, more than probable, that he left off this liberticide business from scruples of conscience rather than from necessity; at least, if I had been in his place, I would have said so.

Besides, if "*republican benevolence*" ought to extend itself to what is called (*falsely*, I suppose) "*the brutal creation*," and if the comfort of this last-named class of citizens ought to become "*an object of legislative concern*," is it not reasonable to suppose that our conscientious *coach maker* gave up his business to others and himself to starvation, rather than construct heavy carriages for poor beasts to draw about, and thus be instrumental in the slavery of his fellow-creatures?

Etiquette of Almanac-makers.—Letter from D. I. P. to his Friend in London.

My dear Friend, February 13th, 1797.

Among my other plans I have conceived the idea of printing a work upon an improved model, which shall unite all the excellencies of an *almanac* to the details of what is called a *Court Calendar* in your part of the world; and shall consequently, besides the public affairs in the different States of the Union, embrace a full and particular account of the reigns of Europe, their ambassadors and ministers, &c. &c.

But as I desire to live quietly and peaceably with all men, and to give just cause of offence to none, and am alarmed by an application which I perceive has been made by the French Minister, Adet, to the

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the Secretary of State here, complaining that the agents of Great Britain have, in certain almanacs of the United States, been placed before those of France and Spain. He asserts that the *French Ministers have always enjoyed the precedence to those of England*, not in the United States only, but *throughout the world*, and insists, that if almanacs are *corrected* under the eyes of Government here, as they are in other countries (and as I wish my work to be), *the publication in question may be suppressed*.

Now, though Colonel Pickering is not likely to comply with arbitrary requests of this nature, his successor may, and I may, severely feel the consequences.

I therefore wish to know how European almanac-makers, and European court correctors, manage this matter; what rule is established among civilized nations, and how poor I am to place the great ones of the earth in rank and file, in such order as to avoid the vengeance, not of France only, but of Spain, and Batavia, and Britain.

I apply to you, because I know you must be master of the subject. You have travelled over all Europe; you have been employed in diplomatic business; you have paid attention to little matters as well as great. Do satisfy me, without delay, on this (to me) important question: *Is there any acknowledged rank among nations?* And if there is, what is it?

I remain your sincere friend,
And obliged servant,

D. I. P.

ANSWER.

DEAR P.

London, March 18th, 1797.

Make yourself easy on the subject of etiquette. Disputes concerning rank among the ambassadors of different powers, seem now to be by common consent avoided; and the application you allude to (by

the French Minister to the Secretary of State), is so extremely absurd, that it would on this side the water have rendered the man who made it ridiculous for life. I persuade myself it will not be repeated even on yours.

With regard to your question, "if there is any *acknowledged* rank among nations," I most positively answer it in the *negative*. There is *no* such *acknowledged rank*, and it is in particular false, that the *first rank has ever been allowed* to France.

On the contrary, the Pope's Nuncio, and the Minister of the Emperor, have uniformly claimed a *priority* in place, and the Ministers of Spain and England have always asserted *at least an equality* in that respect. The *instructions*, indeed, that have been given to the British ambassadors for a hundred and fifty years past (as I am informed by my friend of the Paper-office), have expressly prohibited them from acquiescing in any distinction that might be conferred on those of France by a foreign court, unless such distinctions were equally extended to themselves.

Within the present century, a tacit admission of equality appears to have taken place among the kings and states of Europe.

Thus, when treaties have been concluded, two copies have, of course, been written, and the minister of each of the contracting parties has signed his name, *first* in one of these copies, and *last* in the other. This ceremonial has been observed, not only between the Kings of Great Britain and Spain, or of Great Britain and France, where a sort of equality may be supposed to have existed, but between France and Prussia, France and Sweden, and other powers that used to be classed in the second or third rank.

As to almanacs, I much doubt if, with the exception of the *Almanac de Paris*, Mons. Adet could produce

duce a single compilation of that kind, in any other part of the world, in which the first place amongst sovereigns has regularly been given to the King of France; I have seen none such.

If any where, this partiality might naturally be looked for in Spain, where an almanac is published by the authority of the court, and where a branch of the House of Bourbon sits upon the throne. Yet in that court almanac, printed in Madrid, the ministers of foreign princes are put down *according to the date of their arrival*. So that, at this moment, the resident of the republic of Genoa must be near the top of the list, and the ambassador of France at the bottom of it.

In northern countries the almanacs generally regulate the place of princes, and their ambassadors, by the order of the alphabet, so that you will find them ranged nearly thus :

DENMARK
ENGLAND
FRANCE
NAPLES
POLAND
PORTUGAL
PRUSSIA
RUSSIA
SARDINIA
SPAIN
SWEDEN, &c.

And a scrupulous almanac-maker in America would, I think, do well to adopt this impartial method.

It falls hard, indeed, with the French, who, whether we are called *English* or *British*, must yield the *pas*.—But if they choose to alter the name of their country, as they have done the names of every thing else, and be pleased from henceforth to call it *An-*

thropophagia or *Cannibal-land*, they will acquire a just claim to precedence ; I should think it prudent in that case to grant it them.

(Signed)

L. O. M.

To D. I. P. Philadelphia.

P. S.—A wag has just informed me, that Citizen Adet was bred an *apothecary*, and his aversion to being placed behind another person is, the dread of some *mauvaise plaisanterie* on the subject.

MONDAY, 15th MAY.

Jacobin Industry.—In vain, says a correspondent, will be our late federal labours, if by remissness and inattention the enemies to our public peace should now suddenly surprise us. Every engine is at work to place in the legislature men of anti-American principles. From so great an evil, may the Almighty preserve us ! Let all good citizens, with one heart and one voice, declare, that *no Jacobin shall sit among the rulers* ; and it will be so, if they give an early and punctual attendance at Faneul-hall, to-morrow.

French Fraternity.—Captain Appleton, of the schooner *Cynthia*, in writing to his wife, says, that he was taken by the French privateer *Catharine*, one Jolly commander, and carried into St. Martin's, where the vessel and cargo were condemned ; that he was treated in a cruel manner, and stripped of every thing but what he had upon his back, and that the crew on board were treated in the same way. He adds, that were it not for his wife and dear child, he would have preferred being taken by the *Algerines*. Mr. Simmons, the mate, who has returned, corroborates the above account ; he says, that the whole crew were cruelly treated by the French, and that

Captain

Captain Appleton was beaten and drove forward on board his own schooner.

[Even such conduct as this do our Jacobins justify.]

TUESDAY, 16th MAY.

French Hatred of Great Britain.—We can inform the public, on good authority, that the French Government is pursuing its plan of controlling neutral nations, to annihilate the commerce of Great Britain. A peremptory demand has been made on the Government of Denmark, Hamburgh, and Bremen, to exclude British vessels from their ports, which has been refused. In consequence of this refusal, the French Consul has withdrawn from Hamburgh, and preparations for defence are making by those neutral powers of the North.

We can also assure the public that already have the French attempted, through the agents of other nations in amity with the United States, to obtain an exclusion of British vessels from our ports. These facts lead to important and serious reflections.

Men who think of diverting the French from the inflexible pursuit of their present maxim of "*Delenda est Carthago*," British commerce must be annihilated, will find themselves all in the wrong. No special Envoy from the United States, not even a Madison or a Jefferson, can persuade the French Government to abandon that favourite object; and if they cannot detach the United States from their commercial relations with Great Britain, or render our trade less useful to that nation, WAR will be our portion. There is no other alternative, and no man will hesitate a moment to say, that, sooner than be compelled by France to abandon our commerce, we will prepare for *defence* *.

[*Minerva.*]

* It appears (1799) that this wretch knew precisely the size of Federal politics.

WEDNESDAY, 17th MAY.

Land Forces of the United States, May 17, 1797.--
The following is the distribution of the forces of the United States, at the different posts :

Otsego, - - -	62 men
Niagara, - - -	124
Presqueisle, - - -	124
Detroit, - - -	248
Michillimackinac, - - -	124
Chicago, - - -	124
Opie, - - -	62
Prescats, - - -	124
Maffac, - - -	62
Fort Knox, - - -	62
Fort Washington, - - -	62
Pittsburg and Franklin, - - -	124
Fort Wayne, - - -	180
Walnut Hills, - - -	62
Natches, - - -	248
S. W. Territory, - - -	124
Georgia, - - -	370
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	2286
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Which reduces the standing army of the United States to three regiments.

La Fayette's Imprisonment.—Mallet du Pan has written a letter from Berne, under the date of November 22, to the editor of the Eclair, which is published at length in the paper of December 4. In this letter, the writer censures the abuse and reproaches cast on the Emperor of Germany, for the severe usage of La Fayette and his associates. He declares this is a calumny. He says the Emperor is a mild and humane character, who, never since his reign, exercised one of the barbarous acts laid to his charge.

charge. He declares, "That La Fayette for a long time enjoyed at Olmutz the utmost extent of liberty ever indulged to any prisoner. His attempt to escape occasioned his closer confinement in the citadel. He is better lodged, better fed, better treated in every respect, as well as his family, than you have ever been in the dungeons of Liberty and of the holy Revolution."

Curious Advertisement.—Wanted, for a sober family, a man of light weight, who fears the Lord, and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally wait at table, join in household prayer, look after the horses, and read a chapter in the Bible. He must, God willing, rise at seven in the morning, and obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands: if he can dress hair, sing psalms, and play at cribbage, the more agreeable.

N. B. He must not be familiar with the maid-servants, lest the flesh should rebel against the spirit, and he should be induced to walk in the thorny paths of the wicked.

Wages fifteen guineas a year. [*Farmer's Museum.*]

Early Influence of France in the Councils of the United States.—The influence which the Government of France has endeavoured to maintain in this country, is too apparent to every honest and enlightened American to require elaborate proof. But the truth of the proposition has been so often denied by the zealous partisans of France, and the adroitness of the statesmen of that nation in acquiring an ascendancy in the public opinion of foreign nations is so great, and so universally admitted, that it may not be amiss to summon to our aid the proofs which have so often been adduced by writers on this subject, and which cannot be too deeply engraven on the mind of every true friend to his country. During the war

in which we were allies with France against Great Britain, a sense of common interest, a belief that the aid of France was useful to us in a contest highly momentous to America, and, above all, a generous confidence peculiar to our national character, forbade us to harbour any suspicions of a gallant nation, whose soldiers were fighting at our sides. The citizens of America not immediately in administration had no opportunities of observing the artful Machiavelian policy of the King of France, and his favourite Minister, Vergennes, in attempting to gain a strong footing in the supreme Legislature, and with our foreign Ministers. In a war, in which an infant nation was struggling against its parent state, in which debility and inexperience were opposed to Herculean force and energetic councils, in a war, in which the fears and anxiety of the people were constantly on the stretch, it would have been the worst policy to have exposed the intrigues and artifices of our most powerful ally.

But it is a well-known fact, hitherto uncontested, in its nature indisputable, and one that I have always thought should have been earlier made public, that the intrigues and influence of the French court in the Congress of the United States, and with a certain American Minister resident in France, were so great and so palpable as to alarm the honest statesmen of that day, and to oblige them to exert their utmost talents to counteract their effects. If it would be fair to call as witnesses before the tribunal of the public, many who are still at the helm, and who were personally acquainted with the facts, I could summon a host whom the virulent democrat would not feel disposed to discredit. I should not confine myself to the venerable Samuel Adams, J. Adams, Dana, Jay, Gerry, and the northern delegation; but I would confront them with the Lees, Livingstons, Madison, Jefferson, and other enlight-

enlightened statesmen from the southern states. But as such a collision might recall some unpleasant reflections, and as my object is to smooth aspersions, rather than increase them, I willingly forbear. Public records are, by many persons, esteemed of higher authority than any evidence derived from oral testimony; to such I would refer, as proofs of my assertions, the Journals of Congress, both public and private; in the course of which will be found multiplied examples of motions, votes, and resolutions, always brought forward by the same characters, and invariably favouring the views and objects of France in contradistinction to those of our own country: the most eminently disgraceful of which I cannot refrain from mentioning, although it has been frequently adduced by able pens. I allude to a resolution passed in Congress, directing our ambassadors to take no steps relative to peace without first consulting and having the approbation of the Prime Minister of France. Happily for this country, the spirit and good sense of our ministers led them to disregard a resolution originating, as they well knew, in the secret intrigues and private influence of the French court, and breaking through the fetters at the risk of their lives and fortunes, they obtained for their country an honourable peace, and for themselves immortal fame. The treaty of amity and commerce, and the consular convention with France, are public acts which carry on the face of them incontestable evidence, and have in their effects afforded the most painful proofs of the influence under which they were made. The former of these instruments was made under the auspices of Franklin, Deane, and Lee, and the latter under those of Mr. Jefferson alone. By the first, France secured to herself our important and growing trade, and intended to retain the power of hampering and restraining it. She has cunningly reserved to herself
the

the right in all events of the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland; but in the event of her conquering that island, we were to be excluded, and our ships liable to confiscation if they are found fishing there. When first made, this treaty contained two articles (No. XI. and XII.), which even the French partisans had not the hardihood to defend, and which Congress indignantly rescinded, as too humiliating for an independent nation.

By the consular convention, France effected what was the darling wish of their politic ministry, the legal establishment of privileged spies.

It will not be pretended that her trade at that time required so expensive an establishment.

Independent and unheard-of powers, judicial and executive, were given to consuls, who had hitherto been viewed merely as commercial agents.

The Destruction of Great Britain, the great Object of French Politics.—The design of the French tyrants to disorganize and give law to all the governments of Europe, is now so manifest, that he who still doubts, must have read the public papers to very little account. Their conduct displays this wicked and ambitious character more and more clearly every year. Their hypocritical pretexts are all exposed, and there is now but one opinion respecting them, in the minds of almost all men, on both sides of the Atlantic. But this dominion over Europe cannot be effected, without first obtaining a predominant influence in the councils of America; so far at least, as relates to Great Britain, whose power has ever been, and I hope ever will be, an insurmountable barrier to their ambitious schemes. This power once reduced, farewell to the boasted independence of these States, as well as the freedom of Europe.

Every real friend of humanity must contemplate
those

those schemes, even at a distance, with abhorrence, and rejoice at their defeat ; but when he sees them swell and extend, to the subjugation of his own country, he must be either a fool, or something worse, if he does not feel indignation enough, to oppose them with all his might. However unconcerned a man may be, about the fate of the British empire, suppose he could even view its fall with the *sang-froid* of a Jacobin ; still, if it involved his own ruin, interest alone would awaken his anxiety, and call forth some exertions to prevent it.

Such then is the present awful crisis of affairs. The conduct of France towards neutral nations, and the United States in particular, is all directed to this one point : To invade the rights and liberties of all the world, in order to ruin the commerce of Great Britain, and to procure the means of continuing a war of subjugation. Let the vile Jacobins attempt to qualify or extenuate French piracies as they please, for their own amusement, or the deception of their masters ; their efforts can have no other effect on their fellow-citizens, than to produce more universal detestation, and the more speedy vengeance of insulted freemen. The public mind is made up : we see, with the clearness of a demonstration, that, to accomplish their atrocious purpose against Great Britain, the French are aiming a mortal stroke at our honour and our independence. Their nefarious plan is, to force us to violate a treaty we have recently contracted, and to render American faith a proverb of infamy : as they well know that, without this abominable regeneration, we shall not be fit subjects for their fraternal embraces.

As the friends of humanity and of peace, we have done much to avert a war ; we have borne long ; we have remonstrated again and again ; until at length our enemies have refused even to grant us a hearing. To stop our complaints, they have had the impudence

dence to accuse the United States of being the aggressors, and to say that they are only punishing us for our offences. This is the wolfish reasoning they condescend to offer to a nation which they outraged by innumerable robberies and insults, but which they look upon as a feeble unresisting prey.

Not satisfied with insulting our understandings, with their own frivolous and fictitious allegations, they have now brought forward one of their satellites, the *magnanimous* Spaniard, to insult us likewise. As they had forced every nation in Europe, as far as their arms extended, into a direct or indirect war with Great Britain, so have they now compelled his Catholic Majesty to second their designs against America. The obsequious King has told us, doubtless as he was commanded by his masters, that we have offended him, also, by making a treaty with Great Britain. So that, unless we choose to send France a *carte blanche*, and employ some gracious envoy to deliver it, I much fear we shall have as many enemies as King George and his Minister Pitt, in a very short time. The *once* high and mighty States of Holland will come forward next with their complaints; and they will be followed, in course, by the Duke of Tuscany, the Kings of Sardinia and Naples, his Holiness the Pope, and I don't know how many more. We shall either have to fight them all, or to beg their pardon, for some secret sins, some unknown offences, which these rascally Frenchmen will put into their mouths.

But before this host of enemies attack us in a body, I think it will be best for us to resolve what to do with the former two. There is no doubt that they are acting in concert, and have one and the same object in view; the infernal British treaty is still the burden of their song. Are we willing to surrender our independence, and our right, as a sovereign state, of making treaties, when and with whom

whom we please? I believe that there is not a single American, who has the smallest tincture of genuine spirit, but is roused even by the question, and who will not immediately answer, No. Are we able to vindicate this right against the force of France and Spain united, without the aid of some powerful ally? No. Then, as we have enemies to deal with, who will not compromise, we have but one choice; which is, to conclude an alliance, or some special compact, with Great Britain, on the best terms we can; and I see no reason to doubt that it may be formed on terms equally honourable and advantageous to both countries.

This is the natural alliance of America, which must and will take place, if not at this, at some period not very distant, in spite of the perverse or mistaken opposition of all its enemies. "Men are irresistibly led to associate," says an eminent philosopher, "by resemblances, by conformities, by sympathies. It is with nations as with individuals: nothing is so strong a tie between nation and nation, as a correspondence in laws, customs, manners, and habits in life: they have more than the force of treaties in themselves: they are obligations written in the heart. The secret, unseen, but irrefragable bond of habitual intercourse, approximates men without their knowledge, and holds them together, even when their litigious and perverse nature sets them to equivocate, scuffle, and fight, about the terms of their written contracts." On this text our treaty with France affords the most instructive comment. Nothing could exhibit a more complete fiction of amity; the contract that was formed, was equally liberal, and at first pleasing to both parties: but there was no moral resemblance, to bind them together: they were perfectly heterogeneous, and it would have taken many generations of peace to establish a tolerable harmony.

mony. During the sound and honourable period of the alliance, there was little more than a grimace of friendship preserved ; but in its last and memorable state, it has been nothing but a perpetual conflict of discordant parts ; indignant nature has at length arisen, and, to assert her violated rights, has snapped the band asunder. Thus have we been snatched by the interposition of Providence from the embraces of a harlot, that have been fatal, without a single exception, to all her paramours—and if, regardless of this lesson of experience, we suffer ourselves to be ensnared again, we shall merit all the evils we may suffer.

I know what the noisy Jacobins will say ; What ! shall we form an alliance with a nation that waged a seven year's war against us ; that burnt our towns, and slew our countrymen ? Yes, if our present necessities require such a league, although the peace was concluded but yesterday. But the contest has been over these fourteen years ; the separation in government is now irrevocably fixed ; and nothing but the malignant forcery of a Jacobin can call up ghosts long since departed, to thrill our blood with fears, or prevent an union for common defence.

Although I have recommended for the disease of the state, with the usual confidence of an empiric, I shall be glad, nevertheless, to see the prescriptions of any of my brother-quacks. Some of them, it is probable, instead of the excision-knife which I have proposed, will prescribe a milder treatment, perhaps another and a stronger dose of humiliation, in the form of an envoy extraordinary ; while others again, like bolder practitioners, may propose starving the disorder by means of an embargo. Neither would remove the cause of complaint : the latter might have some temporary effect, if it could be confined to the offending part only ; but if by an embargo these gentlemen mean to starve ourselves

as well as our enemies, I will disagree with them in toto. There are, I know, at least two hundred thousand of my fellow-citizens, for whose lives I have a great regard, that could not survive such a rude process; and about two hundred thousand more, whom it would infallibly bring to death's door: besides an equal number, at least, that, during the operation, would run stark staring mad through every part of the Union. And should the enemy, while all this is doing, slip in at a back door, and attack us, when a part of the inhabitants will be walking ghosts, and another part crazy enough to join them, the Lord have mercy upon us!

THURSDAY, 18th MAY.

Bache's Bow Wow.—The public must have observed how artfully, how basely, this spaniel has been fawning on the President for some time past. He and his correspondents pretended they had been deceived in *John Adams*; instead of an aristocrat, as they had supposed him to be, they found him “a good practical republican, and recommended to their readers to consult *his conduct and not his book.*” They discovered too, that he had been grossly ill used by the Administration of General Washington, who never admitted him to any of their secrets, and *who really wished and endeavoured to prevent his being elected!* Now, after all this, who, that does not know Bache, would have imagined that he would tack about, all at once, and represent this very “practical republican” as the tool of a British faction? Who would have imagined, that there was a wretch in existence capable of such barefaced baseness?

The following paragraph appeared in his paper of yesterday morning:

“A correspondent *would be glad to know whether*
“the

“ *the speech delivered yesterday was from the Representative of the American people, or whether it was delivered by some alien in disguise? Such was its temper, that it would license a conjecture, that some foreign minister had intruded himself by some sort of legerdemain, into the place of the President of the United States.*”

This was by way of preparative : to-day morning the Aurora seems determined to show, that she has not lost the malicious spirit, by which she has so long been distinguished, and that her old *correspondents* have not forsaken her.

“ *Correspondent 1st.* The British have already thrown the gauntlet, and as they have given the signal of hostility, shame on the coward heart that refuses to take it up ! It was expected that they would have assumed a virtue if they had it not, and, in the present critical state of public affairs, that they would have aimed at conciliation instead of irritation. But the fact is otherwise : they seem determined to measure swords, and it is to be hoped the republicans will show the true temper of theirs and their skill in the management of them.

“ The opening of Congress augurs ill. The first step of certain members was to displace an officer of capacity, fidelity, and integrity, who has served in that station for eight years. Not a whisper of misconduct or incapacity has ever gone forth against him, and yet he has been superseded —and why ? Because he has acted like a free man, according to his own conscience and the dictates of his own understanding ; because he was not a tool of faction, but would think and act for himself. Is this the treatment a faithful servant of the public is to receive because he has an opinion of his own ?”

The first of these paragraphs we might have found

some difficulty in tracing to its source, but the second proves them both to be a commencement to that series of lucubrations which we may now reasonably hope for from the leisure hours of the poor disappointed "CALM OBSERVER." His debut is not amiss; but I would have him be cautious how he talks about *not* being "*a tool of faction*," or I shall be obliged to ask him *at whose house Adet and his friends used to meet*, and hold their consultations for ensuring the election of Mr. Jefferson.

"*Correspondent 2d.* It is not to be wondered at that the British Minister was so well pleased as to have a constant smile on his countenance during the delivery of the war-speech by Mr. Adams. It appeared to be an agreeable surprise to him, and therefore he could not have been consulted on the occasion."

I am not certain whether the British Minister smiled during the *war-speech*, or not; but if he did not, I know the speech had a different effect on him from what it had on me, and on every real friend to the independence of America. Few people, except the democrats, were base enough to conceive it possible that John Adams would crouch down at the feet of the Parisian despots; yet many were *agreeably surprised* at the decided and resolute tone of his speech. It breathes what every good man wished to hear, but what few had the courage to utter. No speech delivered within the walls of Congress ever met with so warm and so universal approbation.

"*Correspondent 3d.*—From the temper which a great man showed in his speech on Tuesday to a great assembly, we are unavoidably led to believe that his men Timothy and Oliver have fed him upon pepper-pot these three weeks past, in order to bring his nerves to a proper Antigallican tone. The effects which aromatics or high-seasoned food

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“ produce upon a cold northern constitution every
 “ quack can tell.”

“ A great man and *a great assembly!*”—Bless us! how cautious we have grown of late! It did not use to be thus during former sessions of Congress. One may see that the faction is completely fallen by their mild manner of expressing themselves: they are always boisterous and insolent in the hour of success, or when they have a hope of success before them; but the unroofing of the “Calm Observer” seems to have disheartened them; their lungs are grown weak all at once, and they talk as if their teeth were knocked out. They may talk and puff away about “*taking up the gauntlet;*” no gauntlet will they take up: the President’s speech has already benumbed them, and I trust the answer of Congress will freeze them as stiff as an icicle.

FRIDAY, 19th MAY.

Beckley.—As various reports will get abroad respecting the fracas that took place at my shop this morning between me and Beckley, late Clerk to the House of Representatives, I think proper to give the public a faithful account of it.

Beckley put a paper into my hands, containing something about a defence of his conduct on a particular occasion, while clerk. I read it. When I had done so, he told me he should expect to see it in my paper this evening; to which I replied, that things of greater consequence would engross the whole of the paper this day; that, therefore, it could not appear, and if it could, it should not; but that, to-morrow, it could, and should appear.

As no objection could be made to this, Beckley made none; but he had the assurance to tell me, that if I took any more liberties with his name he would horsewhip me! This he accompanied with a
 posture

posture as menacing as his poor emaciated frame could possibly assume. I replied, that I was resolved to take just what liberties with his name I thought proper, and invited him to come immediately into the street, and put his threat of chastisement into execution. Finding him hang back, it struck me that he might be ashamed to show his bare bone to the populace, which were gathering about the house: I therefore proposed to him to go back into my garden, and bring his friend with him. He now bethought himself (for the first time) that I was a "scoundrel beneath his notice."—To this I replied, that he was "a damned scoundrel," and dared him (which I now do again) to a comparison between our characters, adding, that I owed nobody any thing. The rest of the conversation would be very unedifying, as it consisted almost entirely of a mutual exchange of abusive names and epithets, of high-toned threats on his part, and of contemptuous defiance on mine.

It will be observed (and the number of witnesses precludes the possibility of a denial) that Beckley was the aggressor, both in threats of violence and in abusive language. I am fully persuaded that his intention was to provoke me to strike him, and this opinion is corroborated by his having two or three persons with him. I certainly did feel an almost irresistible temptation to kick him into the street; but I luckily forbore, and he went off with no more satisfaction than the miserable one of being called "a damned scoundrel."

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Gallo-Americans.—The late successes of the French in Italy were celebrated at Kensington, near Philadelphia, by a junto of Gallo-Americans, who, in the red tide of *liberty*, in the flowing bumper of Bu-

naparte, washed away discretion and the image of their native country*.

SATURDAY, 20th MAY.

Jefferson.—To THOMAS JEFFERSON, Esquire, Vice-President of the United States, and President of the Senate.

SIR,

Your arrival at the seat of government immediately after the publication of a letter said to be written by you to your friend Mazzei in Italy, affords you a fair opportunity of doing away any bad impression respecting your character, which the falsely ascribing to you improper sentiments may hitherto have occasioned. For the honour of the American name I would wish the letter to be a forgery, although I must confess, that your silence upon the subject, and the conduct of that party with which you appear at present to act, leaves but little probability of its not having proceeded from your pen. If it is not your production, an explicit disavowal of it appears incumbent on you, for several reasons.

1. Because it implies a contradiction of those sentiments respecting our excellent constitution, which you have formerly held before a disappointed ambition threw you into the hands of a desperate faction, by whose means you expected, no doubt, to have filled the first office of our government.

* After a thousand more instances of the atrocity of the French Republic, which have happened since the date of the above-mentioned fact, there are still some Americans who have a hearty friendship for her, and who deplore her recent defeats, as much as they formerly rejoiced at her successes: and this, in despite of common decency, as well as the interest and honour of their own country.

2. Because

2. Because it is a direct libel on the character of those men, whom the choice of a free people called to the exercise of the executive and judiciary powers of our government : And,

3. Because its publication in a country from whose government and citizens we have met with every kind of injury and insult, has a tendency to encourage a continuance of such conduct in our allies, from a persuasion that our internal situation would admit of its exercise with impunity.

You stated truly when you represented all our proprietors of land as friendly to republican principles; and if you had gone further, and declared all our native citizens as faithful to the government they had formed, and disposed to defend their rights as an independent nation from the insidious attacks of foreign foes, you would have run no risk of a contradiction. It is, to be sure, unfortunate for the *ancient dominion of Virginia*, that the names of the late secretary Randolph, Giles, Madison, Munroe, and yourself, are found in its rolls of citizens; but whilst she possesses the *beloved Washington*, and the memory of his great achievements and illustrious character is cherished by Americans, those names, like specks upon the sun's disk, will be but transiently observed, and detract but inconsiderably from her lustre. But it probably suited your purpose better to say, " Our political situation is prodigiously changed since you left us. Instead of that noble love of liberty, and that republican government, which carried us triumphantly through the dangers of the war, an Anglo-monarchico-aristocratic party has arisen. Their avowed object is to impose on us the substance, as they have already given us the form of the British government. Nevertheless the principal body of our citizens remained faithful to republican principles. All our proprietors of lands are friendly to those principles, as also the mass of

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" men

“ men of talents. We have against us (republicans)
 “ the executive power, the judiciary power (two of
 “ the three branches of our Government) all the
 “ officers of Government, all who are seeking
 “ offices, all timid men who prefer the calm of Des-
 “ potism to the tempestuous sea of Liberty, the Bri-
 “ tish merchants, and the Americans who trade on
 “ British capitals, the speculators, persons inte-
 “ rested in the banks and public funds (establissh-
 “ ments invented with views of corruption, and to as-
 “ similate us to the British model in all its corrupt
 “ parts).”

Supposing for an instant, what I can by no means admit, that such is the present situation of our country; is it, Sir, the part of a friend to his country, is it the part of a citizen, who had been frequently entrusted with the management of public concerns, thus to expose the failings of his brethren, the weak and vulnerable part of his native land, to a prattling foreigner, whose self-consequence and pride, abstracted from any other motive, might induce him to make an improper use of this, at least very imprudent, confidence? We have not forgotten the fine theme which the *precious confessions of your countryman Randolph* furnished to a former French Minister; and we can readily conceive that your letter, under the improving hand of an intriguing Italian, may prove the source of accumulating evil to the United States. Have we not repeatedly shown our attachment to the cause of liberty and to France? —Did we not exert every muscle, strain every nerve, to assist her in establishing her right to make her own form of government untrammelled by the will of other nations?—and that too, when those who now basely fawn by her side, and ignominiously lick the dust from her feet, were foremost in their opposition to the regeneration of a numerous people. Did we
 not,

not, for a long time, patiently bear with the cringing insolence of Genet, the impertinent suggestions of Fauchet, and the dark and insidious manœuvres of Adet, without showing any intemperance of conduct at their behaviour, or ceasing our good offices to their nation, or their compatriots? True it is, Sir, that the feeble attempts of a rising republic, without a navy, or large standing army, could be of little service in battle to either of the contending parties. Of this, in the commencement of her struggle, France seemed fully sensible; and was aware of the advantage to be derived from our remaining neutral. And is it for this we are charged by you with ingratitude and injustice? and are those men, whom you once thought *Solomons in council, and Sampsons in combat*, for this to be branded by you with the name of *apostates*?

But I am, perhaps, intruding upon your time, and taking up some moments which might be more profitably employed in attention to public affairs; I shall, therefore, close this letter with a wish, that if the writing ascribed to you is spurious, it may be disowned. In doing this you will render a justice due to yourself, and oblige many of your fellow-citizens, but no one more than A NATIVE AMERICAN.

Beckley's Letter.—Mr. Cobbett, You have used an unwarrantable, I will not add base freedom, with my name and character, in your Gazette of Tuesday evening last. Referring to the proceedings of the House of Representatives of the United States on Monday last, respecting the appointment of a clerk, you remark in the following words:

“As to Mr. Beckley's ability, I can be no judge of that; but respecting his *fidelity*, the adding up the votes on the important question respecting the British treaty, by which a *point already decided* was submitted to the decision of the Chairman, was no very favourable specimen.”

The following facts, of which you could not be ignorant, will prove that the injurious insinuation which your remarks are calculated to convey, is totally unfounded in truth :

On the 30th day of April, 1796, when the resolution for making an appropriation to carry into effect the British treaty, was depending in the House of Representatives of the United States, a motion was made by Mr. Dearborne, to prefix to the resolution a preamble, stating certain objections to the treaty : on this motion the Yeas and Nays were called for. In taking the Yeas and Nays on every question, the mode of proceeding is known to be this :—A record-book lies on the Clerk's table, in which the names of all the members are alphabetically entered, with a column on each side of the name, one for the Yeas, and the other the Nays, in this form :

<i>Yeas.</i>	<i>Names.</i>	<i>Nays.</i>
✕ A. B.	
	C. D.	
✕ E. F.	
	G. H.	✕
	J. K.	✕

As soon as the call is over, the Clerk reads aloud the names of all the members as they voted, whether yea or nay, so that if any member's vote has been omitted to be entered in the record, or afterwards to be read aloud by the Clerk, the error is instantly discovered and corrected. Now in the case to which you refer on Mr. Dearborne's motion, it happened that there were 49 Yeas and 50 Nays, and that, in the haste of running up the numbers, I reported to the Chair 49 Yeas and 49 Nays, when the Speaker being about to give, or having actually given, his cast vote, a member suggested that the Clerk had made a mistake

mistake in counting the numbers; I instantly recurred to the record-book, and reported to the Chair, that it appeared that there were 50 Nays entered on the question; and having previously read aloud to the House the names of those 50 members without having omitted a single vote either in entering the votes or reading the names, the mistake in casting up the numbers was so obviously a casual and unintentional one, in the view of the whole House, that the proceeding was instantly put right, and the decision of the question on Mr. Dearborne's motion entered on the minutes and journal of the day, by a vote of 50 Nays against 49 Yeas, *without the decision of the Chair*, and contrary to your assertion, as will appear by a reference to the printed journal of the House, page 380.

This explanation will, I presume, satisfy the most tortured suggestions of malice; but, to remove all possibility of doubt, I subjoin the then Speaker Mr. Dayton's certificate on the subject.

May 19, 1797.

JOHN BECKLEY.

This may certify, that the statement of facts herein before made by Mr. Beckley, both as to the method of taking, entering, and announcing the Yeas and Nays, generally, and as to the error in casting up the votes on Mr. Dearborne's motion, particularly, is accurate and just. This I can declare with the greater freedom and confidence, because I recollect perfectly my having marked with my pen the number of 50 Nays, as Mr. Beckley read and announced them from his entry.

JONA. DAYTON.

Remarks.—I might safely suffer this curious *defense* to go forth without any comment: for it does no more than give a circumstantial confirmation of the charge it is intended to do away. I charged him with having given in a *false report* of the Yeas and Nays.

Nays, by which a *point already decided*, was submitted to the decision of the Chairman. Now, how does he disprove this? Why, he acknowledges (for he could not do otherwise) that "there were *fifty Yeas*, and *forty-nine Nays*," and that he "*reported to the Chair forty-nine Yeas and forty-nine Nays*." He also acknowledges, that the Speaker (he means *Chairman*) was about to give his casting vote, or had actually given it (it is well known that it was given), when the mistake was discovered; and he is besides obliged to confess, that the *mistake*, as he calls it, was discovered *by a member of the House!* and yet he has the impudence to call my charge an "injurious insinuation!"

It is well enough to observe, that he builds his defence on the circumstance of his having *called over every name*, which he wishes to be looked upon as a proof that the falsehood of his report was not intentional. But, let it be remembered, that he could not omit a name *without certain detection*, as the member who found his name omitted, would have immediately complained; but in giving in the report as to numbers, there was little danger of detection, as the inaccuracy could not be well ascertained by any one who had not the lists before him.

In short, Mr. Beckley seems to have formed a resolution to make himself appear guilty; and, not thinking himself a credible witness, has called in the testimony of Mr. Dayton, a man whose veracity no man will doubt of.

I will just add, that this subject was not revived by me for the cruel purpose of triumphing over a fallen man. It was courted, it was loudly called for, by a paragraph in his friend Bache's paper, in which his *fidelity* was boasted of, and in which a *majority* of the House of Representatives were stigmatized as a *rancorous faction*, merely because they did not choose him for their Clerk.

The

The impudence of these fellows surpasses every thing that we read of in Hibernian fable. They have a right to abuse Congress; call the officers of state *man Timothy*, and *man Oliver*; charge the supreme executive power of being under British influence, and pursue General Washington to his retreat, with the appellations of *traitor* and *murderer*; but the moment a word is uttered against themselves, the moment an attempt is made to repel their vile accusations, they stun us with a cry of vengeance. For my part, I have been so long accustomed to despise them, that any thing I could now say on the subject must be repetition.

MONDAY, 22^d MAY.

To Thomas Jefferson, Esq. Vice-President of the United States, and President of the Senate of the United States.

SIR,

With that respect which is due to your high official stations, as the next officer to the chief magistrate of the Union, and the President of an important branch of the national legislature, I exercise the right of a citizen of the United States to call on you for an explicit avowal or disavowal of the following letter *, which has been publicly ascribed to you in all our newspapers, and which contains sentiments and principles too deeply affecting the interest, character, and safety of America, to be passed by unnoticed by any American who values and cherishes them. Although that letter has been the subject of great public agitation, I have been too often deceived by spurious fabrications of this nature, too hastily to adopt an opinion on the subject; and knowing your

* See Mr. Jefferson's letter to Mazzei, page 345.

expected arrival in this city, have forbore to make any strictures upon it, until you had had a fair opportunity of denying it.

The present crisis of our affairs will not brook any further delay ; the time is now come, when every citizen must speak his opinion without disguise ; when the public have a right to know the real opinions of their high public functionaries. If you entertain the sentiments ascribed to you in that letter, it is your duty to avow them, to come forward manfully and to support them. If they have been falsely attributed to your pen, it is no less incumbent on you explicitly to disavow them. I shall, for the present, withhold further remarks. Should your silence continue, you will be justly regarded as the author of that letter, and duty to the American nation will compel me to present to the public view those observations which, on the perusal of it, have arisen in the mind of

A FELLOW-CITIZEN.

French Influence.—That we may be enabled the more justly to form an estimate of the degree and extent of the French influence in this country, it will be proper to pause here a moment, and reflect upon the nature of public opinion, how it is to be collected, and in what manner it may be excited, created, or directed.

In every civil society the majority, unless roused by some appeal to their passions or interest, are quiescent and inactive. In a republican government like ours, the great body of the people are perfectly easy, and repose with confidence on the rulers whom they have freely elected, and whom they know to be equally interested with themselves in the promotion of the public welfare and happiness.

But in every society, however happy the general state of it may be, there will be persons of some one of the following descriptions : restless uneasy spirits,
impatient

impatient of restraint, sour, morose, malevolent hearts, disposed to view the fair objects of nature and art, the beautiful system of laws, order, and public happiness, with jaundiced eyes ; depressed, desperate, profligate, abandoned wretches, possessed of a gambling spirit, desirous of change ; or vain ambitious minds, purse-proud men, but of dull and feeble talents, who think that their merits are overlooked, and who wish an overturn for the sake of gratifying their rage for distinction. These various descriptions abound more or less in different countries, according to the state of manners. In England, Mr. Burke computes them at one fifth of those who think at all, but supposes, that, unless carefully watched, they are sufficiently numerous to overthrow the government. In this country, I do not believe that more than one tenth of those who are capable of forming any opinion for themselves, are of any of the foregoing descriptions ; but, though so despicable in numbers and character, yet they are so subtle, active, persevering, indefatigable, and organized, that we have seen them effect in a few weeks an almost total change in the opinions of their fellow-citizens, assume the language and authority of the people, and threaten the very existence of government. Taught this truth, partly by their experience in their own country, and partly by observation of the American character, the emissaries of France early learned how to acquire an *influence*, and had almost discovered how to obtain a *dominion* over the opinions and conduct of the open and unsuspecting Americans. From the peace of 1783, until the period when the Jacobin faction had erected a new despotism in France upon the ruins of the old, no particular occasion existed to call forth the intriguing spirit of the French Government. We do not, therefore, find any particular exercise of this their darling propensity.

They

They contented themselves with filling up the full quota of diplomatic and consular agents, who were well employed in watching every interesting movement of our Government, and who were ready marshalled to commence effective operations, as events or occasions might require. Such an occasion, unfortunately for this, until now, happy country, soon presented itself. The first steps towards liberty which the French nation adopted, having for their object simply a diminution of the royal prerogatives, and an amelioration of the condition of the commonality and peasantry, were received in this country with universal and unfeigned pleasure. Our public papers teemed with congratulations on the auspicious event. When, therefore, the *mild, humane*, and philosophic Warville, and his accomplices, of the Girondist faction, aimed the sanguinary steel against the head of their unfortunate monarch (to whom, if to any of the French nation, we were under *obligations*); when they perceived that all Europe stood aghast at the horrid spectacle, and that incensed humanity was urging combined nations to vindicate her rights, it was to be expected that they should turn their views to America as their only friend. Selecting then one of their most daring and intriguing spirits, a man who had already proved his abilities against the devoted heads of the unhappy *Genevans*, and recalling from this country a Minister who had too much honesty, and too great friendship for us, to be trusted; they sent out this emissary to *draw closer* the bonds of *fraternity* which united the *two republics*. Every artful device, every ingenious scheme, every plausible, every fascinating sentiment, was to be suggested to entrap us. To please our vanity, we were to be told, that the French revolution was but an emanation of our own; that a spark from America had lighted the *holy flame*. To gratify resentments yet warm, to rekindle jealousies

hardly

hardly extinguished, to resuscitate injuries not yet healed, we were reminded of British tyranny, British treachery, and British cruelty. But above all, to captivate the idle and the desperate, who have ever since been the warmest friends of French principles, they preached the mild, persuasive, and irresistible doctrines of liberty and equality. Mysterious terms! what wonders you have wrought! *equality* of property! agrarian laws! *liberty* to act as our whims, passions, or interest dictate! How fascinating to the dissolute! how captivating to the lazy and impoverished sans-culotte! This hopeful son of sedition, begot by Anarchy (the description renders it superfluous to call him Genet), with a dozen choice spirits in the consular character, to act as aids, were cantoned out at proper distances in the different parts of the Union. The happy effects of their exertions and talents have been widely felt, and sorely realized, but cannot be justly described, without devoting to them a separate number.

LEONIDAS.

Award in favour of American Claimants.—The following is a copy of an award of the Commissioners on American claims in London, in a single case of a vessel belonging to New-Haven.

Communicated for the Minerva.

Jan. 14. We award four thousand six hundred and fifty-eight dollars, American currency, with interest thereon, at five per cent. from the first of January, 1794, in compensation of the loss and damage sustained by the capture.

WM. SCOTT,

JOHN NICOLL.

To ———

London, Feb. 12th, 1797.

GENTLEMEN,

I have the pleasure to send you the above copy of an award in your favour, by the gentleman, to whom,

whom, by an arrangement between the Government of the United States and Great Britain, cases of costs and damages have been referred for a more early settlement than could be had by way of appeal. By the earliest conveyance after the sum awarded you has been paid, and the amount of costs to be deducted from it has been ascertained, you shall hear from me, and be authorized to draw for the balance.

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL BAYARD.

TUESDAY, 23^d MAY.

To Messrs. M'Lean & Lang, Printers, New-York.

GENTLEMEN,

In your paper, received this morning by the post, I find the following request: "If you do not stop writing, Messrs. M'Lean and Lang, printers to King Mob, please to stop your paper."

Give and take, is a good old maxim, gentlemen; you cannot, I suppose, have forgotten, that you addressed your paper to "P. Porcupine, printer to his Majesty." Being the aggressors then (if there is any aggression in the matter), you can have no reason to complain. You might mean no harm in bestowing a title on me: I dare say you only wished to regale the post-office clerks with a little printing-office wit; and I assure you, upon the word and honour of a newsmonger, that "King Mob" was intended as no more than an humble imitation of so laudable an example. As I find, however, that it gives you displeasure, I shall in future desist.

I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient,

And most devoted servant,

PETER PORCUPINE.

Philadelphia, May 3d, 1797.

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY, 24th MAY.

Various Forms of Government.—From the Shop of Messrs. Colon and Spondee.

Aristocracy.—I have looked into my Entick, and he says, that it is a government by nobles. Heaven preserve us from aristocrats ! they would cut all our farms into lordships, and sell us for slaves : so says my neighbour Grumble, and he knows, for he is what they call a dishonourary member of a Jacobin club. But pray, my dear jealous countrymen, are not all kind of ocracys dreadful things ? and are they not running rampant among us ?

Yes—there is your

Hogocracy.—That is, where an ignorant booby has blundered into a great estate, and has the riches without the education, sentiments, or manners of a gentleman. His pride and insolence form a horrid hogocracy over his poor neighbours. More happy is the Russian peasant, sold, with the land he ploughs, to his haughty boyar, than the tenant or dependant of such a hogocrat.

Then there is your

Pigocracy.—The pigocrat may be known by his long pig's tail, bound with six yards of riband, his wheat-meal and lard upon his head, and his shrill dolorous whine ; with these he establishes a tyrannical pigocracy over the blooming generation of young ladies.

Then there is your

Ribocracy.—That is, when the married lady discards the bewitching drapery of the skirt, for the immemorial insignia of the man, and rules the conjugal roast ; when she neglects the pie and pudding, and scolds politics at her husband's visitors ; and, after having insulted the patience of the good man by day, awakens him by night to the refreshing eloquence

quence of a curtain lecture. Such a woman has established a Da*****—I dare not at present say what; as, unhappily, my own dear rib now casts a loving look over my left shoulder.

N. B. My wife is a profound politician: I wish you could hear her talk upon liberty and equality.

Then there is your

Mobocracy.—But I beg pardon, this is only a species of democracy. I say again, Heaven preserve us from all ocracys. [Farmer's Museum.]

Miscarriages of the Mails.—*To Subscribers.* From different parts of the Union I have received repeated complaints of the miscarriage or delay of my papers; and though, with such numbers of distant subscribers, it would be rather bold to declare that the fault is never to be attributed to my people, yet I can venture to affirm, that it rarely or ever is so. But, what is something singular, subscribers have often cause to complain who live at places among the least distant, and to which the conveyance is direct, and extremely regular. I am loath to give out any thing like an accusation; but when I am well informed that certain post-masters are free to declare their mortification at being obliged to deliver out my papers, and of one, in particular, who declared he would give *thirty dollars a-year* out of his own pocket, if he could put a stop to its circulation, I think myself justified in communicating the circumstances to my subscribers. A mistake may now and then happen in my office; but the subscribers may be assured, that in no office in this city is the dispatching of papers so carefully attended to; and that, therefore, their disappointments must be ascribed to some of the persons concerned in the conveyance of them. These scandalous perjured delinquents I will use my utmost endeavours to find out; and in spite of the latitude for shift and trick which the nature of their office affords them, they have much

much more cunning than they have honesty, if they long escape undetected, or unexposed.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

Beckley's Case.—MR. COBBETT, I was rather surprised to find the *Speaker* of the House of Representatives of Congress coming forward to vindicate the conduct of the dismissed Clerk. I think your remarks on the Clerk's paltry defence very pertinent, but you have taken no notice of a curious fact in the Speaker's certificate. He certifies, that "he recollects perfectly having marked with his pen the number of fifty Nays, as Mr. Beckley read and announced them from his entry:" now, as there were forty-nine Yeas, and the Speaker knew there were fifty Nays, how came he to vote? It is well known that the Speaker never votes, unless the House is equally divided; or his vote, added to the minority, will make the votes equal. But the Speaker did vote on that occasion, and voted on the side of the Nays, on the side of the majority; which, it is fairly presumed, he would not have done unless he had believed the House equally divided. The conclusion is, that Beckley, being unacquainted with the Speaker's real sentiments, expected his casting vote, and that the Speaker, from the distance of time, may now have an imperfect recollection of the transaction. This requires further explanation. A QUERIST.

This communication has led me to perceive, that in my remarks on Beckley's defence, published in Saturday's Gazette, I put Yeas for Nays, and Chairman for Speaker.

For Porcupine's Gazette.—MR. COBBETT, Although I have never entertained a very high opinion of John Beckley's political principles or political fidelity, yet, I confess, I did not believe him to be that whining, pining, cringing, contemptible creature he has shown himself, on the occasion of his late disappointment.

ment. If he has merited his fate, as I most firmly believe he has, shame and contrition should stop his mouth: if he is the innocent injured man he pretends to be, an honest pride and conscious rectitude should place him above such pusillanimous conduct. At one moment he groans out the most lamentable complaints, calling personally on the compassion of those members of the House, whom, not long since, he treated with hauteur and insulting neglect; at another moment, he threatens a terrible vengeance if he is not reinstated, by the discovery of dire and important secrets. Pray, Mr. Beckley, if you are really in the possession of these valuable secrets of official misconduct in certain high characters, was it not your duty, long since, to have disclosed them? Or, is it more reputable to have reserved them as bolts of vengeance and disappointment? But such threats are either the ravings of approaching insanity, or the fretful foamings of a weak mind. That Mr. Beckley might have expected the punishment he has received from those who inflicted it, is too evident to require proof. If a constant disobliging carriage, and a marked neglect of the federal side of the House; if the most striking partiality in his official conduct to the democrats; if an habitual disregard of our Government, and the most public and indecent abuse of its measures, at all times, and in all places, justly demand the censure and punishment of the friends and supporters of that Government, surely this foreigner, this wretched tool of a fallen faction, has no great cause of surprise, if he is among the first of the bricks that fall from the Temple of Anarchy. As to his hopes of success at the law, I suspect he will meet with a second disappointment here. All the rank and stinking cats are already pledged to Secretary Dallas, and what remains will not be worth the attention of the ci-devant Clerk. Perhaps his friend Dallas will employ him

as a journeyman, either in law or politics, both of which, I believe, are a source of profit to this precious coadjutor of Randolph, Gallatin, &c.

JUSTICE.

TUESDAY, 25th MAY.

Barkley Townsed's Advertisement.—To be printed and published in Porcupine's Gazette.—This writing is written by a quill that is yet soft; and the writer desires his brethren to keep the commandments, and walk in the statutes of the Lord, and love one another. I shall be short and plain, as this is only a short scratch of the soft quill of the young Porcupine. There is one book written, which is now at the press, and I hope to have it in circulation in four weeks from this instant: there is one book now in circulation, and to be sold in Market Street; in that book it is explained for what reason Thomas Paine called it his Age of Reason. I shall, in the next book, explain how the great red dragon is now cast down to the earth, and I have had to encounter him. On Monday morning, between three and four o'clock, was the battle; and such a battle I never saw before: but so it was, I knew his intention, and where he wanted to strike, and a hard quill was pointed in such a manner, that he dare not strike: he then employed the witch of Endor; it was the same way with her. In the name of God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I bade him defiance, and all that take his part. And I show pointedly that the tail has swept down some stars: and in the state of Pennsylvania it is done: at this time the preachers of a certain persuasion have deviated from the wholesome rules of a Gospel church: in the Methodist Magazine for February and March there is some false doctrine; and I now inform you, that some part of the doctrine is no better than Thomas Paine's Age

of Reason: and if you assume a pre-eminence over all other persuasions, I recommend you to consider, and look to the end of the chapter, and not destroy yourselves. It is my opinion, when the full force of your law, made by your body politic, comes fairly to be understood, the five New-England states will be like lions; New-York nearly the same; and the next state between two fires, and a deviation in all the rest. Throughout the whole of the United States truth shall conquer. The New-England men are the least corrupted of any in the United States, according to their number: therefore, my worthy friends, remember; when ye are stout, be merciful: the Lord fights for his people; therefore keep fortitude, and do not let resentment carry you to acts of violence against your own countrymen. The true Christian is an open man; he does not carry a wheel within a wheel, as some do at this present time. We are instruments in the hand of the Lord, and let every one discharge his duty faithfully, or else he hath no reason to expect to live.

And let the printer discharge his duty as a printer, and publish this in three different papers, or else he may expect to be rewarded as his works shall be. There is a son of David, by adoption, that shall kill Goliath. By authority I speak it, and direct it to be published in Porcupine's Gazette; and, according to rule and order, I shall sign my name, and will not deny; I trust in God, and wicked men defy.

BARKLEY TOWNSED*.

Philadelphia, May 24, 1797.

FRIDAY, 26th MAY.

Soporiferous Effect of a long Speech.—Mr. Porcupine, I take this method of returning Messrs. Livingston and

* This fellow seems to me to be a match for *Brothers*. He is certainly a very great rogue or a very great fool.

Giles my hearty thanks for the nap I have for these two days enjoyed under the potent poppies of their oratory ; but, at the same time, I have to complain of the improvidence of those whose business it was to provide furniture for the Representatives' chamber. The hall indeed is pretty well ; the chair-bottoms are soft, and the backs recline very commodiously ; but, in the gallery, the place where the people resort to, there is nothing to be found but bare hard boards ! Is it just, is it decent, Mr. Porcupine, for the "servants" to be bolstered up to their ears, while their sovereign lies like a soldier upon a guard-bed ?

Yours, &c.

G. D.

M. M. Jefferson and Madison.—A gentleman who arrived in the General Wayne from Bourdeaux, observes, that the late election has closed in the choice of such men as will use their influence to restore a good understanding between France and America. This circumstance was thought to be pleasing to a large majority of that nation ; who, they say, must now look to moderate legislatures for justice and protection. Americans must be highly pleased at this event ; it looks pacific.

Mr. Jefferson, instead of Mr. Madison, was mentioned in yesterday's Gazette as being expected in France as a second extra envoy.

REMARK.—It is very probable that either of these gentlemen would be the choice of the Executive Directory, as being well inclined to second their designs of distressing the commerce of Great Britain, and humbling the Government of the United States into a complete submission to the imperious dictates and ambitious schemes of France. But, if this should take place, would these States be any longer free and independent ? If the French are once gratified in the appointment of a Minister, it will not be long be-

fore they will expect the same complaisance in the election of a President, a Congress, and every other confidential officer. But it so happens, that there is no need of a new appointment. Should the Executive think it proper to renew the application to France for justice, it may be done through Mr. Pinckney: he is waiting for the purpose, and, if they refuse to hear him, they would not hear, "even should one arise from the dead."

There is no reason to expect a change in the conduct of France towards the United States, so long as the war lasts in Europe: whatever men govern French affairs, whether jacobins, moderates, or royalists, the deep-rooted hatred of Great Britain will continue; they will still envy her prosperity, and, particularly, the extension of her commerce in this country. The great object of French politics, which they have manifested every eight or ten years for a century past, has been to reduce the power of their rival to a state of less importance in the scale of nations; and the question now before the American Government is simply this; is it to the interest of our country to co-operate in this important measure, and to trust our future fortune to the magnanimity and friendship of France?

SATURDAY, 27th MAY.

Chevalier D'Yrujo's Letter to the Secretary of State.

SIR,

Philadelphia, May 24, 1797.

In the collection of documents referred to in the President's speech, and printed for the use of the members of both Houses, I have seen the translation of the memorial I had the honour to present to you on the 6th inst. and, after a cursory perusal of it, I have observed with concern, that the translation has not been exact in some particular passages; and as it has
been

been published and presented to Congress in that imperfect state, I shall take the liberty of pointing out to you, Sir, those passages which appear to me most material, flattering myself you will be pleased to order the publication to be corrected.

In the 8th line, page 45, at the beginning of my memorial, it is said, that the cession of a considerable portion of territory from Spain to the United States has been made by agreeing to draw a line of demarcation between the possessions of both parties. At a time when the sense of every proposition is so minutely examined into, I cannot pass over this without remarking to you, that as every State has a right to a line of demarcation to its possessions, it is not by agreeing to draw limits that the cession was made to the United States, but "by the manner" in which his Catholic Majesty agreed it should be done; and this is the literal sense of my words.

In the 10th line of the same page, speaking of the advantages arising to the American citizens from the principle that free ships shall make free goods, it is said in the translation that this stipulation promised a neutrality as advantageous as durable; when in my memorial I say, that the Americans, for reasons therein assigned, would promise themselves a neutrality as advantageous as durable.

In page 47 it is said, Whilst "a state of war" requires that his squadrons and ships should respect English property on board of American vessels. The sense of my words is quite different—Whilst it may be required of his squadrons and ships to respect English property on board of American vessels.

In the 37th line of the same page it is said, Whilst the latter must suffer from "avarice" or the high price of an article to her so absolutely necessary. My words are, Whilst the latter must suffer from the "want" or the high price of an article, &c.

There are several other passages where the language

guage is materially altered ; but, as the sense is preserved, I shall not trouble you about them. I shall only take the liberty to observe, that, had you been pleased to have sent me the translation, I could have corrected it, and saved you the trouble of this letter. As the translation of my memorial has appeared in the newspapers, I shall through the same channel publish this letter, in order to have these mistakes removed. I have the honour to be,

With great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

LE CHEVALIER D'YRUJO.

Timothy Pickering, Esq.

REMARK.—The Chevalier is marching directly in the steps of Citizen Adet. The above is mere verbal criticism : the correction produces no alteration in the import of his rescript ; and the liberty he has taken of publishing it has no example except that of the *Diplomatic Blunderbuss*. Was the British Minister ever guilty of such a breach of decorum ? No. When the very warm dispute respecting the conduct of Governor Simcoe was on the tapis, this Government published its complaints on the subject : Mr. Hammond soon after received the Governor's explanation of the business, doing away the calumnies which the French faction had spread through the country ; yet Mr. H. did not publish this ; he requested that the *President would be pleased* to order it to be published.

MONDAY, 29th MAY.

Advertisement extraordinary.—For an extraordinary purpose, relative to a *Minister Extraordinary*.—Wanted immediately, *A dozen of balloons*, finished and decorated in the most superb and magnificent manner, and fit for the reception of a number of the members of an august assembly who are deputized to
go

go to the Moon, and, perhaps, as far as Sirius the Dog-star, in quest of arguments relative to national gratitude, and which also can be used in giving a solution of the following important question, viz. Shall the United States imitate the inflexibility of the rush, that bows down before the storm; or shall they assume the attitude of the oak, that does not invite the tempest, but stands ready to meet it?

N. B. If the balloons are constructed upon pure French principles, the deputation will have no need of gas or inflammable air; for the whole weight of Congress Hall will barely be sufficient for their ballast.

Augusta, May 11.—A foreigner made his appearance in Augusta, in the course of last week, to whom some gave the title of a Spanish General, others, that of a French General, and some again called him the Governor of Louisiana; be his rank what it may, it is certainly understood that his errand was to induce America to aid and assist the Republic of France in their new dominions, the Floridas, in case of any attempt by the British in that quarter. A very *delicate* requisition this, on the part of either France or Spain—whilst the *one* insults us with the dismissal of our Ambassador, and seizes our property wherever it can be found; and the *other* refuses to surrender the posts which by solemn treaty they had yielded to the United States! It is doubtless a very natural predilection for the people of the southern country to prefer their Spanish neighbours to any change which the present prospect of affairs promises; but *despotic* as the system of the British Government is, it would be found to suit us quite as well in the way of neighbourhood as the *liberty* and *equality* which emanates from the *terrible Republic*. The *saturnalia festa* in ancient Rome were well enough for a little fun occasionally, but the *perpetua saturnalia* would

would go d—mn—bly against the grain of a Georgian or Carolinian.

TUESDAY, 30th MAY.

Something to excite our "warmest Sensibility."—Extract of a letter from the Captain of the schooner *Sufannah*, dated Guadaloupe, 2d April. "I am sorry to inform you of our ill success on the voyage. I left Cape Henry on the 25th of February, and on the 12th of March, five leagues N. W. of Antigua, was captured by a French privateer mounting two guns and forty men, who took myself and three men out of the schooner, put a prize-master and seven Frenchmen on board, and brought us to this place, where, after two days, our trial commenced—both vessel and cargo condemned—myself plundered of books, quadrant, and most of my clothes; and, what is still worse, *the whole of my people put in jail, and myself threatened very hard. There are upwards of forty Americans in jail in this place, besides a great number that have been exchanged with the English. Our treatment is most intolerable; worse than that of the Turks in Algiers---insulted by every black scamp, and they protected by the Government. Nothing is more common here than for a black soldier to have a white man arrested for the smallest offence—I don't know what to compare it to, for I am sure the Moors in Barbary have more humanity—all the black American seamen are obliged to work for the Republic, and have only three quarters of a pound of bread and four ounces of cod-fish for twenty-four hours. They condemn all vessels cleared out for the West Indies, except for Guadaloupe; there have been about ten condemned since I was here. I have not been able to see my people since they were put in jail, except one, who works for the Republic. We are not permitted to go the jail, as they have an idea that Ame-*
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rica will declare war against them. If I were to insert the whole of my ill usage, it would take two or three sheets of paper. They condemn vessels, some for one thing and some for another; any thing will answer if they want the cargo—The owners of the privateers are the judges; so that every one tries his own cause. I shall be at home, I suppose, some time in May, and hope to find Congress sitting; I am determined to go before them, and if they will not give us satisfaction, nor suffer us to defend ourselves, I will never sail under the flag again, for I am determined to have satisfaction at the risk of my life and salvation.—I have taken charge of a ship here for St. Thomas's, where I shall make all possible dispatch for home.—Ships of 200 tons sell here for 100 joes.

“I shall be obliged to leave my people here; I have tried every means to get them out, but all to no purpose.”

[Let Mr. Livingston and his friends reply to this honest fellow if he should come before them. When they talk again about the forty-two American seamen whom the British pressed, some gentlemen will do well to read this letter. Here we see forty American seamen crammed all into one jail; while others are put to hard labour for the Republic, scorned and insulted even by blacks.

How different is the language of this captain from that of the opposition in Congress! The injuries, the stripes inflicted by the French, excite in their minds “the warmest sensibility,” while he swears revenge, at the risk of his life and salvation. What can be the cause of this mighty difference?—I shall endeavour to account for it in an essay on corruption, that I intend very soon to put to the press.

The cruelties inflicted on Americans by the sanguinary tyrants in the French colonies would form another Bloody Buoy, and I have some thought of making a compilation of them under some such title.]

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY, 31st MAY.

Conciliation with France, on reasonable Terms, impracticable.—During the debates in Congress, there has been a great deal said (and it has been repeated over and over, until every hearer must have been tired of it) about neutral bottoms covering enemies property; about the extension of the list of contraband articles; and the capture of provision-vessels: it has been said, that in all of these articles our treaty with Great Britain gives her an advantage over France; and that justice and strict neutrality require that both nations should be *put on a level*. From which the opposition members infer, that an envoy extraordinary should be sent to France, with full power to negotiate with the Directory, and to relinquish all claims founded on the treaty of 1778, that are incompatible with this equality. Would haughty France be satisfied with this proposition? Is it probable that she has run the risk of driving us into the arms of an enemy, for whose destruction, principally, she now continues the war, for such trifles as these? What would she gain, if we should consent to her seizing British property found on board of American vessels? She knows, and we all know, that we are not carriers for Great Britain, and of course that she would find very little British property on board of American vessels. She is not like, therefore, to be caught with such a shadow. Suppose again she were permitted to seize articles for ship-building, and any other of the *additional* contraband articles, destined to British ports, that she may find on board of American vessels? Would this satisfy her? Does she want these articles? Has she not already more vessels than she can man and equip? Is it not well known that she has burnt or scuttled many of the vessels that she has taken, for want of the means of turning them to better account? Or

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would this injury, trifling as it really would be to Great Britain, afford any material assistance to France in the present war? I believe there is not a single member in Congress weak enough to believe it would.

But suppose she were permitted, also to stop all the provision-vessels bound to British ports, on condition she would pay a reasonable price for the cargoes and freights of the vessels: would assignats, mandats, or any other paper current in France, or her dominions, purchase fresh cargoes in America? I guess one million of livres in such paper would not buy a single barrel of flour. So that I think it is quite as well to suffer her to take our flour as she does at present, without the trouble of a bargain and sale, as to consent to part with it for paper that is really worth nothing. Indeed it is better, because such a compact would clear her from the infamy she now justly deserves, and impress the American character indelibly with the names of fool and coward. But if we do not intend, while we pacify our enemy, to create another, we ought to consider, likewise, whether by making this alteration in our treaty with France, we shall not excite the complaints of Great Britain. As equalization is the favourite principle with our moderators, they ought to inquire, whether Great Britain will not have just right to demand that her cruisers and privateers shall enter our ports with their prizes, and come and go where they please, as well as France? May it not often happen then, that English and French privateers will be in our ports at one and the same time: that their crews may quarrel, fight, and involve many of our own rash partisans in their contests, to the great terror, and perhaps destruction, of some of our towns?

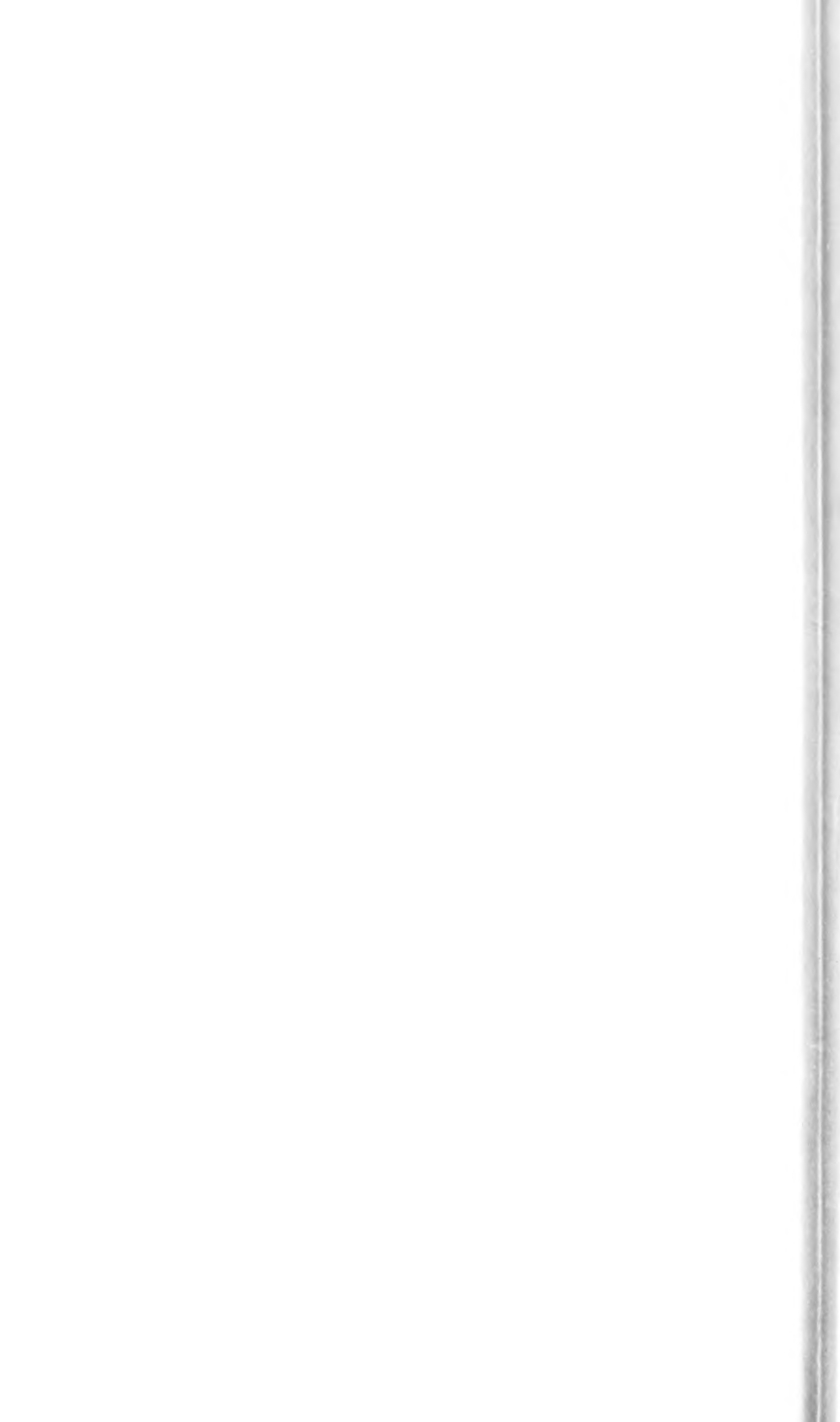
And as depreciated paper is the currency in which France will pay for most of our cargoes of flour, will not Great Britain think it right to pay us in the
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same way? for it is as easy for her to make paper that will be worth nothing, as it is for France.

In short, I am really apprehensive, that, by acceding to any alteration or infraction of the treaties we have already made with either of these powers, we shall involve ourselves in a labyrinth of absurdity, confusion, and disgrace; and that the wisest policy we can pursue, is, unanimously to agree with our Executive, that we have done no injustice to provoke the resentment of either nation; that we are determined to assert our own innocence; to defend ourselves, and to repel the unprovoked aggressions of all.

AMERICANUS.

THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.



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